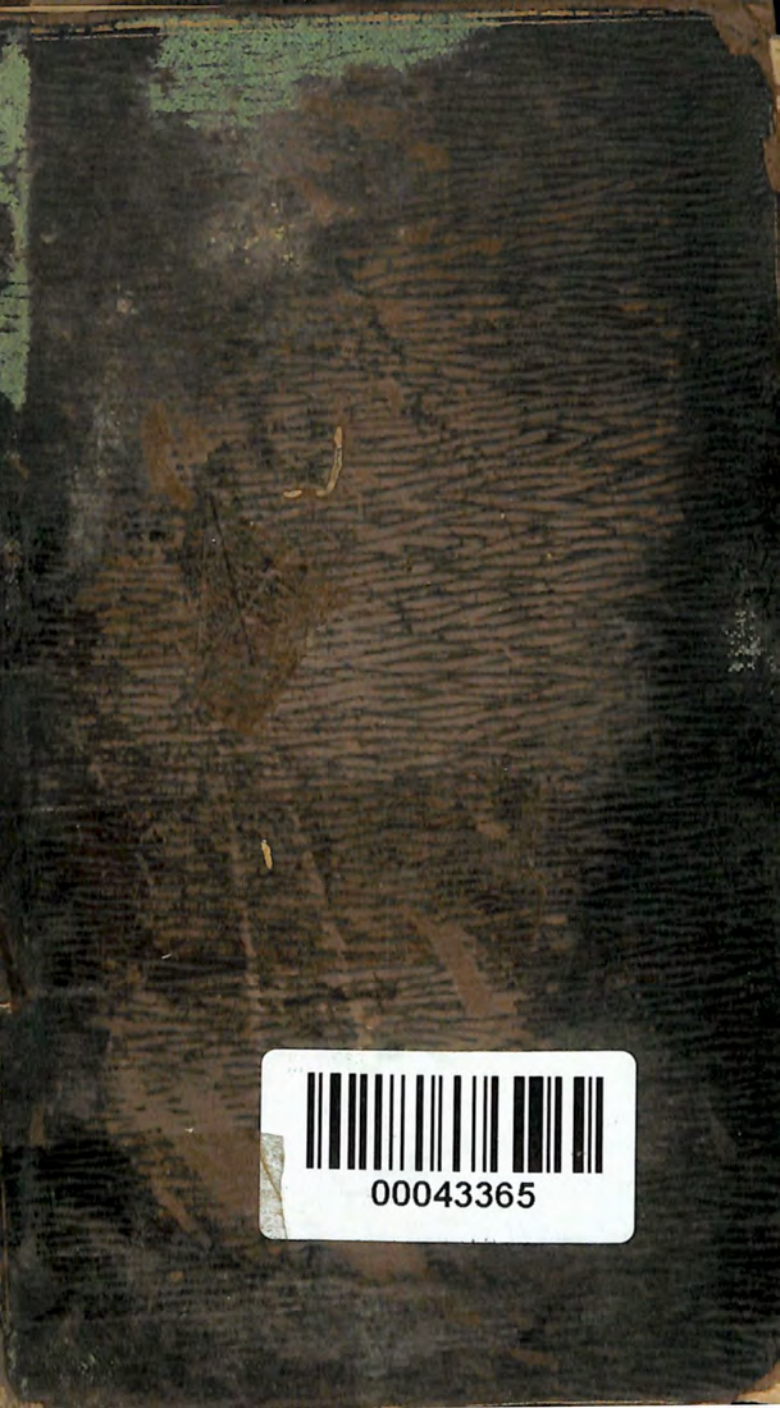
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OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME VII.

GREEN'S TU QUOQUE: OR, THE CITY GALLANT.
ALBUMAZAR.
A WOMAN KILL'D WITH KINDNESS.
A MATCH AT MIDNIGHT.
FUIMUS TROES. THE TRUE TROJANS.

M.DCCC.XXV.

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A

SELECT COLLECTION

OF

OLD PLAYS.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

43365

A NEW EDITION:

WITH

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS,

BY THE LATE

ISAAC REED, OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST,

AND THE EDITOR.

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GREENES TU QUOQUE,

OR,

THE CITTIE GALLANT.

AS IT HATH BEENE DIVERS TIMES ACTED BY THE QUEENES MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

WRITTEN BY JO. COOKE, GENT.

Printed at London by M. Flesher.

JOHN COOK, the author of this play, is totally unknown. No contemporary writer hath taken the least notice of him, nor hath any biographer since given the slightest account of his life. All that we are informed of is, that he wrote the following dramatick performance. Langbaine *, and the writers since, ascribe the first title of it to the excellent performance of Thomas Green in the part of Bubble, whose universal repartee to all compliments is, *Tu quoque*. Green was both a writer and actor †, and with great probability ‡ is supposed to have been a relation of Shakspeare's, and the person by whom he was introduced to the theatre. He was born at Stratford upon Avon, which is ascertained by the following lines §, spoken by him in one of the old Comedies, in the character of a clown:

" I pratled poesie in my nurse's arms,
" And, born where late our swan of Avon sung,
" In Avon's streams we both of us have lav'd,
" And both came out together."

This passage is quoted by Chetwood, from the *Two Maids of Mooreclack*, where it is not to be found,

* P. 73.

† He was an actor at the Red Bull Theatre, as appears by a rather curious scene in the course of this play where Green is spoken of by name:—

" *Geraldine.* Why then we'll go to the Red Bull: they say " Green's a good clown.

" *Bubble.* Green! Green's an ass.

" *Scattergood.* Wherefore do you say so?

" *Bubble.* Indeed, I ha' no reason; for they say he is as like me " as ever he can look."

There seems every probability that the play when originally produced had some other title, until the excellence of Green's performance, and his mode of delivering *Tu quoque*, gave it his name. It could scarcely be brought out in the first instance under the appellation of " Green's *Tu Quoque*," before it was known how it would succeed, and how his acting would tell in the part of Bubble. In this respect perhaps Langbaine was mistaken. C.

‡ Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays, by Mr. Malone, p. 275.

§ The British Theatre, p. 9.

though it seems to be a genuine extract, which the writer, by whom it was produced, had forgot from whence he transcribed it. Heywood, who published this play, says, in the preface to it: "As for Maister "Greene all that I will speake of him (and that with-"out flattery) is this; there was not an actor of his "nature, in his time, of better ability in performance "of what he undertooke, more applauded by the "audience, of greater grace at the court, or of more "general love in the citty." From this preface it appears, Green was dead when it was written, and Oldys* says, there are three epitaphs upon him in *Richard Braithwayt's Remains*, 8vo. 1618, by which it seems, that he died after being newly arrived from sea†. He was the author of "*A Poet's Vision and a* "*Prince's Glorie. Dedicated to the high and mightie* "*Prince James, King of England, Scotland, France,* "*and Ireland.*" 4to. 1603; and some verses prefixed to Drayton's Poem on the Barons' Wars. I have seen

* MS. additions to Langbaine, p. 73.

† The following are the epitaphs mentioned by Oldys, from *Braithwayt's Remains.*

"*Upon an actor now of late deceased: and upon his action Tu Quoque:*
"*and first upon his travel.*

"Hee whom this mouldered clod of earth doth hide,
"New come from sea, made but one face and dide.

"*Upon his creditors.*

"His debtors now, no fault with him can finde,
"Sith he has paid to nature all's behinde.

"*Upon his fellow actors.*

"What can you crave of your poore fellow more?
"He does but what *Tu Quoque* did before:
"Then give him dying, actions second wreath,
"That second'd him in action and in death."

In actorem Mimicum cui vix parem cernimus superstitem.
Quæcunque orta sunt occidunt. Sallust.

Ver vireat quod te peperit (viridissima proles)
Quæque tegit cineres, ipsa virescat humus.
Transis ab exiguis nunquam periture theatris
Ut repetas sacri pulchra theatra Jovis.

Remains after Death, 8vo. 1618. Sign. G 5.

only two editions of this Comedy, one without a date, and the other in 1614, which I apprehend was about the time it was originally published. *Chetwood*, upon whom no dependance is to be had, with respect to dates, asserts, it was printed in 1599*. As it is said to have been acted by the Queen's servants, it probably appeared on the stage in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Langbaine says it was revived after the restoration, at the theatre in Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

* Heywood speaks of it as "just published in print." The date of his epistle "to the Reader," however, may be older than 1614, the year of the earliest printed copy now known. C.

TO THE READER.

To gratulate the love and memory of my worthy friend the author, and my entirely beloved fellow the actor, I could not choose, being in the way just when this play was to be published in print, but to prefix some token of my affection to either, in the frontispiece of the book. For the gentleman that wrote it, his poem itself can better speak his praise, than any oratory from me. Nor can I tell whether this work was divulged with his consent or no: but howsoever, it hath passed the test of the stage, with so general an applause, pity it were but it should likewise have the honour of the press. As for Master Greene, all that I will speak of him (and that without flattery) is this (if I were worthy to censure) there was not an actor of his nature in his time, of better ability in performance of what he undertook, more applauded by the audience, of greater grace at the court, or of more general love in the city: and so, with this brief character of his memory I commit him to his rest.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

UPON THE DEATH OF THOMAS GREENE.

How fast bleak Autumn changeth Flora's dye!
What yesterday was Green, now's seer and dry.

W. R.*

* *W. R.*] Probably William Rowley.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir LIONEL RASH.
OLD GERALDINE.
GERALDINE.
WILL RASH.
SPENDALL.
STAINES.
BUBBLE.
LONGFIELD.
BALLANCE.
SCATTERGOOD.
NINNIHAMMER.
Mr. BLANK.
PURSENET.
LODGE.
HOLDFAST.
FOX.
GATHERSCRAP.
BASKETHILT.
SPRINKLE.
PRISONERS
DRAWERS, *&c.*

WOMEN.

GARTRED.
JOICE.
PHILLIS.
WIDOW.
SWEATMAN, *a bawd.*
NAN TICKLEMAN, *a whore.*

GREEN'S

TU QUOQUE:

OR,

THE CITY GALLANT.*

A mercer's shop discover'd, GARTRED *working in it;* SPENDALL *walking by the shop. Mr.* BALLANCE *walking over the stage. After him* LONGFIELD *and* GERALDINE.

Spendall. WHAT lack you, sir? fair stuffs or velvets?

Ballance. Good morrow, Frank.

Spendall. Good morrow, master Ballance.

Geraldine. Save you, master Longfield.

Longfield. And you, sir. What business draws you towards this end o'th' town?

Geraldine. Faith, no great serious affairs; only a stirring humour to walk, and partly to see the beauties of the city: but it may be you can instruct me. Pray whose shop's this?

Longfield. Why, 'tis Will Rash's father's; a man that you are well acquainted with.

Enter a WENCH *with a basket of linen.*

Geraldine. As with yourself: and is that his sister?

Longfield. Marry is it, sir?

Geraldine. Pray let us walk: I would behold her better.

Wench. Buy some quoifs, handkerchiefs, or very good bonelace, mistress?

Gartred None.

Wench. Will you buy any handkerchiefs, sir?

* There is an entry in the office-book of the Master of the Revels, under date of "*Twelve Night*, 1624," shewing that "the "Masque being put off, and the prince only there, *Tu Quoque*, by "the Queene of Bohemia's servants," was acted in its stead. C.

Spendall. Yes. Have you any fine ones?

Wench. I'll shew you choice: please you look, sir?

Spendall. How now! what news?

Wench. Mistress Tickleman has sent you a letter, and expects your company at night: and entreats you to send her an angel, whether you can come or whether you cannot. [*Spendall reads.*

Sweet rascal; if your love be as earnest as your protestation, you will meet me this night at supper: you know the rendezvous. There will be good company; a noise of choice fidlers:[1] *a fine boy, with an excellent voice; very good songs, and bawdy; and, which is more, I do purpose myself to be exceeding merry: but if you come not I shall pout myself sick, and not eat one bit to-night.*

Your continual close friend,

Nan Tickleman.

I pray send me an angel by the bearer, whether ye can come, or whether ye cannot.

Spendall. What's the price of these two?

Wench. Half a-crown, in truth.

Spendall. Hold thee; there's an angel, and commend me to my delight; tell her I will not fail her, though I lose my freedom by't.

Wench. I thank you, sir,—Buy any fine handkerchiefs? [*Exit Wench.*

Longfield. You are taken, sir, extremely: what's the object?

Geraldine. She's wondrous fair.

Longfield. Nay, and your thoughts be on wenching, I'll leave you.

Geraldine. You shall not be so unfriendly; pray assist me:

We'll to the shop, and cheapen stuffs or sattins.

Spendall. What lack you, gentlemen? fine stuffs, velvets, or sattins? pray come near.

Geraldine. Let me see a good sattin.

Spendall. You shall sir. What colour?

Geraldine. Faith, I am indifferent. What colour most affects you, lady?

[1] *a noise of choice fidlers.*] See Note 76 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

Gartred. Sir!

Geraldine. Without offence, fair creature, I demand it.

Gartred. Sir, I believe it; but I never did
Tie my affection unto any colour.

Geraldine. But my affection, fairest, is fast ty'd
Unto the crimson colour of your cheek.

Gartred. You relish too much courtier, sir.

Longfield. What's the price of this?

Spendall. Fifteen, indeed, sir.

Longfield. You set a high rate on't; it had need be good.

Spendall. Good! if you find a better i'th' town, I'll give you mine for nothing. If you were my own brother, I'd put it into your hands. Look upon't; 'tis close wrought, and has an excellent gloss.

Longfield. Aye, I see't.

Spendall. Pray, sir, come into the next room: I'll shew you that of a lower price, shall, perhaps, better please you.

Longfield. This fellow has an excellent tongue: sure he was brought up in the Exchange.

Spendall. Will you come in, sir?

Longfield. No; 'tis no matter, for I mean to buy none.

Geraldine. Pr'ythee walk in; what you bargain for, I'll discharge.

Longfield. Say so? fall to your work, I'll be your chapman. [*Exeunt Spendall, Longfield.*

Geraldine. Why do you say I flatter?

Gartred. Why! you do;
And so do all men when they women woo.

Geraldine. Who looks on heaven, and not admires the work?
Who views a well-cut diamond does not praise
The beauty of the stone? if these deserve
The name of excellent, I lack a word
For thee, which merit'st more,
More than the tongue of man can attribute.

Gartred. This is pretty poetry; good fiction, this.

Sir, I must leave you.

Geraldine. Leave with me first some comfort.

Gartred. What would you crave?

Geraldine. That, which I fear you will not let me have.

Gartred. You do not know my bounty. Say what 'tis?

Geraldine. No more, fair creature, than a modest kiss.

Gartred. If I should give you one, would you refrain,
On that condition, ne'er to beg again?

Geraldine. I dare not grant to that.

Gartred. Then't seems you have,
Tho' you get nothing, a delight to crave.
One will not hurt my lip, which you may take,
Not for your love, but for your absence sake,
So farewel, sir. [*Exit Gartred.*

Geraldine. O! fare thee well, fair regent of my soul!
Never let ill sit near thee, unless it come
To purge itself. Be, as thou ever seemest,
An angel of thy sex, born to make happy
The man that shall possess thee for his bride.

Enter SPENDALL *and* LONGFIELD.

Spendall. Will you have it for thirteen shillings and six-pence? I'll fall to as low a price as I can, because I'll buy your custom.

Longfield. How now, man? what! intranced?

Geraldine. Good sir, ha' you done?

Longfield. Yes, faith, I think as much as you, and 'tis just nothing. Where's the wench?

Geraldine. She's here, sir, here.

Longfield. Uds pity! unbutton, man, thou'lt stifle her else.

Geraldine. Nay, good sir, will you go?

Longfield. With all my heart; I stay but for you.

Spendall. Do you hear, sir?

Longfield. What say you?

Spendall. Will you take it for thirteen?

Longfield. Not a penny more than I bid
[*Exeunt Geraldine and Longfield.*

Spendall. Why then, say you might have had a good bargain. Where's this boy to make up the wares? here's some ten pieces open'd, and all to no purpose.

Enter BOY.

Boy. O Frank! shut up shop, shut up shop.

Spendall. Shut up shop, boy, why?

Boy. My master is come from the court, knighted, and bid us; for he says he will have the first year of the reign of his knighthood kept holiday: here he comes.

Enter Sir LIONEL RASH.

Spendall. God give your worship joy, sir.

Sir Lionel Rash. O Frank! I have the worship now in the right kind; the sword of my knighthood sticks still upon my shoulders, and I feel the blow in my purse; it has cut two leather bags asunder. But all's one, honour must be purchased. I will give over my city coat, and betake myself to the court jacket. As for trade, I will deal in't no longer; I will seat thee in my shop, and it shall be thy care to ask men what they' lack: my stock shall be summ'd up, and I will call thee to an account for it.

Spendall. My service, sir, never deserv'd so much;
Nor could I ever hope so large a bounty
Could spring out of your love.

Sir Lionel Rash. That's all one.
I do love to do things beyond men's hopes.
To-morrow I remove into the Strand,
There for this quarter dwell, the next at Fulham;
He that hath choice may shift; the whilst shalt thou
Be master of this house, and rent it free.

Spendall. I thank you, sir.

Sir Lionel Rash. To-day I'll go dine with my Lord Mayor, to-morrow with the sheriffs, and next day with the aldermen. I will spread the ensign of my knighthood over the face of the city, which shall strike as great a terror to my enemies as ever Tamerlane to the Turks.

Come, Frank, come in with me, and see the meat,
Upon the which my knighthood first shall eat.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter STAINES.

Staines. There is a devil has haunted me these three

years, in likeness of a usurer; a fellow that in all his life never eat three groat loaves out of his own purse, nor ever warmed him but at other men's fires; never saw a joint of mutton in his own house these four and twenty years, but always cozen'd the poor prisoners, for he always bought his victuals out of the alms-basket; and yet this rogue now feeds upon capons, which my tenants send him out of the country; he is landlord, forsooth, over all my possessions.—Well, I am spent, and this rogue has consum'd me. I dare not walk abroad to see my friends, for fear the serjeants should take acquaintance of me: my refuge is Ireland, or Virginia[2]: necessity cries out, and I will presently to West Chester.

Enter BUBBLE.

How now, Bubble! hast thou pack'd up all thy things? Our parting-time is come: nay, pr'ythee do not weep.

Bubble. Affection, sir, will burst out.

Staines. Thou hast been a faithful servant to me. Go to thy uncle, he'll give thee entertainment: tell him, upon the stony rock of his merciless heart my fortunes suffer shipwreck.

Bubble. I will tell him he is an usuring rascal, and one that would do the commonwealth good, if he were hang'd.

Staines. Which thou hast cause to wish for; thou art his heir, my affectionate Bubble.

Bubble. But, master, wherefore should we be parted?

Staines. Because my fortunes are desperate, thine are hopeful.

Bubble. Why, but whither do you mean to go, master?

Staines. Why, to sea.

Bubble. To sea! Lord bless us, methinks I hear of a tempest already. But what will you do at sea?

Staines. Why, as other gallants do that are spent, turn pirate.

[2] *Ireland or Virginia.*] At the time this play was written, the same endeavours were used, and the same lures thrown out, to tempt adventurers to migrate to each of these places.

Bubble. O master have the grace of Wapping before your eyes, remember a high tide;* give not your friends cause to wet their handkerchiefs. Nay, master, I'll tell you a better course than so: you and I will go and rob my uncle; if we 'scape, we'll domineer together; if we be taken, we'll be hang'd together at Tyburn, that's the warmer gallows of the two.

Enter MESSENGER.

Messenger. By your leave, sir, whereabouts dwells one Mr. Bubble?

Bubble. Do you hear, my friend; do you know Mr. Bubble if you do see him?

Messenger. No, in truth, do I not.

Bubble. What is your business with Master Bubble?

Messenger. Marry, sir, I come with welcome news to him.

Bubble. Tell it, my friend, I am the man.

Messenger. May I be assur'd, sir, that your name is Master Bubble?

Bubble. I tell thee, honest friend, my name is Master Bubble, Master Bartholomew Bubble.

Messenger. Why then, sir, you are heir to a million; for your uncle, the rich usurer, is dead.

Bubble. Pray thee, honest friend, go to the next haberdasher's, and bid him send me a new melancholy hat, and take thou that for thy labour.

Messenger. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter another MESSENGER *hastily, and knocks.*

Bubble. Umh, umh, umh.

* Pirates are always hanged at Execution Dock, Wapping; and at the moment when the tide is at the height. S.

The following passage is from Stow's Survey, vol. II. B. 4. p. 37. Edit. 1720.

"From this precinct of Saint Katherine to Wappin in the "Wose, and Wappin itself, the usual place of execution for hang-"ing of pirates and sea rovers *at the low water mark*, there to re-"main till three tides had overflowed them, was never a house "standing within these forty years (i. e. from the year 1598), "but (since the gallows being after removed further off) is now a "continual street, or rather a filthy straight passage, with lanes "and alleys of small tenements or cottages, inhabited by sailors "and victuallers along by the river Thames almost to Radcliffe, "a good mile from the Tower."

Staines. I would the news were true: see how my little Bubble is blown up with't!

Bubble. Do you hear, my friend; for what do you knock there?

2*d Messenger* Marry, sir, I would speak with the worshipful Master Bubble.

Bubble. The worshipful! and what would you do with the worshipful Master Bubble? I am the man.

2*d Messenger.* I cry your worship mercy then: Master Thong the belt-maker sent me to your worship, to give you notice, that your uncle is dead, and that you are his only heir. [*Exit.*

Bubble. Thy news is good, and I have look'd for't long;
Thanks unto thee, my friend, and goodman Thong.

Enter Mr. BLANK.

Staines. Certainly this news is true; for see, another: by this light, his scrivener!---Now, Master Blank, whither away so fast?

Blank. Master Staines, God save you: Where is your man?

Staines. Why, look you, sir; do you not see him?

Blank. God save the right worshipful Master Bubble; I bring you heavy news with a light heart.

Bubble. What are you?

Blank. I am your worship's poor scrivener.

Bubble. He is an honest man, it seems, for he hath both his ears.

Blank. I am one that your worship's uncle committed some trust in for the putting out of his money, and I hope I shall have the putting out of your's.

Bubble. The putting out of mine! Would you have the putting out of my money?

Blank. Yea, sir.

Bubble. No, sir, I am old enough to put out my own money.

Blank. I have writings of your worship's.

Staines. As thou lov'st thy profit, hold thy tongue; thou and I will confer.

Bubble. Do you hear, my friend; can you tell me when, and how, my uncle died?

Blank. Yes, sir; he died this morning, and he was kill'd by a butcher.

Bubble. How! by a butcher?

Blank. Yes, indeed, sir; for going this morning into the market to cheapen meat, he fell down stark dead, because a butcher ask'd him four shillings for a shoulder of mutton.

Bubble. How, stark dead! and could not Aqua vitæ fetch him again?

Blank. No, sir, nor Rosa solis neither; and yet there was trial made of both.

Bubble. I shall love Aqua vitæ and Rosa solis the better while I live.

Staines. Will it please your worship to accept of my poor service? you know my case is desperate; I beseech you that I may feed upon your bread, tho' it be of the brownest, and drink of your drink, tho' it be of the smallest; for I am humble in body and dejected in mind, and will do your worship as good service for forty shillings a year, as another shall for three pounds.

Bubble. I will not stand with you for such a matter, because you have been my master; but otherwise, I will entertain no man, without some knight's or lady's letter for their behaviour: Gervase, I take it, is your christian name.

Staines. Yes, if it please your worship.

Bubble. Well, Gervase, be a good servant, and you shall find me a dutiful master; and because you have been a gentleman, I will entertain you for my tutor in behaviour. Conduct me to my palace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter GERALDINE *as in his study, reading.*

Geraldine. *As little children love to play with fire,*
And will not leave till they themselves do burn;
So did I fondly dally with desire,
Until love's flame grew hot; I could not turn,
Nor well avoid, but sigh and sob, and mourn,
As children do when as they feel the pain,
Till tender mothers kiss them whole again.
Fie! what unsavoury stuff is this! but she,
Whose mature judgment can distinguish things,

Will thus conceit---tales that are harshest told,
Have smoothest meanings, and to speak are bold.
It is the first-born sonnet of my brain;
Why* suck'd a white leaf, from my black-lipp'd pen,
So sad employment?

Enter WILL RASH, *and* LONGFIELD.

Yet the dry paper drinks it up as deep,
As if it flow'd from Petrarch's cunning quill.

Will Rash. How now! what have we here? a sonnet and a satire, coupled together like my lady's dog and her monkey?

As little children, &c.

Geraldine. Pr'ythee, away: by the deepest oath that can be sworn, thou shalt not read it; by our friendship I conjure thee, pr'ythee let go.

Will Rash. Now, in the name of Cupid, what want'st thou? a pigeon, a dove, a mate, a turtle? dost thou love fowl, ha?

O no; she's fairer thrice than is the queen,
Who beauteous Venus called is by name:

Pr'ythee let me know what she is thou lovest, that I may shun her, if I should chance to meet her.

Longfield. Why, I'll tell you, sir, what she is, if you do not know.

Will Rash. No, not I, I protest.

Longfield. Why, 'tis your sister.

Will Rash. How! my sister?

Longfield. Yes, your eldest sister.

Will Rash. Now, God bless the man: he had better chuse a wench that has been bred and born in an alley: her tongue is a perpetual motion; thought is not so swift as it is; and, for pride, the woman that had her ruff pok'd by the devil, is but a puritan to her[3].—

* Both the old copies give it
"*We* suck'd a white leaf from my black-lipp'd pen." C.

[3] —*the woman that had her ruff pok'd by the devil, is but a puritan to her.*] The story here alluded to (for the notice of which I am obliged to the kindness of Mr. *Steevens*) is to be found in *Stubbs's Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, p. 43. The reader will excuse the length of the quotation. "But amongst many other fearful examples of "God's wrath against pride, I would wish them to set before their "eies, the fearful judgment of God, shewed upon a gentlewoman

Thou could'st never have fasten'd thy affection on a worse subject; she'll flout faster than a court waiting-

" of Antwerpe of late, even the 27 of Maie, 1582, the fearful sound " whereof is blowne through all the world, and is yet fresh in " every man's memory. This gentlewoman being a very rich mer- " chantman's daughter, upon a time was invited to a bridal or " wedding, which was solemnized in that towne, against which " day she made great preparation for the pluming of herself in " gorgeous aray: that as her body was most beautiful, faire, and " proper, so her attire in every respect might be answerable to the " same. For the accomplis ment whereof, she curled her haire, " she died her lockes, and laid them out after the best manner: she " colloured her face with waters and ointments; but in no case " could she get any (so curious and dainty she was) that could " startch and set her ruffes and neckerchers to her minde: where- " fore she sent for a couple of laundresses, who did the best they " could to please her humors, but in any wise they could not: then " fell she to sweare and teare, to curse and ban, casting the ruffes " under feete, and wishing that the devill might take her when " shee did weare any neckerchers againe. In the meane time " (through the sufferance of God) the devill transforming himselfe " into the shape of a young man, as brave and proper as she in " every point, in outward appearance, came in, faining himself to " be a woer or sutor unto her: and seeing her thus agonized, and " in such a pelting chafe, he demaunded of her the cause thereof, " who straight way told him (as women can conceal nothing that " lieth upon their stomacks) how she was abused in the setting of " her ruffes; which thing being heard of him, he promissed to " please her mind, and so tooke in hande the setting of her ruffes, " which he performed to her great contentation and liking; inso- " much, as she, looking herselfe in a glasse (as the devill bad her) " became greatly inamoured with him. This done, the young man " kissed her, in the doing whereof, hee writh her neck in sunder, " so shee dyed miserably; her body being straight waies changed " into blew and black colours, most ugglesome to beholde, and her " face (which before was so amorous) became most deformed and " fearfull to looke upon. This being knowne in the cittie, great " preparation was made for her buriall, and a rich coffin was pro- " vided, and her fearfull body was laid therein, and covered very " sumptuously. Foure men immediately assayed to lift up the " corpes, but could not moove it; then sixe attempted the like, but " could not once stirre it from the place where it stood. Whereat " the standers-by marvelling, caused the coffin to be opened to see " the cause thereof: where they found the body to be taken away, " and a blacke catte, very leane and deformed, sitting in the coffin, " setting of great ruffes, and frizling of haire, to the greate feare " and woonder of all the beholders."

woman in progress[4]; any man that comes in the way of honesty does she set her mark upon, that is, a villainous jest; for she is a kind of poetess, and will make ballads upon the calves of your legs. I pr'ythee, let her alone, she'll never make a good wife for any man, unless it be a leather-dresser; for perhaps he, in time, may turn her.

Geraldine. Thou hast a privilege to utter this:
But, by my life, my own blood could not 'scape
A chastisement, for thus profaning her,
Whose virtues sit above men's calumnies.
Had mine own brother spoke thus liberally[5],
My fury should have taught him better manners.

Longfield. No more words, as you fear a challenge.

Will Rash. I may tell thee in thine ear, I am glad to hear what I do; I pray God send her no worse husband, nor he no worse wife. Do you hear, love, will you take your cloak and rapier, and walk abroad into some wholesome air? I do much fear thy infection: good counsel, I see, will do no good on thee; but pursue the end,
And to thy thoughts I'll prove a faithful friend.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SPENDALL, NAN TICKLEMAN, SWEATMAN, PURSENET, *and a* DRAWER.

Spendall. Here's a spacious room to walk in: sirrah, set down the candle, and fetch us a quart of Ipocras[6], and so we'll part.

Sweatman. Nay, faith, son, we'll have a pottle; let's ne'er be covetous in our young days.

Spendall. A pottle, sirrah; do you hear?

Drawer. Yes, sir, you shall.

Spendall. How now, wench! how dost?

[4] *in progress.*] *i. e.* during the court's progress, when the king or queen visited the different counties. S.

[5] *liberally.*] *i. e.* licentiously.

[6] *Ipocras.*] A wine mentioned in the metrical romance of the *Squire of Low Degre*:

" ——— Malmesyne,
" Both *ypocrasse* and Vernage wine." S.

See note 27 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Tickleman. Faith I am somewhat sick; yet I should be well enough, if I had a new gown.

Spendall. Why, here's my hand; within these three days thou shalt have one.

Sweatman. And will you, son, remember me for a new fore-part? by my troth, my old one is worn so bare, I am asham'd any body should see't.

Spendall. Why, did I ever fail of my promise?

Sweatman. No, in sincerity, didst thou not.

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Here's a cup of rich Ipocras. [*Exit.*

Spendall. Here, sister, mother, and Master Pursenet: nay, good sir, be not so dejected; for, by this wine, to-morrow I will send you stuff for a new suit, and as much as shall line you a cloak clean through.

Pursenet. I thank you, and shall study to deserve—

Spendall. Here, boy, fill; and hang that curmogin that's good for nobody but himself.

Pursenet. Heroickly spoken, by this candle! 'tis pity thou wert not made a lord.

Spendall. A lord? by this light, I do not think but to be Lord Mayor of London before I die, and have three pageants carried before me, besides a ship and an unicorn. Prentices may pray for that time; for, whenever it happens, I will make another Shrove Tuesday[7] for them.

[7] *Shrove Tuesday.*] From this passage it seems as though Shrove Tuesday was formerly a holyday for apprentices. So in Ben Jonson's *Epicœne*, A. 1. S. 1. it is said of *Morose*, "he would have "hang'd a pewterer's *'prentice* on a *Shrove Tuesday's* riot, for being "o' that trade, when the rest were quit."

On *Shrove Tuesday* in the County of Sussex (and I suppose in many others) apprentices are always permitted to visit their families or friends, to eat pancakes, &c. This practice is called *Shroving*. *Apollo Shroving* is the name of an old Comedy, written by a Schoolmaster in Suffolk, to be performed by his scholars on *Shrove Tuesday*, Feb. 6, 1626.

See note 6 to *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*, vol. VI. The custom in London, I believe is almost abolished: it is, however, still retained in many parts of the kingdom. Mr. Brand in his *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 1777, p. 331, says, that "at Newcastle upon "Tyne the great bell of St. Nicholas' church is tolled at Twelve

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Young Master Rash has sent you a quart of Maligo.

Spendall. Master Rash! zounds! how does he know that I am here?

Drawer. Nay, I know not, sir.

Spendall. Know not! it comes through you and your rascally glib-tongu'd companions. 'Tis my master's son; a fine gentleman he is, and a boon companion: I must go see him. [*Exit Spendall.*

Sweatman. Boy, fill us a cup of your Maligo, we'll drink to Mr. Spendall in his absence; there's not a finer spirit of a citizen within the walls.—Here, Mr. Pursenet, you shall pledge him.

Pursenet. I'll not refuse it, were it puddle: by Styx, he is a bountiful gentleman, and I shall report him so. Here, Mrs. Tickleman, shall I charge you?

Tickleman. Do your worst, serjeant; I'll pledge my young Spendall a whole sea, as they say; fa, la, la, la, la. Would the musick were here again; I do begin to be wanton. Ipocras, sirrah, and a dry bisket! Here, bawd, a carouse.

Sweatman. Bawd! i' faith you begin to grow light i' the head. I pray no more such words; for, if you do, I shall grow into distempers.

Tickleman. Distempers! hang your distempers; be angry with me and thou dar'st. I pray, who feeds you, but I? who keeps thy feather-beds from the brokers,

" o'clock at noon on this day; shops are immediately shut up, " offices closed and all kinds of business ceases; a sort of little " *carnival* ensuing for the remaining part of the day." Again: " The custom of frying pancakes (in turning of which in the pan " there is usually a good deal of pleasantry in the kitchen) is still " retained in many families in the north, but seems, if the present " fashionable contempt of old customs continues, not likely to last " another century. *The apprentices whose particular holiday* this day " is now called, and who are on several accounts so much interested " in the observation of it, ought, with that watchful jealousy of " their antient rights and liberties (typified here by pudding and " play) which becomes young Englishmen, to guard against every " infringement of its ceremonies, and transmit them entire and " unadulterated to posterity!"

but I? 'tis not your sausage-face, thick, clouted-cream rampallion [8] at home, that snuffles in the nose like a decayed bag-pipe.

Pursenet. Nay, sweet Mrs. Tickleman, be concordant; reverence antiquity.

Enter RASH, LONGFIELD, *and* SPENDALL.

Rash. Save you, sweet creatures of beauty, save you: how now, old Beelzebub, how dost thou?

Sweatman. Beelzebub! Beelzebub in thy face.

Spendall. Nay, good words, Mrs. Sweatman: he's a young gallant, you must not weigh what he says.

Rash. I would my lamentable complaining lover had been here, here had been a supersedeas for his melancholy; and, i' faith, Frank, I am glad my father has turn'd over his shop to thee; I hope I, or any friend of mine, shall have so much credit with thee, as to stand in thy books for a suit of sattin.

Spendall. For a whole piece, if you please; any friend of your's shall command me to the last remnant.

Rash. Why, God-a-mercy, Frank; what, shall's to dice?

Spendall. Dice or drink: here's forty crowns: as long as that will last, any thing.

Rash. Why, there spoke a gingling boy.

Spendall. A pox of money, 'tis but rubbish; and he that hoards it up is but a scavenger. If there be cards i' the house, let's go to primero[9].

Rash. Primero! why, I thought thou hadst not been so much gamester as to play at it.

Spendall. Gamester! to say truth, I am none; but what is it I will not be in good company? I will fit myself to all humours; I will game with a gamester, drink with a drunkard, be civil with a citizen, fight with a swaggerer, and drab with a whore-master.

[8] *rampallion*] A term of vulgar abuse. So Falstaff says, "away, "you scullion! you *rampallian!* you fustilarian!" *2d Part of Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 1. See also Mr. Steevens's note on the passage

[9] *primero.*] A game at cards often mentioned and alluded to in old plays.

Enter a SWAGGERER, *puffing.*

Rash. An excellent humour, i' faith.

Longfield. Zounds! what have we here?

Spendall. A land-porpoise, I think.

Rash. This is no angry, nor no roaring boy, but a blustering boy: now, Æolus defend us, what puffs are these?

Swaggerer. I do smell a whore.

Drawer. O gentlemen, give him good words; he's one of the roaring boys.

Swaggerer. Rogue!

Drawer. Here, sir.

Swaggerer. Take my cloak, I must unbuckle; my pickled oysters work; puff, puff, puff.

Spendall. Puff, puff.

Swaggerer. Dost thou retort? in opposition stand.

Spendall. Out, you swaggering rogue! zounds, I'll kick him out of the room. [*Beats him away.*

Tickleman. Out, alas! their naked tools are out.

Spendall. Fear not, sweetheart; come along with me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter GARTRED *sola.*

Gartred. Thrice happy days they were, and too soon gone,
When as the heart was coupled with the tongue;
And no deceitful flattery or guile
Hung on the lover's tear-commixed smile.
Could women learn but that imperiousness,
By which men use to stint our happiness,
When they have purchas'd us for to be their's,
By customary sighs and forced tears;
To give us bits of kindness, lest we faint,
But no abundance, that we ever want,
And still are begging; which too well they know
Endears affection, and doth make it grow:
Had we these sleights, how happy were we then,
That we might glory over love-sick men!
But arts we know not, nor have any skill,
To feign a sour look to a pleasing will;

Enter JOICE.

Nor couch a secret love in shew of hate:
But, if we like, must be compassionate.
Yet I will strive to bridle and conceal
The hid affection which my heart doth feel.

Joice. Now the boy with the bird-bolt [10] be praised! Nay, faith sister, forward, 'twas an excellent passion [11]. Come, let's hear, what is he? If he be a proper man, and have a black eye, a smooth chin, and a curl'd pate, take him, wench; if my father will not consent, run away with him, I'll help to convey you.

Gartred. You talk strangely, sister.

Joice. Sister, sister, dissemble not with me, tho' you do mean to dissemble with your lover. Tho' you have protested to conceal your affection, by this tongue you shall not; for I'll discover all as soon as I know the gentleman.

Gartred. Discover! what will you discover?

Joice. Marry, enough, I'll war ant thee. First and foremost, I'll tell him thou read'st love-passions in print, and speakest every morning without book to thy looking-glass: next, that thou never sleepest till an hour after the bellman; that, as soon as thou art asleep, thou art in a dream, and in a dream thou art the kindest and comfortablest bed-fellow for kissings and embracings: by this hand, I cannot rest for thee; but our father—

Enter Sir LIONEL.

Sir Lionel. How now! what are you two consulting on? on husbands? You think you lose time, I am sure; but hold your own a little, girls; it shall not be long

[10] *the boy with the bird-bolt.*] *i. e.* Cupid. "The bird-bolt," Mr. Steevens observes, (note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 1. S. 1.), "is a short, thick arrow, without point, and spreading at the extremity so much as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a "shilling. Such are to this day in use to kill rooks with, and are "shot from a cross-bow."

[11] *An excellent passion.*] *A passion* was formerly a name given to love poems of the plaintive species. Many of them are preserved in the miscellanies of the times. See *England's Helicon*, The Sheepheard Damon's *Passion*, and others.

ere I'll provide for you: and for you, Gartred, I have bethought myself already.
Whirlpit, the usurer, is late deceas'd;
A man of unknown wealth, which he has felt
Unto a provident kinsman, as I hear,
That was once servant to that unthrift Staines.
A prudent gentleman, they say he is,
And, as I take it, called Master Bubble,

Joice. Bubble!

Sir Lionel. Yes, nimble-chaps; what say you to that?

Joice. Nothing; but that I wish his christian name were Water.

Gartred. Sir, I'm at your disposing; but my mind
Stands not as yet towards marriage.
Were you so pleas'd, I would a little longer
Enjoy the quiet of a single bed.

Sir Lionel. Here's the right trick of them all: let a man
Be motion'd to 'em, they could be content
To lead a single life, forsooth; when the harlots
Do pine and run into diseases,
Eat chalk and oat-meal, cry and creep in corners,
Which are manifest tokens of their longings;
And yet they will dissemble. But, Gartred,
As you do owe me reverence, and will pay it,
Prepare yourself to like this gentleman,
Who can maintain thee in thy choice of gowns,
Of tires, of servants, and of costly jewels;
Nay, for a need, out of his easy nature,
May'st draw him to the keeping of a coach[12]
For country, and carroch for London:
Indeed, what might'st thou not?

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant. Sir, here's one come from Mr. Bubble, to invite you to the funeral of his uncle.

Sir Lionel. Thank the messenger, and make him drink.
Tell him, I will not fail to wait the corse:

[12] *coach —— carroch.*] See Note 38 to *Ram Alley*, vol. V.

Yet stay, I will go talk with him myself.
Gartred, think upon what I have told you,
And let me, ere it be long, receive your answer.
[*Exeunt Sir Lionel and Servant.*

Joice. Sister, sister!

Gartred. What say you, sister?

Joice. Shall I provide a cord?

Gartred. A cord! what to do?

Joice. Why, to let thee out at the window. Do not I know that thou wilt run away with the gentleman for whom you made the passion, rather than indure this same Bubble that my father talks of? 'Twere good you would let me be of your counsel, lest I break the neck of your plot.

Gartred. Sister, know I love thee,
And I'll not think a thought thou shalt not know.
I love a gentleman, that answers me
In all the rigdts of love as faithfully;
Has woo'd me oft with sonnets and with tears;
Yet I seem still to slight him. Experience tells,
The jewel that's enjoy'd is not esteem'd;
Things hardly got, are always highest deem'd.

Joice. You say well, sister; but it is not good to linger out too long; continuance of time will take away any man's stomach in the world. I hope the next time that he comes to you, I shall see him.

Gartred. You shall.

Joice. Why go to then, you shall have my opinion of him: if he deserve thee, thou shalt delay him no longer; for if you cannot find in your heart to tell him you love him, I'll sigh it out for you. Come, we little creatures must help one another [*Exeunt.*

Enter GERALDINE.

Geraldine. How cheerfully things look in this place!
'Tis always spring-time here; such is the grace
And potency of her who has the bliss,
To make it still Elysium where she is.
Nor doth the king of flames in's golden fires,
After a tempest, answer men's desires,
When as he casts his comfortable beams

Over the flowery fields and silver streams,
As her illustrate beauty strikes in me,
And wraps my soul up to felicity.

Enter GARTRED *and* JOICE *aloft.*

Joice. Do you hear, sir?

Gartred. Why, sister, what will you do?

Joice. By my maidenhead, an oath which I ne'er took in vain, either go down and comfort him, or I'll call him up and disclose all. What, will you have no mercy, but let a proper man, that might spend the spirit of his youth upon yourself, fall into a consumption? for shame, sister!

Gartred. You are the strangest creature---what would you have me do?

Joice. Marry, I would have you go to him, take him by the hand, and gripe him; say, You are welcome, I love you with all my heart, you are the man must do the feat; and take him about the neck, and kiss upon the bargain.

Gartred. Fie, how you talk! 'tis mere immodesty; The common'st strumpet would not do so much.

Joice. Marry, the better; for such as are honest Should still do what the common strumpet will not. Speak, will you do it?

Gartred. I'll lose his company for ever first.

Joice. Do you hear, sir? here is a gentlewoman would speak with you.

Gartred. Why, sister! pray, sister—

Joice. One that loves you with all her heart, yet is asham'd to confess it.

Gartred. Good sister, hold your tongue: I will go down to him.

Joice. Do not jest with me; for, by this hand, I'll either get him up, or go down myself, and read the whole history of your love to him.

Gartred. If you forbear to call, I will go down.

Joice. Let me see your back, then; and hear you? do not use him scurvily: you were best unset all your tyrannical looks, and bid him lovingly welcome, or, as I live, I'll stretch out my voice again. Uds foot, I

must take some pains, I see, or we shall never have this gear cotten;[13] but, to say truth, the fault is in my melancholy monsieur; for if he had but half so much spirit as he has flesh, he might have boarded her by this. But see, yonder she marches; now a passion on his side of half an hour long:—his hat is off already, as if he were begging one poor pennyworth of kindness.

Enter GARTRED.

Geraldine. Shall I presume, fair mistress, on your hand to lay my unworthy lip?

Joice. Fie upon him, I am asham'd to hear him; you shall have a country fellow at a may-pole go better to his work. He had need to be constant, for he is able to spoil as many maids as he shall fall in love withal.

Gartred. Sir, you profess love unto me, let me entreat you it may appear but in some small request.

Geraldine. Let me know it, lady, and I shall soon effect it.

Gartred. But for this present to forbear this place,
Because my father is expected here.

Geraldine. I am gone, lady.

Joice. Do you hear, sir?

Geraldine. Did you call?

Joice. Look up to the window.

Geraldine. What say you, gentlewoman?

Gartred. Nay, pray sir, go; it is my sister calls to hasten you.

Joice. I call to speak with you; pray stay a little.

Geraldine. The gentlewoman has something to say to me.

Gartred. She has nothing: I do conjure you, as you love me, stay not. [*Exit Joice.*

Geraldine. The power of magic cannot fasten me; I am gone.

Gartred. Good sir, look back no more, what voice ere call you.
Imagine, going from me, you were coming,

[13] *this gear cotten.*] See Note 25 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II.

And use the same speed, as you love my safety.
[*Exit Geraldine.*
Wild-witted sister, I have prevented you:
I will not have my love yet open'd to him.
By how much longer 'tis ere it be known,
By so much dearer 'twill be when 'tis purchas'd.
But I must use my strength to stop her journey,
For she will after him: and see, she comes.

Enter JOICE.

Nay, sister, you are at farthest.

Joice. Let me go, you were best; for if you wrestle with me, I shall throw you.—Passion, come back, fool; lover, turn again, and kiss your belly full; for here she is will stand you, do your worst. Will you let me go?

Gartred. Yes, if you'll stay.

Joice. If I stir a foot, hang me; you shall eme together yourselves, and be naught: do what you will; for if e'er I trouble myself again, let me want help in such a case when I need.

Gartred. Nay, but pr'ythee, sister, be not angry.

Joice. I will be angry. Uds foot; I cannot endure such foolery, I! Two bashful fools that would couple together, and yet ha' not the faces.

Gartred. Nay, pr'ythee, sweet sister.

Joice. Come, come, let me go. Birds, that want the use of reason and speech, can couple together in one day; and yet you that have both, cannot conclude in twenty.

Gartred. Why, what good would it do you to tell h m?

Joice. Do not talk to me, for I am deaf to any thing you say: go weep and cry.

Gartred. Nay, but sister. [*Exeunt.*

Enter STAINES *and* DRAWER *with wine.*

Staines. Drawer, bid them make haste at home. Tell them they are coming from church.

Drawer. I will, sir. [*Exit Drawe .*

Staines. That I should live to be a serving-man! a

fellow which scalds his mouth with another man's porridge; brings up meat for other men's bellies, and carres away the bones for his own; changes his clean trencher for a foul one, and is glad of it. And yet did I never live so merry a life, when I was my master's master, as now I do, being man to my man: and I will stand to't, for all my former speeches, a serving-man lives a better life than his master; and thus I prove it: The saying is, the nearer the bone the sweeter the flesh; then must the serving-man needs eat the sweeter flesh, for he always picks the bones. And, again, the proverb says, the deeper, the sweeter: there has the serving-man the advantage again, for he drinks still in the bottom of the pot: he fills his belly, and never asks what's to pay; wears broad-cloth, and yet dares walk Watling-street,[14] without any fear of his draper. And for his colours, they are according to the season; in the summer, he is apparelled (for the most part) like the heavens, in blue; in winter, like the earth, in frize.

Enter BUBBLE, *Sir* LIONEL, LONGFIELD, *and* SPRINKLE.

But see, I am prevented in my encomium: I could have maintain'd this theme these two hours.

Sir Lionel. Well, God rest his soul, he is gone, and we must all follow him.

Bubble. Aye, aye, he's gone, sir Lionel, he's gone.

Sir Lionel. Why, tho' he be gone, what then? 'tis not you that can fetch him back again, with all your cunning. It must be your comfort, that he died well.

Bubble. Truly, and so it is; I would to God I had e'en another uncle that would die no worse: surely I shall weep again, if I should find my handkerchief.

Longfield. How now! what are these, onions?

Bubble. Aye, aye, sir Lionel, they are my onions; I thought to have had them roasted this morning for my

[14] *Watling-street,*] This street, *Stow* observes, in his time, was inhabited by wealthy drapers, retailers of woollen-cloths, both broad and narrow, of all sorts, more than any one of the city.

cold: Gervase, you have not wept to-day, pray take your onions. Gentlemen, the remembrance of death is sharp, therefore there is a banquet within to sweeten your conceits: I pray walk in, gentlemen, walk you in; you know I must needs be melancholy, and keep my chamber. Gervase, usher them to the banquet.

Staines. I shall, sir—Please you, Sir Lionel.

Sir Lionel. Well, Master Bubble, we'll go in and taste of your bounty.

In the mean time, you must be of good cheer.

[*Gentlemen and Gervase go out.*

Bubble. If grief take not away my stomach,
I will have good cheer, I warrant you. Sprinkle!

Sprinkle. Sir.

Bubble. Had the women puddings to their dole[15]?

Sprinkle. Yes, sir.

Bubble. And how did they take 'em?

Sprinkle. Why, with their hands: how should they take 'em?

Bubble. O thou Hercules of ignorance! I mean, how were they satisfied?

Sprinkle. By my troth, sir, but so so; and yet some of them had two.

Bubble. O insatiable women! whom two puddings

[15] *dole.*] "*Dole* was the term for the allowance of provision "given to the poor in great families." Mr. Steevens's note to *The Winter's Tale*, A. 1. S. 1. See also the notes of Sir John Hawkins and Mr. Steevens to *The First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 2. Of this kind of charity we have yet some remains, particularly, as Dr. Ducarel observes, "at Lambeth palace, where thirty poor per-"sons are relieved by an alms called the DOLE, which is given "three times a week to ten persons at a time, alternately; each "person then receiving upwards of two pounds weight of beef, a "pitcher of broth, a half quartern loaf, and two pence in money. "Besides this *dole*, there are always, on the days it is given, at "least thirty other pitchers, called by-pitchers, brought by other "neighbouring poor, who partake of the remaining broth, and the "broken victuals that is at that time distributed. Likewise at "Queen's College in Oxford, provisions are to this day frequently "distributed to the poor, at the door of their hall under the deno-"mination of a DOLE." *Anglo-Norman Antiquities considered in a Tour through part of Normandy*, fol. p. 81.

would not satisfy! But vanish, Sprinkle; bid your fellow Gervase come hither. [*Exit Sprinkle.*
And off my mourning-robes: grief, to the grave,
For I have gold, and therefore will be brave [16]:
In silks I'll rattle it of every colour,
And, when I go by water, scorn a sculler.

Enter STAINES.

In black carnation velvet I will cloak me,
And when men bid God save me, cry, *Tu quoque.*
It is needful a gentleman should speak Latin sometimes, is it not, Gervase?

Staines. O, very graceful, sir; your most accomplish'd gentlemen are known by it.

Bubble. Why then will I make use of that little I have, upon times and occasions. Here, Gervase, take this bag, and run presently to the mercer's; buy me seven ells of horse-flesh-colour'd taffata, nine yards of yellow sattin, and eight yards of orange tawney velvet. Then run to the taylor's, the haberdasher's, the sempster's, the cutler's, the perfumer's, and to all trades whatsoever, that belong to the making-up of a gentleman; and, amongst the rest, let not the barber be forgotten: and look that he be an excellent fellow, and one that can snap his fingers with dexterity [17].

Staines. I shall fit you, sir.

Bubble. Do so, good Gervase: it is time my beard were corrected, for it is grown so saucy, as it begins to play with my nose.

Staines. Your nose, sir, must endure it; for it is in part the fashion.

Bubble. Is it in fashion? why then my nose shall endure it, let it tickle his worst.

[16] *brave.*] fine. See note 27 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III.

[17] *one that can snap his fingers with dexterity.*] So in *Ben Jonson's Epicœne*, A. 1. S. 2. one of the negative qualities which Morose approved in Cutbeard, was, *that he had not the knack with his sheers, or his fingers*, which, says Clerimont, "in a barber, he (Morose) "thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his "counsel."

Staines. Why, now y' are i' the right, sir; if you will be a true gallant, you must bear things resolute. As thus, sir; if you be at an ordinary, and chance to lose your money at play, you must not fret and fume, tear cards, and fling away dice, as your ignorant gamester or country-gentleman does; but you must put on a calm, temperate action, with a kind of careless smile, in contempt of fortune, as not being able, with all her engines, to batter down one piece of your estate, that your means may be thought invincible. Never tell your money, nor what you have won, nor what you have lost. If a question be made, your answer must be, What I have lost, I have lost; what I have won, I have won. A close heart and free hand, make a man admired: a testern or a shilling to a servant that brings you a glass of beer, binds his hands to his lips: you shall have more service of him, than his master; he will be more humble to you, than a cheater before a magistrate.

Bubble. Gervase, give me thy hand: I think thou hast more wit than I, that am thy master; and, for this speech only, I do here create thee my steward. I do long, methinks, to be at an ordinary; to smile at fortune, and to be bountiful. Gervase, about your business, good Gervase, whilst I go and meditate upon a gentleman-like behaviour. I have an excellent gait already, Gervase, have I not?

Staines. Hercules himself, sir, had never a better gait.

Bubble. But dispatch, Gervase: the sattin and the velvet must be thought upon, and the *Tu Quoque* must not be forgotten; for whensoever I give arms, that shall be my motto. [*Exit Bubble.*

Staines. What a fortune had I thrown upon me, when I preferred myself into this fellow's service! Indeed I serve myself, and not him; for this gold here is my own, truly purchased: he has credit, and shall run i' th' books for't. I'll carry things so cunningly, that he shall not be able to look into my actions. My mortgage I have already got into my hands: the rent

he shall enjoy a while, till his riot constrain him to sell it; which I will purchase with his own money. I must cheat a little: I have been cheated upon; therefore I hope the world will a little the better excuse me. What his uncle craftily got from me, I will knavishly recover of him. To come by it, I must vary shapes, and my first shift shall be in sattin.

Proteus, propitious be to my disguise,
And I shall prosper in my enterprise. [*Exit.*

Enter SPENDALL, PURSENET *and a* BOY *with rackets.*

Spendall. A rubber, sirrah.

Boy. You shall, sir.

Spendall. And bid those two men, you said would speak with me, come in.

Boy. I will, sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Spendall. Did I not play this sett well?

Enter BLANK *and another.*

Pursenet. Excellent well: by Phaeton, by Erebus, it went as if it had cut the line.

Blank. God bless you, sir.

Spendall. Mr. Blank, welcome.

Blank. Here's the gentleman's man, sir, has brought the money.

Servant. Will't please you tell it, sir?

Spendall. Have you the bond ready, Master Blank?

Blank. Yes, sir.

Spendall. 'Tis, well. Pursenet, help to tell—10, 11, 12.
What time have you given?

Blank. The thirteenth of the next month.

Spendall. 'Tis well: here's light gold.

Servant. 'Twill be the less troublesome to carry.

Spendall, You say well, sir; how much hast thou told?

Pursenet. In gold and silver, here is twenty pounds.

Blank. 'Tis right, Mr. Spendall, I'll warrant you.

Spendall. I'll take your warrant, sir, and tell no farther.
Come, let me see the condition of this obligation.

Pursenet. A man may win from him that cares not for't.

This royal Cæsar doth regard no cash;
Has thrown away as much in ducks and drakes,
As would have bought some 50,000 capons.
Spendall. 'Tis very well; so, lend me your pen.
Pursenet. This is the captain of brave citizens;
The Agamemnon of all merry Greeks.
A Stukeley or a Sherley, for his spirit [18],
Bounty, and royalty, to men at arms.
Blank. You give this as your deed?
Spendall. Marry do I, sir.
Blank. Pleaseth this gentleman to be a witness?
Spendall. Yes, marry shall he. Pursenet, your hand.
Pursenet. My hand is at thy service, noble Brutus.

[18] *A Stukeley or a Sherley.*] The spirit of enterprize which had been raised and encouraged in the reign of Elizabeth, was extremely favourable to the reputation of those adventurers, who sought to mend their fortunes by encountering difficulties of any kind in a foreign country. *Stukeley* and the *Sherleys* appear to have been held in great estimation by the people in general. The former was a dissolute wretch, born in Devonshire, who squandered away his property in riot and debauchery; then left the kingdom, and signalized his valour at the battle fought at Alcazar in Barbary, in August, 1578, where he was killed. See an account of him in a ballad, published in *Evans's Collection*, 1777, vol. 2. p. 103; also the old play, entitled, The Battle of Alcazar, with the Death of Captain Stukeley, 4to. 1594. Of the Sherleys, there were three brothers, Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Sir Francis; Sir Anthony was one of those gallant spirits who went to annoy the Spaniards in their West Indian settlements, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He afterwards travelled to Persia, and returned to England in the quality of ambassador from the Sophi in 1612. The next year he published an account of his travels. He was, by the emperor of Germany, raised to the dignity of a count; and the king of Spain made him admiral of the Levant Sea. He died in Spain after the year 1630. Sir Robert was introduced to the Persian court by his brother, Sir Anthony; and was also sent ambassador from the Sophi to James I. but did not arrive until the accession of his successor. When on his first audience with the king, February, 1626, the Persian ambassador then resident in England, in the king's presence, snatch'd the letters which were brought by him, out of his hands, tore them to pieces, and struck him a blow on the face; at the same time declaring him an impostor, and the letters forgeries. Charles being unable to discover the truth of these charges, sent both the ambassadors back to Persia, with another from himself, but all three died in the course of the voyage. Sir Francis, the eldest brother, was unfortunate.

Spendall. There's for your kindness, Master Blank.

Blank. I thank you, sir.

Spendall. For your pains.

Servant. I'll take my leave of you.

Spendall. What, must you be gone too, Master Blank?

Blank. Yes, indeed, sir; I must to the Exchange.

Spendall. Farewel to both.——Pursenet,
Take that twenty pounds, and give it Mistress Sweatman:
Bid her pay her landlord and apothecary,
And let her butcher and her baker stay;
They're honest men, and I'll take order with them.

Pursenet. The butcher and the baker then shall stay.

Spendall. They must, till I am somewhat stronger purst.

Pursenet. If this be all, I have my errand perfect.
[*Exit Pursenet.*

Spendall. Here, sirrah, here's for balls; there's for yourself.

Boy. I thank your worship.

Spendall. Commend me to your mistress. [*Exit.*

Boy. I will, sir.—In good faith 'tis the liberal'st gentleman that comés into our court: why, he cares no more for a shilling than I do for a box o' th' ear, God bless him. [*Exit.*

Enter STAINES *gallant*, LONGFIELD, *and a* SERVANT.

Staines. Sirrah, what o'clock is't?

Servant. Past ten, sir.

Staines. Here will not be a gallant seen this hour.

Servant. Within this quarter, sir, and less: they meet here as soon as at any ordinary in th' town.

Staines. Hast any tobacco?

Servant. Yes, sir.

Staines. Fill.

Longfield. Why, thou report'st miracles, things not to be believ'd: I protest to thee, hadst thou not unript thyself to me, I should never have known thee.

Staines. I tell you true, sir; I was so far gone, that

desperation knock'd at my elbow, and whisper'd news to me out of Barbary[19].

Longfield. Well, I am glad so good an occasion staid thee at home.
And may'st thou prosper in thy project, and go on
With best success of thy invention.

Staines. False dice say amen; for that's my induction:
I do mean to cheat to-day without respect of persons.
When saw'st thou Will Rash?

Longfield. This morning at his chamber; he'll be here.

Staines. Why then do thou give him my name and character, for my aim is wholly at my worshipful master.

Longfield. Nay, thou shalt take another in to him, one that laughs out his life in this ordinary, thanks any man that wins his money: all the while his money is losing, he swears by the cross of this silver; and, when it is gone, he changeth it to the hilts of his sword.

Enter SCATTERGOOD *and* NINNIHAMMER.

Staines. He'll be an excellent coach-horse for my captain.

Scattergood. Save you, gallants, save you.

Longfield. How think you now? have I not carv'd him out to you?

Staines. Thou hast lighted me into his heart; I see him thoroughly.

Scattergood. Ninnihammer!

Ninnihammer. Sir.

Scattergood. Take my cloak, and rapier also: I think it be early. Gentlemen, what time to you take it to be?

Staines. Inclining to eleven, sir.

Scattergood. Inclining! a good word. I would it were inclining to twelve, for by my stomach it should be high noon. But what shall we do, gallants? shall we to cards till our company come?

[19] *whisper'd news to me out of Barbary.*] Alluding to Stukeley's desperate condition when he quitted England.

Longfield. Please you, sir.

Scattergood. Harry, fetch some cards; methinks 'tis an unseemly sight to see gentlemen stand idle. Please you to impart your smoak?

Longfield. Very willingly, sir.

Scattergood. In good faith, a pipe of excellent vapour.

Longfield. The best the house yields.

Scattergood. Had you it in the house? I thought it had been your own: 'tis not so good now as I took it to be. Come, gentlemen, what's your game?

Staines. Why, gleek; that's your only game.

Scattergood. Gleek let it be, for I am persuaded I shall gleek some of you. Cut, sir.

Longfield. What play we? twelve-pence gleek?

Scattergood. Twelve-pence! a crown: ud's foot, I will not spoil my memory for twelve-pence.

Longfield. With all my heart.

Staines. Honour.

Scattergood. What is't, hearts?

Staines. The king, what say you?

Longfield. You must speak, sir.

Scattergood. Why, I bid thirteen.

Staines. Fourteen.

Scattergood. Fifteen.

Staines. Sixteen.

Longfield. Sixteen, seventeen.

Staines. You shall ha't for me.

Scattergood. Eighteen.

Longfield. Take it to you, sir.

Scattergood. Ud's life, I'll not be out-brav'd.

Staines. I vie it.

Longfield. I'll none of it.

Scattergood. Nor I.

Staines. Give me a mournival of aces, and a gleek of queens.

Longfield. And me a gleek of knaves.

Scattergood. Ud's life, I'm gleek'd this time.

Enter WILL RASH.

Staines. Play.

Will Rash. Equal fortunes befall you, gallants.

Scattergood. Will Rash: well, I pray see what a vile game I have.

Will Rash. What's your game, gleek?

Scattergood. Yes, faith, gleek; and I have not one court card, but the knave of clubs.

Will Rash. Thou hast a wild hand, indeed. Thy small cards show like a troop of rebels, and the knave of clubs their chief leader.

Scattergood. And so they do, as God save me: by the cross of this silver, he says true.

Enter SPENDALL.

Staines. Pray play, sir.

Longfield. Honour.

Will Rash. How go the stocks, gentlemen? what's won or lost?

Staines. This is the first game.

Scattergood. Yes, this is the first game; but by the cross of this silver, here's all of five pounds.

Spendall. Good day to you, gentlemen.

Will Rash. Frank, welcome by this hand; how do'st lad?

Longfield.[20] And how does thy wench, 'faith?

Will Rash. Why, fat and plump, like thy geldings: thou giv'st them both good provender, it seems. Go to, thou art one of the madd'st wags of a citizen i'th' town: the whole company talks of thee already.

Spendall. Talk! why let 'em talk; ud's foot, I pay scot and lot, and all manner of duties else, as well as the best of 'em. It may be they understand I keep a whore, a horse, and a kennel of hounds; what's that to them? no man's purse opens for it but mine own; and so long my hounds shall eat flesh, my horse bread, and my whore wear velvet.

Will Rash. Why, there spoke a courageous boy.

Spendall. Ud's foot, shall I be confin'd all the days

[20] *Longfield.*] The Quartos give this question to Spendall; and there seems no sufficient reason for assigning it to another character. C.

of my life, to walk under a pent-house? no, I'll take my pleasure whilst my youth affords it.

Scattergood. By the cross of these hilts, I'll never play at gleek again, whilst I have a nose on my face: I smell the knavery of the game.

Spendall. Why, what's the matter? who has lost?

Scattergood. Marry, that have I. By the hilts of my sword, I have lost forty crowns in as small time almost as a man might tell it.

Spendall. Change your game for dice, we are a full number for Novum.[21]

Scattergood. With all my heart. Where's Mr. Ambush the broker? Nimihammer!

Ninnihammer. Sir.

Scattergood. Go to Mr. Ambush, and bid him send me twenty marks upon this diamond.

Enter BUBBLE.

Ninnihammer. I will, sir.

Longfield. Look ye, (to make us merrier) who comes here!

Will Rash. A fresh gamester?——Mr. Bubble, God save you.

Bubble. *Tu quoque*, sir.

Spendall. God save you, Master Bubble.

Bubble. *Tu quoque.*

Staines. Save you, sir.

Bubble. *Et tu quoque.*

Longfield. Good Master Bubble.

Bubble. *Et tu quoque.*

Scattergood. Is your name Master Bubble?

Bubble. Master Bubble is my name, sir.

Scattergood. God save you, sir.

Bubble. *Et tu quoque.*

Scattergood. I would be better acquainted with you.

Bubble. And I with you.

Scattergood. Pray let us salute again.

Bubble. With all my heart, sir.

[21] *Novum.*] See the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Hawkins to *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 5. S. 2.

Longfield. Behold yonder the oak and the ivy, how they embrace.

Will Rash. Excellent acquaintance! they shall be the Gemini.

Bubble. Shall I desire your name, sir?

Scattergood. Master Scattergood

Bubble. Of the Scattergoods of London?

Scattergood. No, indeed, sir, of the Scattergoods of Hampshire.

Bubble. Good Master Scattergood.

Staines. Come, gentlemen, here's dice.

Scattergood. Please you advance to the table?

Bubble. No, indeed, sir.

Scattergood. Pray will you go?

Bubble. I will go, sir, over the world for your sake, But in courtesy I will not budge a foot.

Enter NINNIHAMMER.

Ninnihammer. Here is the cash you sent me for: and, Master Rash, here is a letter from one of your sisters.

Spendall. I have the dice; set, gentlemen.

Longfield. From which sister?

Will Rash. From the mad-cap, I know by the hand.

Spendall. For me, six.

Omnes. And six that.

Staines. Nine; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8: eighteen shillings.

Spendall. What's yours, sir?

Scattergood. Mine's a baker's dozen. Master Bubble, tell your money.

Bubble. In good faith I am but a simple gamester, and do not know what to do.

Scattergood. Why, you must tell your money, and he'll pay you.

Bubble. My money! I do know how much my money is, but he shall not pay me; I have a better conscience than so: what, for throwing the dice twice? i'faith he should have but a hard bargain of it.

Will Rash. Witty rascal! I must needs away.

Longfield. Why, what's the matter?

Will Rash. Why, the lovers cannot agree: thou shalt along with me, and know all.

Longfield. But, first let me instruct thee in the condition of this gentleman: whom dost thou take him to be?

Will Rash. Nay, he's a stranger, I know him not.

Longfield. By this light but you do, if his beard were off: 'tis Staines.

Will Rash. The devil it is as soon! and what's his purpose in this disguise?

Longfield. Why, cheating; do you not see how he plays upon his worshipful master, and the rest?

Will Rash. By my faith, he draws apace.

Spendall. A pox upon these dice, give's a fresh bale.[22]

Bubble. Ha, ha; the dice are not to be blamed; a man may perceive this is no gentlemanly gamester, by his chafing.—Do you hear, my friend, fill me a glass of beer, and there's a shilling for your pains.

Drawer. Your worship shall, sir.

Will Rash. Why, how now, Frank! what hast lost?

Spendall. Fifteen pounds and upwards: is there never an honest fellow?

Ambush. What, do you lack money, sir?

Spendall. Yes, can'st furnish me?

Ambush. Upon a sufficient pawn, sir.

Spendall. You know my shop; bid my man deliver you a piece of three-pile velvet, and let me have as much money as you dare adventure upon't.

Ambush. You shall, sir.

Spendall. A pox of this luck, it will not last ever. Play, sir, I'll set you.

Will Rash. Frank, better fortune befall thee: and,

[22] *A fresh bale.*] *A bale of dice* is the same as *a pair of dice.* So in *Ben Jonson's New Inn*, A. 1. S. 3.

"For exercise of arms *a bale of dice*,
"Or two or three packs of cards, to shew the cheat,
"And nimbleness of hand."

Marston's What you Will, A. 3. S. 1.

"——Marquesse of Mum-chance, and sole regent over *a* "*bale of false dice.*"

gentlemen, I must take my leave, for I must leave you.

Scattergood. Must you needs be gone?

Will Rash. Indeed I must.

Bubble. *Et tu quoque?*

Longfield. Yes, truly.

Scattergood. At your discretions, gentlemen.

Will Rash. Farewel. [*Exeunt Rash and Longfield.*

Staines. Cry you mercy, sir. I am chanc'd with you all. Gentlemen: here I have 7, here 7, and here 10.

Spendall. 'Tis right, sir, and ten that.

Bubble. And nine that.

Staines. Two fives at all. [*Draws all.*

Bubble. One and five that.

Spendall. Hum, and can a suit of sattin cheat so grossly? By this light, there's nought on one dye but fives and sixes. I must not be thus gull'd.

Bubble. Come, master Spendall, set.

Spendall. No, sir, I have done.

Scattergood. Why then let us all leave, for I think dinner's near ready.

Drawer. Your meat's upon the table.

Scattergood. On the table! come, gentlemen, we do our stomachs wrong. Mr. Bubble, what have you lost.

Bubble. That's no matter: what I have lost, I have lost; nor can I chuse but smile at the foolishness of the dice.

Staines. I am but your steward, gentlemen; for after dinner I may restore it again.

Bubble. Mr. Scattergood, will you walk in?

Scattergood. I'll wait upon you, sir. Come, gentlemen, will you follow? [*Exeunt.*

Manent SPENDALL *and* STAINES.

Staines. Yes, sir, I'll follow you.

Spendall. Hear you, sir, a word.

Staines. Ten, if you please,

Spendall. I have lost fifteen pounds.

Staines. And I have found it.

Spendall. You say right; found it you have, indeed,
But never won it. Do you know this dye?
Staines. Not I, sir.
Spendall. You seem a gentleman, and you may perceive
I have some respect unto your credit,
To take you thus aside. Will you restore
What you have drawn from me unlawfully?
Staines. Sirrah! by your outside you seem a citizen,
Whose cocks-comb I were apt enough to break,
But for the law. Go, y're a prating jack:
Nor is't your hopes of crying out for clubs,
Can save you from my chastisement, if once
You shall but dare to utter this again.
Spendall. You lie; you dare not.
Staines. Lie! nay, villain, now
Thou tempt'st me to thy death.
Spendall. Soft, you must buy it dearer;
The best blood flows within you is the price.
Staines. Dar'st thou resist; thou art no citizen.
Spendall. I am a citizen.
Staines. Say thou art a gentleman, and I am satisfy'd;
For then I know thou'lt answer me in field.
Spendall. I'll say directly what I am, a citizen;
And I will meet thee in the field, as fairly
As the best gentleman that wears a sword.*
Staines. I accept it: the meeting-place?
Spendall. Beyond the Maze in Tuttle.[23]
Staines. What weapon?
Spendall. Single rapier.
Staines. The time?
Spendall. To-morrow.

* Thus we learn from Melvil's Memoirs, p. 165. Edit. 1735, that the Laird of Grange offered to fight Bothwell who answered that he was neither Earl nor Lord, but a Baron, and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindsey offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse. But his heart failed him, and he grew cold on the business. I. R.

[23] *the Maze in Tuttle.*] i. e. Tothil Fields. S.

Staines. The hour?

Spendall. 'Twixt nine and ten.

Staines. 'Tis good; I shall expect you: farewel.

Spendall. Farewel, sir. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter WILL RASH, LONGFIELD, *and* JOICE.

Will Rash. Why, I commend thee, girl; thou speak'st as thou think'st. Thy tongue and thy heart are relatives; and thou wer't not my sister, I should at this time fall in love with thee.

Joice. You should not need, for and you were not my brother, I should fall in love with you; for I love a proper man with my heart, and so does all the sex of us, let my sister dissemble never so much. I am out of charity with these nice and squeamish tricks; we were born for men, and men for us, and we must together.

Will Rash. This same plain-dealing is a jewel in thee.

Joice. And let me enjoy that jewel, for I love plain-dealing with my heart.

Will Rash. Th'art a good wench, i'faith; I should never be ashamed to call thee sister, though thou shouldst marry a broom-man. But your lover me-thinks is over tedious.

Enter GERALDINE.

Joice. No, look ye, sir; could you wish a man to come better upon his cue[34]?---Let us withdraw.

Will Rash. Close, close, for the prosecution of the plot, wench. See, he prepares.

Joice. Silence.

Geraldine. The sun is yet wrapt in Aurora's arms,
And, lull'd with her delight, forgets his creatures.
Awake, thou god of heat,
I call thee up, and task* thee for thy slowness.
Point all thy beams through yonder flaring glass,

[34] *upon his cue*?] *A cue*, in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. See Mr. Steevens's note on *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*, A. 3. S. 1.

* Qy Tax. O.G.

And raise a beauty brighter than thyself. [*Musick.*
Musicians, give each instrument a tongue,
To breathe sweet musick in the ears of her
To whom I send it as a messenger.

Enter GARTRED *aloft.*

Gartred. Sir, your musick is so good, that I must say I like it; but the bringer so ill welcome, that I could be content to lose it. If you play'd for money, there 'tis; if for love, here's none; if for good will, I thank you, and, when you will, you may be gone.

Geraldine. Leave me not entranc'd; sing not my death;
Thy voice is able to make satyrs tame,
And call rough winds to her obedience.

Gartred. Sir, sir, our ears itch not for flattery.
Here you besiege my window, that I dare not
Put forth myself to take the gentle air,
But you are in the fields, and volley out
Your woes, your plaints, your loves, your injuries.

Geraldine. Since you have heard, and know them, give redress;
True beauty never yet was merciless.

Gartred. Sir, rest thus satisfied; my mind was never woman, never alter'd; nor shall it now begin: so fare you well. [*Exit Gartred.*

Will Rash. 'Sfoot, she plays the terrible tyrannizing Tamberlaine over him. This it is to turn Turk; from a most absolute, complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover.

Longfield. Oh, when a woman knows the power and authority of her eye.——

Joice. Fie upon her, she's good for nothing then, no more than a jade that knows his own strength. The window is clasped; now, brother, pursue your project, and deliver your friend from the tyranny of my domineering sister.

Will Rash. Do you hear, you drunkard in love? come in to us, and be ruled. You would little think, that the wench that talked so scurvily out of the window there, is more inamoured on thee than thou on

her.—Nay, look you now, see if he turn not away, slighting our good counsel. I am no Christian if she do not sigh, whine, and grow sick for thee. Look you, sir, I will bring you in good witness against her.

Joice. Sir, you are
My brother's friend, and I'll be plain with you.
You do not take the course to win my sister,
But indirectly go about the bush; you come
And fiddle here, and keep a coil in verse;
Hold off your hat, and beg to kiss her hand;
Which makes her proud.
But, to be short; in two lines, thus it is:
Who most doth love, must seem most to neglect it;
For those that shew most love, are least respected.

Longfield. A good observation, by my faith.

Will Rash. Well, this instruction comes too late now.
Stand you close, and let me prosecute my invention.—
Sister, oh, sister; wake, arise, sister.

Enter GARTRED *above.*

Gartred. How now, brother; why call you with such terror?

Will Rash. How can you sleep so sound, and hear such groans,
So horrid, and so tedious to the ear,
That I was frighted hither by the sound?
O, sister, here lies a gentleman that lov'd you too dearly,
And himself too ill, as by his death appears.
I can report no farther without tears.
Assist me now. [*To Longfield.*

Longfield. When he came first, death startled in his eyes;
His hand had not forsook the dagger hilt,
But still he gave it strength, as if he fear'd
He had not sent it home unto his heart.

Gartred. Enough, enough!
If you will have me live, give him no name;
Suspicion tells me 'tis my Geraldine:
But be it whom it will, I'll come to him,
To suffer death as resolute as he. [*Exit Gartred.*

Will Rash. Did not I tell you 'twould take? Down, sir, down.

Geraldine. I guess what y'ould have me do.

Longfield. O for a little blood to besprinkle him!

Will Rash. No matter for blood; I'll not suffer her to come near him, till the plot have ta'en his full height.

Geraldine. A scarf o'er my face, lest I betray myself.

Enter GARTRED *below.*

Will Rash. Here, here, lie still, she comes. Now, Mercury, be propitious.

Gartred. Where lies this spectacle of blood? This tragic scene?

Will Rash. Yonder lies Geraldine.

Gartred. O let me see him with his face of death! Why do you stay me from my Geraldine?

Will Rash. Because, unworthy as thou art, thou shalt not see
The man now dead, whom living thou didst scorn.
The worst part that he had, deserv'd thy best;
But yet, contemn'd, deluded, mock'd, despis'd by you,
Unfit for aught, but for the general work
Which you were made for, man's creation.

Gartred. Burst not my heart before I see my love!
Brother, upon my knees I beg your leave,
That I may see the wound of Geraldine:
I will embalm his body with my tears,
And carry him unto his sepulchre.
From whence I'll never rise, but be interr'd
In the same dust he shall be buried in.

Longfield. I do protest she draws sad tears from me. I pr'ythee let her see her Geraldine.

Gartred. Brother, if e'er you lov'd me as a sister, Deprive me not the sight of Geraldine.

Will Rash. Well, I am contented you shall touch his lips,
But neither see his face, nor yet his wound.

Gartred. Not see his face?

Will Rash. Nay, I have sworn it to the contrary: Nay, hark you, farther yet.

Gartred. What now?

Will Rash. But one kiss, no more.
Gartred. Why then no more.
Will Rash. Marry, this liberty I'll give you:
If you intend to make any speech of repentance
Over him, I am content, so it be short.
Gartred. What you command is law, and I obey.
Joice. Peace, give ear to the passion.
Gartred. Before I touch thy body, I implore
Thy discontented ghost to be appeas'd.
Send not unto me till I come myself;
Then shalt thou know how much I honour'd thee.
O, see the colour of his coral lip!
Which, in despight of death, lives full and fresh,
As when he was the beauty of his sex.
'Twere sin worthy the worst of plagues to leave thee;
Not all the strength and policy of man
Shall snatch me from thy bosom.
Longfield. Look, look; I think she'll ravish him.
Will Rash. Why, how now, sister?
Gartred. Shall we have both one grave? here I am chain'd;
Thunder, nor earthquakes shall e'er shake me off.
Will Rash. No? I'll try that.—Come, dead man, awake! up with your bag and baggage, and let's have no more fooling.
Gartred. And lives my Geraldine?
Will Rash. Live! faith, aye;
Why should he not? he was never dead,
That I know on.
Geraldine. It is no wonder Geraldine should live,
Though he had emptied all his vital spirits.
The lute of Orpheus spake not half so sweet,
When he descended to th' infernal vaults,
To fetch again his fair Eurydice,
As did thy sweet voice unto Geraldine.
Gartred. I'll exercise that voice, since it doth please
My better self, my constant Geraldine.
Joice. Why so la, here's an end of an old song.
Why could not this have been done before,
I pray?

Gartred. O, y'are a goodly sister, this is your plot. Well, I shall live one day to requite you.

Joice. Spare me not; for wheresoever I set my affection, although it be upon a collier, if I fall back, unless it be in the right kind, bind me to a stake, and let me be burned to death with charcoal.

Will Rash. Well, thou art a mad wench, and there's no more to be done at this time, but, as we brought you together, so to part you: you must not lie at rack and manger; there be those within that will forbid the banns: time must shake good fortune by the hand, before you two must be great; 'specially you, sister. Come; leave swearing.

Gartred. Must we then part?

Will Rash. Must you part! why, how think you? ud's foot, I do think we shall have as much to do to get her from him, as we had to bring her to him. This love of women is of strange quality, and has more tricks than a juggler.

Gartred. But this, and then farewel.

Geraldine. Thy company [25] is heaven, thy absence hell.

Will Rash. Lord, who'ld think it.

Joice. Come, wench. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter SPENDALL *and* STAINES.

Spendall. This ground is firm and even, I'll go no farther.

Staines. This be the place then; and prepare you, sir:

You shall have fair play for your life of me,
For look, sir, I'll be open-breasted to you.

Spendall. Shame light on him that thinks his safety lieth in a French doublet.

Nay, I would strip myself, would comeliness
Give sufferance to the deed, and fight with thee
As naked as a Mauritanian Moor.

Staines. Give me thy hand; by my heart I love thee.

[25] *Thy company*, &c.] So Otway, in *The Orphan*,

"'Tis heav'n to have thee, and without thee hell," S.

Thou art the highest-spirited citizen
That ever Guild-hall took notice of.
Spendall. Talk not what I am, until you have tried me.
Staines. Come on, sir. [*They fight.*
Spendall. Now, sir, your life is mine.
Staines. Why then, take it, for I'll not beg it of thee.
Spendall. Nobly resolv'd, I love thee for those words.
Here, take thy arms again, and, if thy malice
Have spent itself like mine, then let us part
More friendly than we met at first encounter.
Staines. Sir, I accept this gift of you, but not your friendship,
Until I shall recover't with my honour.
Spendall. Will you fight again, then?
Staines. Yes.
Spendall. Faith thou dost well, then, justly to whip my folly.
But come, sir.
Staines. Hold, y'are hurt, I take it.
Spendall. Hurt! where? zounds, I feel it not.
Staines. You bleed, I am sure.
Spendall. 'Sblood, I think you wear a cat's claw upon your rapier's point:
I am scratch'd indeed; but, small as 'tis,
I must have blood for blood.
Staines. Y'are bent to kill, I see.
Spendall. No, by my hopes; if I can 'scape that sin,
And keep my good name, I'll never offer't.
Staines. Well, sir, your worst.
Spendall. We both bleed now, I take it;
And, if the motion may be equal thought,
To part with clasp'd hands, I shall first subscribe.
Staines. It were unmanliness in me to refuse
The safety of us both; my hand shall never fall
From such a charitable motion.
Spendall. Then join we both, and here our malice ends:

Though foes we came to th' field, we'll depart friends.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir LIONEL *and a* SERVANT.

Sir Lionel. Come, come, follow me, knave, follow me; I have the best nose i'the house, I think; either we shall have rainy weather, or the vault's unstopp'd. Sirrah, go see; I would not have my guests smell out any such inconvenience. Do you hear, sirrah, Simon?

Servant. Sir.

Sir Lionel. Bid the kitchen-maid scour the sink, and make clean her back-side, for the wind lies just upon't.

Servant. I will, sir.

Sir Lionel. And bid Anthony put on his white fustian doublet, for he must wait to-day. [*Exit Servant.*] It doth me so much good to stir and talk, to place this and displace that, that I shall need no apothecaries' prescriptions. I have sent my daughter this morning as far as Pimlico[26], to fetch a draught of Derby ale,* that it may fetch a colour in her cheeks: the puling harlotry looks so pale, and it is all for want of a man, for so their mother would say, God rest her soul, before she died.

[26] *Pimlico*] at Hogsden. See *Pimlyco or Runne Red Cap.* "*Tis* "*a mad world at Hogsdon.*" 4to. 1609.

By the following passage in *The Alchemist*, A. 5, S. 2. it seems as tho' *Pymlico* had been the name of a person famous as the seller of ale.

——— "Gallants, men and women,
"And of all sorts tag rag, been seen to flock here
"In threaves these ten weeks as to a *second Hogsden*
"In days of *Pimlico* and Eye-bright."

A place near Chelsea is still called *Pimlico* and was resorted to within these few years on the same account as the former at Hogsden.

* Derby ale has ever been celebrated for its excellence. Camden, speaking of the town of Derby, observes that "its present "reputation is for the assizes for the County, which are held here, "and from the *excellent ale brewed in it.*" In 1698 Ned Ward published a poem entitled, *Sots' Paradise, or the Humours of a Derby Alehouse; with a Satire upon Ale.* fol.

Enter BUBBLE, SCATTERGOOD, STAINES, *and* SERVANT.

Servant. Sir, the gentlemen are come, already.

Sir Lionel. How, knave! the gentlemen!

Servant. Yes, sir: yonder they are.

Sir Lionel. God's precious! we are too tardy: let one be sent presently to meet the girls, and hasten their coming home quickly. How dost thou stand dreaming? [*Exit Servant.*] Gentlemen, I see you love me, you are careful of your hour; you may be deceived in your cheer, but not in your welcome.

Bubble. Thanks, and *Tu quoque* is a word for all.

Scattergood. A pretty concise room; Sir Lionel, where are your daughters?

Sir Lionel. They are at your service, sir, and forthcoming.

Bubble. God's will, Gervase! how shall I behave myself to the gentlewomen?

Staines. Why, advance yourself toward them, with a comely step; and in your salute, be careful you strike not too high, nor too low: and afterward, for your discourse, your *Tu quoque* will bear you out.

Bubble. Nay, and that be all, I care not, for I'll set a good face on't, that's flat: and for my nether parts, let them speak for themselves. Here's a leg; and ever a baker in England shew a better, I'll give him mine for nothing.

Staines. O, that's a special thing that I must caution you of.

Bubble. What, sweet Gervase?

Staines. Why, for commending yourself: never, whilst you live, commend yourself; and then you shall have the ladies themselves commend you.

Bubble. I would they would else.

Staines. Why, they will, I'll assure you, sir; and the more vilely you speak of yourself, the more will they strive to collaud you.

Enter GARTRED *and* JOICE.

Bubble. Let me alone to dispraise myself: I'll make myself the errantest coxcomb within a whole country.

Sir Lionel. Here come the gipsies, the sun-burnt girls,
Whose beauties will not utter them alone;
They must have bags, altho' my credit crack for't.

Bubble. Is this the eldest, sir?

Sir Lionel. Yes, marry is she, sir.

Bubble. I'll kiss the youngest first, because she likes me best.[27]

Scattergood. Marry, sir, and whilst you are there, I'll be here. O delicious touch! I think in conscience her lips are lined quite through with orange-tawney velvet.

Bubble. They kiss exceeding well; I do not think but they have been brought up to't. I will begin to her like a gentleman, in a set speech.—Fair lady, shall I speak a word with you?

Joice. With me, sir?

Bubble. With you, lady;—this way,—a little more,—
So, now 'tis well; umh——
Even as a drummer,——or a pewterer——

Joice. Which of the two no matter,
For one beats on a drum, t'other a platter.

Bubble. In good faith, sweet lady, you say true:
But pray mark me farther: I will begin again.

Joice. I pray, sir, do.

Bubble. Even as a drummer, as I said before,
Or as a pewterer——

Joice. Very good, sir.

Bubble. Do——do——do.

Joice. What do they do?

Bubble. By my troth, lady, I do not know; for, to say truth, I am a kind of an ass.

Joice. How, sir! an ass?

Bubble. Yes, indeed, lady.

Joice. Nay, that you are not.

Bubble. So God ha' me, I am lady: you never saw
An erranter ass in your life.

[27] *likes me.*] i. e. pleases me. See note 8, to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

Joice. Why, here's a gentleman, your friend will not say so.

Bubble. I'faith, but he shall: How say you, sir. Am not I an ass?

Scattergood. Yes, by my troth, lady, is he. Why, I'll say any thing my brother Bubble says.

Gartred. Is this the man my father chose for me,
To make a husband of? O God, how blind
Are parents in our loves! so they have wealth,
They care not to what things they marry us.

Bubble. Pray look upon me, lady.

Joice. So I do, sir.

Bubble. Aye, but look upon me well, and tell me if you ever saw any man look so scurvily as I do?

Joice. The fellow sure is frantick.

Bubble. You do not mark me.

Joice. Yes, indeed, sir.

Bubble. Aye, but look upon me well:
Did you ever see a worse-timber'd leg?

Joice. By my faith, 'tis a pretty four-square leg.

Bubble. Aye, but your four-square legs are none of the best. Oh! Gervase, Gervase.

Staines. Excellent well, sir.

Bubble. What say you now to me, lady? Can you find
E'er a good inch about me?

Joice. Yes, that I can, sir.

Bubble. Find it, and take it, sweet lady. There I think I bobb'd her, Gervase.

Joice. Well, sir, disparage not yourself so:
For, if you were the man you'd make yourself,
Yet, out of your behaviour and discourse,
I could find cause enough to love you.

Bubble. Ah! now she comes to me—My behaviour! alas, alas, 'tis clownical; and my discourse is very bald, bald; you shall not hear me break a good jest in a twelve-month.

Joice. No, sir? why now you break a good jest.

Bubble. No, I want the Boon jour, and the *Tu quoques*, which yonder gentleman has.—There's a bob

for him too.—There's a gentleman, an you talk of a gentleman.

Joice. Who, he? he's a coxcomb, indeed.

Bubble. We are sworn brothers, in good faith, lady.

Enter SERVANT.

Scattergood. Yes, in truth, we are sworn brothers; and do mean to go both alike, and to have horses alike.

Joice. And they shall be sworn brothers too?

Scattergood. If it please them, lady.

Servant. Mr. Ballance, the goldsmith, desires to speak with you.

Sir Lionel. Bid him come, knave.

Scattergood. I wonder, Sir Lionel, your son, Will Rash, is not here.

Sir Lionel. Is he of your acquaintance, sir?

Scattergood. O, very familiar: he struck me a box o' th' ear once, and from thence grew my love to him.

Enter BALLANCE.

Sir Lionel. It was a sign of virtue in you, sir; but he'll be here at dinner.—Master Ballance, what makes you so strange? Come you're welcome; what's the news?

Ballance. Why, sir, the old news: your man Francis riots still;
And little hope of thrift there is in him.
Therefore I come to advise your worship,
To take some order whilst there's something left:
The better part of his best ware's consum'd.

Sir Lionel. Speak softly, Master Ballance.
But is there no hope of his recovery?

Ballance. None at all, sir; for he's already laid to be arrested, by some that I know.

Sir Lionel. Well, I do suffer for him, and am loath
Indeed to do what I'm constrain'd to do:
Well, sir, I mean to seize on what is left.
And, hark ye, one word more.

Joice. What heinous sin has yonder man committed,
To have so great a punishment, as wait
Upon the humours of an idle fool?

A very proper fellow, good leg, good face,
A body well-proportion'd; but his mind
Bewrays he never came of generous kind.

Enter WILL RASH *and* GERALDINE.

Sir Lionel. Go to; no more of this at this time. What, sir, are you come?

Will Rash Yes, sir, and have made bold to bring a guest along.

Sir Lionel. Master Geraldine's son, of Essex?

Geraldine. The same, sir.

Sir Lionel. You're welcome, sir; when will your father be in town?

Geraldine. 'Twill not be long, sir.

Sir Lionel. I shall be glad to see him when he comes.

Geraldine. I thank you, sir.

Sir Lionel. In the mean time you're welcome; pray be not strange.
I'll leave my son amongst you, gentlemen,
I have some business. Hark you, Mr. Ballance—
Dinner will soon be ready. One word more—

[*Exeunt Sir Lionel and Ballance.*

Will Rash. And how does my little Asinus and his *Tu quoque*, here? Oh, you pretty, sweet-fac'd rogues, that, for your countenances, might be Alexander and Lodwick*. What says the old man to you? will't be a match? shall we call brothers?

Scattergood I'faith, with all my heart: if Mrs. Gartred will, we will be married to-morrow.

Bubble. 'Sfoot, if Mrs. Joice will, we'll be married to-night.

Will Rash. Why you courageous boys, and worthy wenches made out of wax! But what shall's do when we have din'd? shall's go see a play?

Scattergood. Yes, 'faith, brother, if it please you: let's go see a play at the Globe.

* Henslowe, in his MSS. mentions a play called *Alexander and Lodwicke*, under date of 14th Jan. 1597, and in Evans's Collection of Old Ballads, last edition, there is a ballad with the same title, and no doubt upon the same story. C.

Bubble. I care not; any whither, so the clown have a part; for, i'faith, I am no body without a fool.

Geraldine. Why then, we'll go to the Red Bull: they say Green's a good clown.

Bubble. Green! Green's an ass.

Scattergood. Wherefore do you say so?

Bubble. Indeed I ha' no reason; for they say, he is as like me as ever he can look.

Scattergood. Well then, to the Bull.

Will Rash. A good resolution, continue it: Nay, on.

Bubble. Not before the gentlewomen; not I, never.

Will Rash. O! while you live, men before women: custom hath plac'd it so.

Bubble. Why then custom is not so mannerly as I would be. [*Exeunt Bubble and Scattergood.*

Will Rash. Farewel, Mr. Scattergood! Come, lover, you're too busy here. I must tutor ye: cast not your eye, at the table, on each other; my father will spy you without spectacles; he is a shrewd observer. Do you hear me?

Geraldine. Very well, sir.

Will Rash. Come then, go we together; let the wenches alone. Do you see yonder fellow?

Geraldine. Yes: pr'ythee what is he?

Will Rash. I'll give you him within: he must not now be thought on; but you shall know him.

[*Exeunt Will Rash and Geraldine.*

Gartred. I have observ'd my sister, and her eye
Is much inquisitive after yond' fellow;
She has examin'd him from head to foot:
I'll stay and see the issue.

Joice. To wrestle 'gainst the stream of our affection,
Is to strike air, or buffet with the wind
That plays upon us. I have striv'd to cast
This fellow from my thoughts, but still he grows
More comely in my sight: yet a slave,
Unto one worse-condition'd than a slave.
They are all gone; here's none but he and I:
Now I will speak to him—and yet I will not.
Oh! I wrong myself; I will suppress

That insurrection love hath train'd in me,
And leave him as he is. Once my bold spirit
Had vow'd to utter all my thoughts to him
On whom I settled my affection,
And why retires it now?

Staines. Fight, love, on both sides; for on me thou strik'st
Strokes that have beat my heart into a flame.
She hath sent amorous glances from her eye,
Which I have back return'd as faithfully.
I would make to her, but these servile robes
Curb that suggestion, till some fitter time
Shall bring me more persuadingly unto her.

Joice. I wonder why he stays; I fear he notes me,
For I have publickly betray'd myself,
By too much gazing on him. I will leave him.

Gartred. But you shall not: I'll make you speak to him
Before you go.——Do you hear, sir?

Joice. What mean you, sister?

Gartred. To fit you in your kind, sister. Do you remember
How you once tyranniz'd over me?

Joice. Nay, pr'ythee leave this jesting; I am out of the vein.*

Gartred. Aye, but I am in. Go and speak to your lover.

Joice. I'll first be buried quick.

Gartred. How! asham'd? 'Sfoot, I trow, "if I had set my affection on a collier, I'd ne'er fall back, unless it were in the right kind: if I did, let me be ty'd to a stake, and burnt to death with charcoal."

Joice. Nay then, we shall have't.

Gartred. Yes, marry shall you, sister: will you speak to him?

Joice. No.

Gartred. Do you hear, sir? here's a gentlewoman would speak with you.

* So in *King Richard III*:
"Thou troublest me: *I am not in the vein.*" S.

Joice. Why, sister; I pray, sister.

Gartred. One that loves you with all her heart, yet is asham'd to confess it.

Staines. Did you call, ladies?

Joice. No, sir, here's no one called.

Gartred. Yes, sir, 'twas I, I call'd to speak with you.

Joice. My sister's somewhat frantick; there's no regard to be had unto her clamours.—Will you yet leave? I'faith you'll anger me.

Gartred. Passion: "come back, fool; lover, turn again and kiss your belly full; here's one will stand ye."

Staines. What does this mean, trow?

Joice. Yet is your humour spent?

Gartred. Come, let me go: "birds, that want the use of reason and of speech, can couple together in one day; and yet you that have both, cannot conclude in twenty." Now, sister, I am even with you, my venom is spit. As much happiness may you enjoy with your lover, as I with mine. And droop not, wench, nor never be asham'd of him; the man will serve the turn, tho' he be wrapt in a blue coat, I'll warrant him; come.

Joice. You are merrily dispos'd, sister.

[*Exeunt wenches.*

Staines. I needs must prosper, fortune and love work for me.

Be moderate, my joys; for, as you grow
To your full height, so Bubble's waxeth low. [*Exit.*

Enter SPENDALL, SWEATMAN, *and* TICKLEMAN.

Tickleman. Will my sweet Spendall be gone then?

Spendall. I must, upon promise; but I'll be here at supper: therefore, Mrs. Sweatman, provide us some good cheer.

Sweatman. The best the market will yield.

Spendall. Here's twenty shillings; I protest I have left myself but a crown for my spending-money: for indeed I intend to be frugal, and turn good husband.

Tickleman. Aye, marry will you; you'll to play again,

and lose your money, and fall to fighting; my very heart trembles to think on it; how if you had been kill'd in the quarrel? of my faith, I had been but a dead woman.

Spendall. Come, come, no more of this; thou dost but dissemble.

Tickleman. Dissemble! do not you say so; for, if you do,
God's my judge, I'll give myself a gash.

Spendall. Away, away; pr'ythee no more: farewel.

Tickleman. Nay, buss first: Well,
There's no adversity in the world shall part us.

Enter SERJEANTS.

Spendall. Thou art a loving rascal; farewel.

Sweatman. You will not fail supper?

Spendall. You have my word; farewel.

1*st Serjeant.* Sir, we arrest you.

Spendall. Arrest me! at whose suit?

2*d Serjeant.* Marry, there's suits enough against you, I'll warrant you.

1*st Serjeant.* Come, away with him.

Spendall. Stay, hear me a word.

2*d Serjeant.* What do you say?

Enter PURSENET.

Tickleman. How now, Pursenet? why com'st in such haste?

Pursenet. Shut up your doors, and bar young Spendall out;
And let him be cashier'd your company:
He is turn'd banquerout, his wares are seiz'd on,
And his shop shut up.

Tickleman. How! his ware seiz'd on? thou dost but jest, I hope.

Pursenet. What this tongue doth report, these eyes have seen;
It is no Æsop's fable that I tell,
But it is true, as I am faithful pander.

Sweatman. Nay, I did ever think the prodigal would prove

A banquerout: but hang him, let him rot
In prison, he comes no more within these doors,
I warrant him.

Tickleman. Come hither! I would he wou'd but offer it;
We'll fire him out, with a pox to him.

Spendall. Will you do it?
To carry me to prison but undoes me.

1st Serjeant. What say you, fellow Gripe, shall we take his forty shillings?

2d Serjeant. Yes, faith; we shall have him again within this week.

1st Serjeant. Well, sir, your forty shillings; and we'll have some compassion on you.

Spendall. Will you but walk with me unto that house,
And there you shall receive it.

Serjeant. What, where the women are?

Spendall. Yes, sir.

Sweatman. Look yonder, if the ungracious rascal be not coming hither betwixt two Serjeants: he thinks, belike, that we'll relieve him; let us go in, and clap the doors against him.

Pursenet. It is the best course, Mistress Tickleman.

Tickleman. But I say no, you shall not stir a foot;
For I will talk with him.

Spendall. Nan, I am come,
Even in the minute that thou didst profess
Kindness unto me, to make trial of it.
Adversity, thou seest, lays hands upon me:
But forty shillings will deliver me.

Tickleman. Why, you impudent rogue, do you come to me for money?
Or do I know you? what acquaintance, pray,
Hath ever past betwixt yourself and me?

Serjeant. Zounds, do you mock us, to bring us to these women that do not know you?

Sweatman. Yes, in good sooth, (officers, I take't you are)
He's a mere stranger here; only in charity,
Sometimes we have reliev'd him with a meal.

Spendall. This is not earnest in you? come, I know
My gifts and bounty cannot so soon be buried.
Go, pr'ythee, fetch forty shillings.
Tickleman. Talk not to me, you slave, of forty shillings;
For by this light that shines, ask it again,
I'll send my knife of an errand in your guts.
A shameless rogue, to come to me for money!
Sweatman. Is he your prisoner, gentlemen?
Serjeant. Yes, marry is he.
Sweatman. Pray carry him then to prison, let him smart for't:
Perhaps 'twill tame the wildness of his youth,
And teach him how to lead a better life.
He had good counsel here, I can assure you,
And if he would have took it.
Pursenet. I told him still myself what would ensue.
Spendall. Furies break loose in me: Serjeants, let me go;
I'll give you all I have to purchase freedom
But for a lightning while, to tear yon whore,
Bawd, pander, and in them the devil; for there's
His hell, his habitation; nor has he
Any other local place.
Serjeant. No, sir, we'll take no bribes.
[*Takes Spendall's cloak.*
Spendall. Honest Serjeants, give me leave to unlade
A heart o'ercharg'd with grief; as I have a soul,
I'll not break from you.
Thou strumpet, that wer't born to ruin men,
My fame, and fortune, be subject to my curse,
And hear me speak it:—May'st thou in thy youth
Feel the sharp whip, and in thy beldam age
The cart: when thou art grown to be
An old upholster unto venery,
(A bawd I mean, to live by feather-beds)
May'st thou be driven to sell all thou hast,
Unto thy Aqua vitæ bottle (that's the last
A bawd will part withal) and live so poor,
That, being turn'd forth thy house, may'st die at door!

Serjeant. Come, sir, ha' you done?

Spendall. A little farther give me leave, I pray;
I have a charitable prayer to end with.
May the French cannibal eat into thy flesh;
And pick thy bones so clean, that the report
Of thy calamity may draw resort
Of all the common sinners in the town,
To see thy mangl'd carcase; and that then,
They may upon't turn honest; bawd, say Amen. [*Exit.*

Sweatman. Out upon him, wicked villain, how he blasphemes!

Pursenet. He will be damn'd for turning heretick.

Tickleman. Hang him, banquerout rascal, let him talk in prison,
The whilst we'll spend his goods; for I did never
Hear, that men took example by each other.

Sweatman. Well, if men did rightly consider't, they should find that whores and bawds are profitable members in a commonwealth; for indeed, tho' we somewhat impair their bodies, yet we do good to their souls; for I am sure, we still bring them to repentance.

Pursenet. By Dis, and so we do.

Sweatman. Come, come, will you dis before? thou art one of them, that I warrant thee will be hang'd before thou wilt repent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WILL RASH, STAINES, *and* GERALDINE.

Will Rash. Well, this love is a troublesome thing. Jupiter bless me out of his fingers; there's no estate can rest for him: he runs thro' all countries, will travel thro' the Isle of Man in a minute; but never is quiet till he comes into Middlesex, and there keeps his Christmas: 'tis his habitation, his mansion, from whence he'll never out, till he be fir'd.

Geraldine. Well, do not tyrannize too much, lest one day he make you know his deity, by sending a shaft out of a sparkling eye, shall strike so deep into your heart, that it shall make you fetch your breath short again.

Will Rash. And make me cry, *O eyes, no eyes, but*

two celestial stars![28] A pox on't, I'd as lieve hear a fellow sing thro' the nose.—How now, wench?

Enter GARTRED.

Gartred. Keep your station; you stand as well for the encounter as may be: she is coming on; but as melancholy as a bass-viol in concert.

Will Rash. Which, makes thee as sprightly as the treble. Now dost thou play thy prize: here's the honourable science, one against another.——Do you hear, lover; the thing is done you wot off; you shall have your wench alone without any disturbance; now if you can do any good, why so; the silver game be yours; we'll stand by and give aim,[29] and halloo if you hit the clout.

Staines. 'Tis all the assistance I request of you.
Bring me but opportunely to her presence,
And I desire no more; and if I cannot win her,
Let me lose her.

Gartred. Well, sir, let me tell you, perhaps you undertake
A harder task than yet you do imagine.

Staines. A task! what to win a woman, and have opportunity? I would that were a task, i'faith, for any man that wears his wits about him. Give me but half an hour's conference with the coldest creature of them all; and if I bring her not into a fool's paradise, I'll pull out my tongue, and hang it at her door for a draw-latch. Ud's foot, I'd ne'er stand thrumming of caps for the matter; I'll quickly make trial of her. If she love to have her beauty praised, I'll praise it: if her wit, I'll commend it: if her good parts, I'll exalt them: no

[28] *O eyes, no eyes, but two celestial stars!*] A parody on a line from *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. 3. p. 138.

The line in the Spanish Tragedy is this:

"Oh eyes! no eyes but fountains fraught with tears."

and, if a parody be intended, it is not a very close one. The probability is, that the line is quoted by Rash from some popular poem of the day. C.

[29] *give aim.*] See Note 23 to *Cornelia*, vol. 2.

course shall 'scape me; for to whatsoever I saw her inclin'd, to that would I fit her.

Will Rash. But you must not do thus to her, for she's a subtle, flouting rogue, that will laugh you out of countenance, if you solicit her seriously: No, talk me to her wantonly, slightly, and carelessly, and perhaps so you may prevail as much with her, as wind does with a sail, carry her whither thou wilt, bully.

Enter JOICE.

Staines. Well, sir, I'll follow your instruction.

Will Rash. Do so: and see, she appears. Fall you two off from us; let us two walk together.

Joice. Why did my enquiring eye take in this fellow,
And let him down so easy to my heart?
Where, like a conqueror, he seizes on it,
And beats all other men out of my bosom.

Will Rash. Sister, you're well met; here's a gentleman desires to be acquainted with you.

Joice. See, the serving-man is turn'd a gentleman! That villainous wench, my sister, has no mercy; she and my brother have conspir'd together to play upon me; but I'll prevent their sport; for rather than my tongue shall have scope to speak matter to give them mirth, my heart shall break.

Will Rash. You have your desire, sir; I'll leave you; Grapple with her as you can.

Staines. Lady, God save you.—
She turns back upon the motion;
There's no good to be done by praying for her,
I see that; I must plunge into a passion:
Now for a piece of Hero and Leander;
'Twere excellent, and, praise be to my memory,
It has reach'd half a dozen lines for the purpose:
Well, she shall have them.
" One is no number; maids are nothing, then,[30]
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,

[30] *One is no number,* &c.] These lines are taken from Marlow's *Hero and Leander,* 4to. 1600, sign. B 3.

Tho' never singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excells all other things;
But they that daily taste neat wine, despise it.
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you try'd them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth."—No?
Why then, have at you in another kind.

By the faith of a soldier, lady, I do reverence the ground that you walk upon: I will fight with him that dares say you are not fair; stab him that will not pledge your health, and with a dagger pierce a vein,[31] to drink a full health to you: but it shall be on this condition, that you shall speak first. Ud's foot, if I could but get her to talk once, half my labour were over: but I'll try her in another vein.---What an excellent creature is a woman without a tongue! but what a more excellent creature is a woman that has a tongue, and can hold her peace! but how much more excellent and fortunate a creature is that man, that has that woman to his wife! This cannot chuse but mad her; and, if any thing make a woman talk, 'tis this.---It will not do tho' yet. I pray God they have not gull'd me: But I'll try once again.

When will that tongue take liberty to talk?
Speak but one word, and I'm satisfy'd:
Or do but say but mum, and I am answer'd.
No sound? no accent? is there no noise in women?

[31] *with a dagger pierce a vein.*] See Note 39 to *The Honest Whore.*

Again in *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 5. S. 11. "From *stabbing of arms*, "flapdragons, healths, whiffs, and all such swaggering humours, "good Mercury defend us."

This custom continued long after the writing of this play. The writer of The Character of England, 1659, p. 37, speaking of the excessive drinking then in use, adds, "several encounters con- "firmed me that they were but too frequent, and that there was a "sort of perfect debauches, who style themselves Hectors; that, in "their mad and unheard of revels, *pierce their own veins, to quaff* "*their own blood*, which some of them have drank to that excess, "that they have died of the intemperance." I. R.

Nay then, without direction I ha' done,
I must go call for help.

Will Rash. How! not speak?

Staines. Not a syllable: night nor sleep is not more silent. She's as dumb as Westminster-hall in the long vacation.

Will Rash. Well, and what would you have me do?

Staines. Why, make her speak.

Will Rash. And what then?

Staines. Why, let me alone with her.

Will Rash. Aye, so you said before; give you but opportunity, and let you alone, you'd desire no more. But, come, I'll try my cunning for you: see what I can do.—How do you, sister? I am sorry to hear you are not well: This gentleman tells me you have lost your tongue; I pray let's see; if you can but make signs whereabout you lost it, we'll go and look for't. In good faith, sister, you look very pale; in my conscience 'tis for grief: will you have any comfortable drinks sent for?—This is not the way; come, walk, seem earnest in discourse, cast not an eye towards her, and you shall see weakness work itself.

Joice. My heart is swol'n so big, that it must vent,
Or it will burst.—Are you a brother?

Will Rash. Look to yourself, sir;
The brazen head has spoke,* and I must leave you.

Joice. Has shame that power in him, to make him fly,
And dare you be so impudent to stand
Just in the face of my incens'd anger?
What are you? why do you stay? who sent for you?
You were in garments yesterday, befitting
A fellow of your fashion: has a crown
Purchased that shining sattin of the brokers?
Or is't a cast suit of your goodly master's?

Staines. A cast suit! lady?

Joice. You think it does become you: faith it does not.

* Alluding to the story of Friar Bacon's brazen head. C.

A blue coat[32] with a badge does better with you.
Go, untruss your master's points and do not dare
To stop your nose when as his worship stinks:
'T'as been your breeding.
Staines. Ud's life, this is excellent: now she talks.
Joice. Nay, were you a gentleman, and, which is more,
Well landed, I should hardly love you;
For, for your face, I never saw a worse:
It looks as if't were drawn with yellow oaker
Upon black buckram; and that hair
That's on your chin, looks not like beard,
But as if't had been smear'd with shoemakers' wax.
Staines. Ud's foot, she'll make me out of love with myself.
Joice. How dares your baseness once aspire unto
So high a fortune, as to reach at me?
Because you have heard, that some have run away
With butlers, horsekeepers and their father's clerks,
You, forsooth, cocker'd with your own suggestion,
Take heart upon't, and think me, (that am meat,
And set up for your master) fit for you.
Staines. I would I could get her now to hold her tongue.
Joice. Or, 'cause sometimes as I have past along,
And have return'd a court'sie for your hat,
You, as the common trick is, straight suppose
'Tis love, (sir reverence, which makes the word more beastly.)
Staines. Why, this is worse than silence.
Joice. But we are fools, and in our reputations
We find the smart on't:
Kindness is termed lightness in our sex;
And, when we give a favour, or a kiss,
We give our good names too.
Staines. Will you be dumb again?
Joice. Men you are call'd, but you're a viperous brood,
Whom we in charity take into our bosoms,

[32] *A blue coat.*] The colour of servants' cloaths.

And cherish with our heart; for which you sting us.

Staines. Ud's foot, I'll fetch him that wak'd your tongue,
To lay it down again.

Will Rash. Why, how now, man?

Staines. O relieve me, or I shall lose my hearing!
You have rais'd a fury up into her tongue:
A parliament of women could not make
Such a confused noise as that she utters.

Will Rash. Well, what would you have me do?

Staines. Why, make her hold her tongue.

Will Rash. And what then?

Staines. Why then let me alone again.

Will Rash. This is very good, i'faith: first give thee but opportunity, and let thee alone; then 'make her but speak, and let thee alone; now make her hold her tongue, and then let thee alone. By my troth, I think I were best to let thee alone indeed: but come, follow me; the wild cat shall not carry it so away. Walk, walk, as we did.

Joice. What, have you fetcht your champion? what can he do? Not have you, nor himself from out the storm of my incensed rage: I will thunder into your ears, the wrongs that you have done an innocent maid: oh, you're a couple of sweet——What shall I call you? Men you are not; for, if you were, you would not offer this unto a maid. Wherein have I deserv'd it at your hands? Have I not been always a kind sister to you, and in signs and tokens shewed it? Did I not send money to you at Cambridge, when you were but a freshman? wrought you purses and bands; and, since you came to th' inns o' court, a fair pair of hangers? Have you not taken rings from me, which I have been fain to say I have lost, when you had pawn'd them; and yet was never beholden to you for a pair of gloves?

Will Rash. A woman's tongue, I see, is like a bell,
That, once being set a going, goes itself.

Joice. And yet you, to join with my sister against me, send one here to play upon me, whilst you laugh

and leer, and make a pastime on me. Is this brotherly done? No, it is barbarous; and a Turk would blush to offer it to a Christian. But I will think on't, and have it written in my heart, when it hath slipt your memories.

Will Rash. When will your tongue be weary?

Joice. Never.

Will Rash. How! never? Come, talk, and I'll talk with you:

I'll try the nimble footmanship of your tongue;
And if you can out-talk me, your's be the victory.

[*Here they two talk and rail what they list; and then Will Rash speaks to Staines.*

All speak. Ud's foot, dost thou stand by, and do nothing?

Come, talk, and drown her clamours.

[*Here they all three talk, and Joice gives over, weeping, and Exit.*

Geraldine. Alas, she's spent, ifaith: now the storm's over.

Will Rash. Ud's foot, I'll follow her as long as I have any breath.

Gartred. Nay, no more now, brother; you have no compassion; you see she cries.

Staines. If I do not wonder she could talk so long, I am a villain. She eats no nuts, I warrant her: 'sfoot, I am almost out of breath with that little I talked: well, gentle brothers, I might say (for she and I must clap hands upon't) a match for all this. Pray go in; and, sister, salve the matter, collogue with her again, and all shall be well: I have a little business that must be thought upon, and 'tis partly for your mirth, therefore let me not (tho' absent) be forgotten: farewel.

Will Rash. We will be mindful of you, sir; fare you well.

Geraldine. How now, man! what, tir'd, tir'd?

Will Rash. Zounds, and you had talk'd as much as I did, you would be tir'd, I warrant. What, is she gone in? I'll to her again whilst my tongue is warm:

and, if I thought I should be used to this exercise, I would eat every morning an ounce of lickorish.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter LODGE, *the master of the prison, and* HOLDFAST, *his man.*

Lodge. Have you summ'd up those reckonings?

Holdfast. Yes, sir.

Lodge. And what is owing me?

Holdfast. Thirty-seven pound odd money.

Lodge. How much owes the Frenchman?

Holdfast. A fortnight's commons.

Lodge. Has Spendall any money.

Holdfast. Not any, sir; and he has sold all his cloaths.

Enter SPENDALL.

Lodge. That fellow would waste millions, if he had 'em: whilst he has money, no man spends a penny. Ask him money, and if he say he has none, be plain with him, and turn him out o'th' ward. [*Exit Lodge.*

Holdfast. I will, sir.—Master Spendall, my master has sent to you for money.

Spendall. Money! why does he send to me? Does he think I have the philosopher's stone, or I can clip or coin? How does he think I can come by money?

Holdfast. Faith, sir, his occasions are so great, that he must have money, or else he can buy no victuals.

Spendall. Then we must starve belike: Ud's foot, thou seest I have nothing left that will yield me two shillings.

Holdfast. If you have no money, you'd best remove into some cheaper ward.

Spendall. What ward should I remove in?

Holdfast. Why, to the two-penny ward; it's likeliest to hold out with your means; or, if you will, you may go into the hole, and there you may feed for nothing.

Spendall. Aye, out of the alms-basket, where charity appears in likeness of a piece of stinking fish, such as they beat bawds with when they are carted.

Holdfast. Why, sir, do not scorn it; as good men as

yourself have been glad to eat scraps out of the alms-basket.

Spendall. And yet, slave, thou in pride wilt stop thy nose,
Screw and make faces, talk contemptibly of it,
And of the feeders, surly groom.

Enter Fox.

Holdfast. Well, sir, your malapertness will get you nothing.—Fox!

Fox. Here.

Holdfast. A prisoner to the hole: take charge of him, and use him as scurvily as thou canst.—You shall be taught your duty, sir, I warrant you.

Spendall. Hence, slavish tyrants, instruments of torture!
There is more kindness yet in whores than you;
For when a man hath spent all, he may go
And seek his way, they'll kick him out of doors,
Not keep him in as you do, and inforce him
To be the subject of their cruelty.
You have no mercy; but be this your comfort,
The punishment and tortures which you do
Inflict on men, the devils shall on you.

Holdfast. Well, sir, you may talk, but you shall see the end, and who shall have the worst of it.

[*Exit Holdfast.*

Spendall. Why, villain, I shall have the worst, I know it,
And am prepar'd to suffer like a Stoick;
Or else, (to speak more properly) like a stock;
For I have no sense left: Dost thou think I have?

Fox. Zounds, I think he's mad.

Spendall. Why, thou art in the right; for I am mad, indeed,
And have been mad this two years. Dost thou think
I could have spent so much as I have done,
In wares and credit, had I not been mad?
Why, thou must know, I had a fair estate,
Which, through my riot, I have torn in pieces,

And scatter'd amongst bawds, buffoons, and whores,
That fawn'd on me, and by their flatteries,
Rock'd all my understanding faculties
Into a pleasant slumber; where I dreamt
Of nought but joy and pleasure: never felt
How I was lull'd in sensuality,
Until at last affliction waked me,
And, lighting up the taper of my soul,
Led me unto myself, where I might see
A mind and body rent with misery. [*A prisoner within.*

Prisoner. Harry Fox! Harry Fox!

Fox. Who calls?

Enter PRISONERS.

Prisoners. Here's the bread and meat man come.

Fox. Well, the bread and meat man may stay a little.

Prisoner. Yes, indeed, Harry, the bread and meat man may stay; but you know our stomachs cannot stay.

Enter GATHERSCRAP *with the basket.*

Fox. Indeed your stomach is always first up.

Prisoner. And therefore by right should be first served: I have a stomach like aqua fortis, it will eat any thing; O, father Gatherscrap, here are excellent bits in the basket.

Fox. Will you hold your chops farther? By and by you'll drivel into the basket.

Prisoner. Perhaps it may do some good; for there may be a piece of powder'd beef that wants watering.

Fox. Here, sir, here's your share.

Prisoner. Here's a bit indeed: what's this to a Gargantua stomach?[33]

Fox. Thou art ever grumbling.

Prisoner. Zounds! it would make a dog grumble, to want his victuals: I pray give Spendall none; he came into the hole but yester-night.

Fox. What, do you refuse it?

Spendall. I cannot eat, I thank you.

Prisoner. No, no, give it me, he's not yet season'd for our company.

[33] *Gargantua stomach.*] See *Rabelais.*

Fox. Divide it then amongst you.

[*Exit Fox and Prisoners.*

Spendall. To such a one as these are must I come;
Hunger will draw me into their fellowship,
To fight and scramble for unsavoury scraps,
That come from unknown hands, perhaps unwash'd:
And would that were the worst; for I have noted,
That nought goes to the prisoners, but such food
As either by the weather has been tainted,
Or children, nay, sometimes full-paunched dogs
Have overlickt: as if men had determin'd
That the worst sustenance which is God's creature's,
However they're abus'd, are good enough
For such vile creatures as abuse themselves.
O, what a slave was I unto my pleasures!
How drown'd in sin, and overwhelm'd in lust!
That I could write my repentance to the world,
And force th' impression of it in the hearts
Of you, and my acquaintance: I might teach them
By my example, to look home to thrift,
And not to range abroad to seek out ruin.
Experience shews, his purse shall soon grow light,
Whom dice wastes in the day, drabs in the night.
Let all avoid false strumpets, dice, and drink;
For he that leaps i' th' mud, shall quickly sink.

Enter FOX *and* LONGFIELD.

Fox. Yonder's the man.

Longfield. I thank you.
How is it with you, sir? What, on the ground?
Look up, there's comfort towards you.

Spendall. Belike some charitable friend has sent a shilling.
What is your business?

Longfield. Liberty.

Spendall. There's virtue in that word; I'll rise up to you.
Pray let me hear that cheerful word again.

Longfield. The able and well-minded widow Raysby,
Whose hand is still upon the poor man's box,
Hath, in her charity, remember'd you;

And, being by your master seconded,
Hath taken order with your creditors
For day and payment; and freely from her purse,
By me her deputy, she hath discharg'd
All duties in the house: besides, to your necessities,
This is bequeath'd, to furnish you with cloaths.

Spendall. Speak you this seriously?

Longfield. 'Tis not my practice to mock misery.

Spendall. Be ever praised that Divinity,
That has to my oppressed state rais'd friends,
Still be his blessings pour'd upon their heads.
Your hand, I pray,
That have so faithfully perform'd their wills,
If e'er my industry, join'd with their loves,
Shall raise me to a competent estate,
Your name shall ever be to me a friend.

Longfield. In your good wishes, you requite me amply.

Spendall. All fees, you say, are paid?—There's for your love.

Fox. I thank you, sir, and am glad you are releas'd.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BUBBLE *gallanted.*

Bubble. How apparel makes a man respected! the very children in the street do adore me: for if a boy that is throwing at his jack-a-lent[34] chance to hit me on the shins, why, I say nothing but *Tu quoque*, smile, and forgive the child, with a beck of my hand, or some such like token: so by that means, I do seldom go without broken shins.

Enter STAINES *like an Italian.*

Staines. The blessings of your mistress fall upon you;
And may the heat and spirit of her lip
Endue her with matter above her understanding,
That she may only live to admire you, or, as the Italian says:

[34] *jack-a-lent*] A Jack o' Lent appears to have been some puppet which was thrown at in *Lent*, like Shrove-tide cocks. See Mr. Steevens's notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 3. S. 3. and A. 5. S. 5.

Que que dell fogo Ginni coxcombie.

Bubble. I do wonder what language he speaks. Do you hear, my friend; are not you a conjurer?

Staines. I am, sir, a perfect traveller, that have trampled over the face of the universe, and can speak Greek and Latin, as promptly as my own natural language. I have compos'd a book, wherein I have set down all the wonders of the world that I have seen, and the whole scope of my journies, together with the miseries and lousy fortunes I have endur'd therein.*

Bubble. O lord, sir, are you the man? give me your hand: how do ye? in good faith, I think I have heard of you.

Staines. No, sir, you never heard of me; I set this day footing upon the wharf; I came in with the last peal of ordnance, and din'd this day in the Exchange amongst the merchants. But this is frivolous, and from the matter: you do seem to be one of your gentile spirits, that do affect generosity: pleaseth you to be instituted in the nature, garb, and habit of the most exactest nation in the world, the Italian? whose language is sweetest, cloaths neatest, and behaviour most accomplish'd. I am one that have spent much money, and time, which to me is more dear than money, in the observation of these things: and, now I am come, I will sit me down and rest; and make no doubt, but to purchase and build, by professing this art, or human science (as I may term it) to such honourable and worshipful personages as mean to be peculiar.

Bubble. This fellow has his tongue at his fingers' ends.—But, hark ye, sir; is your Italian the finest gentleman?

Staines. In the world, signor; your Spaniard is a mere Bumbard to him: he will bounce, indeed, but he will burst. But your Italian is smooth and lofty, and his language is cousin-german to the Latin.

Bubble. Why then he has his *Tu quoque* in his salute?

Staines. Yes, sir, for it is an Italian word as well

* The whole of this scene seems levelled at Coriate. O. G.

as a Latin, and infolds a double sense; for one way spoken, it includes a fine gentleman, like yourself; and, another way, it imports an ass, like whom you will.

Bubble. I would my man Gervase were here, for he understands these things better than I.—You will not serve?

Staines. Serve! no sir; I have talk'd with the great Sophy.

Bubble. I pray, sir, what's the lowest price of being Italianated?

Staines. Sir, if it please you, I will stand to your bounty: and, mark me, I will set your face like a grand signor's, and you shall march a whole day, until you come opunctly[35] to your mistress, and not disrank one hair of your physiognomy.

Bubble. I would you would do it, sir; if you will stand to my bounty, I will pay you, as I am an Italian *Tu quoque.*

Staines. Then, sir, I will first disburthen you of your cloak; you will be the nimbler to practise. Now, sir, observe me: go you directly to the lady to whom you devote yourself.

Bubble. Yes, sir.

Staines. You shall set a good stay'd face upon the matter then. Your band is not to your shirt, is it?

Bubble. No, sir, 'tis loose.

Staines. It is the fitter for my purpose. I will first remove your hat. It has been the fashion (as I have heard) in England, to wear your hat thus, in your eyes; but it is gross, naught, inconvenient, and proclaims, with a loud voice, that he that brought it up first, stood in fear of serjeants. Your Italian is contrary, he doth advance his hat, and sets it thus.

Bubble. Excellent well: I would you would set it on my head so.

Staines. Soft; I will first remove your band, and set it out of the reach of your eyes; it must lie altogether backward: So, your band is well.

[35] *opunctly,*] for opportunely. S.

Bubble. Is it as you would have it?

Staines. It is as I would wish; only, sir, this I must caution you of, in your affront[36] or salute, never to move your hat; but here, here is your courtesy.

Bubble. Nay, I warrant you; let me alone, if I perceive a thing once, I'll carry it away. Now, pray, sir, reach my cloak.

Staines. Never, whilst you live, sir.

Bubble. No! what do you Italians wear no cloaks?

Staines. Your signors never: you see I am unfurnish'd myself.

Enter SIR LIONEL, WILL RASH, GERALDINE, WIDOW, GARTRED, *and* JOICE.

Bubble. Say ye so? pr'ythee keep it, then.—See! yonder's the company that I look for; therefore, if you will set my face of any fashion, pray do it quickly.

Staines. You carry your face as well as e'er an Italian in the world; only enrich it with a smile, and 'tis incomparable: and thus much more; at your first appearance, you shall perhaps strike your acquaintance into an extasy, or perhaps a laughter; but 'tis ignorance in them, which will soon be overcome if you persevere.

Bubble. I will persevere, I warrant thee: only do thou stand aloof, and be not seen; because I would not have them think but I fetch it out of my own practice.

Staines. Do not you fear; I'll not be seen, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Sir Lionel. Now, widow, you are welcome to my house,
And to your own house too, so you may call it;
For what is mine is your's: you may command here
As at home, and be as soon obey'd.

Widow. May I deserve this kindness of you sir?

Bubble. Save you gentlemen. I salute you after the Italian fashion.

[36] *affront*] *i. e.* meeting. So in *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 1.
"That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
"*Affront* Ophelia."

Will Rash. How! the Italian fashion? Zounds! he has dress'd him rarely.

Sir Lionel. My son, Bubble, I take it?

Will Rash. The nether part of him I think is he; But what the upper part is, I know not.

Bubble. By my troth he's a rare fellow, he said true; They are all in an extasy.

Gartred. I think he's mad.

Joice. Nay, that cannot be; for they say, they that are mad lose their wits, and I am sure he had none to lose.

Enter SCATTERGOOD.

Sir Lionel. How now, son Bubble; how come you thus attir'd?
What! do you mean to make yourself a laughing stock, ha?

Bubble. Um! Ignorance, ignorance.

Geraldine. For the love of laughter, look yonder: Another herring in the same pickle.

Will Rash. T'other hobby-horse, I perceive, is not forgotten.

[37] *T'other hobby-horse, I perceive, is not forgotten.*] An allusion probably to some old ballad. *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 2. refers to the same, and appears to repeat the identical line, which is also introduced in *Love's Labour Lost*, A. 3. S. 1. Bishop Warburton observes, that, "amongst the country May-games, there was an hobby horse, "which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and "discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-"makers, as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the Sectaries." Note to *Hamlet*. See also Mr. Steevens's note on the same passage,
Again, in *Massinger's Very Woman*, A. 3. S. 1.

"How like an everlasting Morris dance it looks;
"Nothing but *hobby-horse*, and Maid Marian."

The Hobby-horse was also introduced into the Christmas diversions, as well as the May-games. In "A true relation of the faction "begun at Wisbich, by Fa. Edmonds, alias Weston, a Jesuite, "1595, &c." 4to. 1601. p. 7. is the following passage: "He lifted "up his countenance, as if a new spirit had bin put into him, and "tooke upon him to controll, and finde fault with this and that (*as "the comming into the hall of a hobby horse in Christmas*) affirming "that he would no longer tolerate these and those so grosse abuses, "but would have them reformed."

Bubble. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Scattergood. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Bubble. Who has made him such a coxcomb, trow? An Italian *Tu quoque?*

Scattergood. I salute you according to the Italian fashion.

Bubble. Puh! the Italian fashion! the tatter'd-demalian fashion he means.

Scattergood. Save you, sweet bloods, save you.

Sir Lionel. Why, but what jig is this?

Scattergood. Nay, if I know, father, would I were hang'd. I am e'en as innocent as the child new born.

Sir Lionel. Aye, but son Bubble, where did you two buy your felts?

Scattergood. Felts! By this light, mine is a good beaver:
It cost me three pounds this morning, upon trust.

Sir Lionel. Nay, I think you had it upon trust; for no man that has any shame in him, would take money for it. Behold, sir.

Scattergood. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Lionel. Nay, never do you laugh; for you're i' th' same block.

Bubble. Is this the Italian fashion?

Scattergood. No, it is the fool's-fashion;
And we two are the first that follow it.

Bubble. Et tu quoque; are we both cozen'd? then let's shew ourselves brothers in adversity, and embrace.

Sir Lionel. What was he that cheated you?

Bubble. Marry, sir, he was a knave that cheated me.

Scattergood. And I think he was no honest man that cheated me.

Sir Lionel. Do you know him again, if you see him?

Enter STAINES.

Bubble. Yes, I know him again, if I see him; But I

Whatever the allusion in the text be, the same is also probably made in Drue's *Dutchess of Suffolk*, 1631.

Clunie. Answer me *hobbihorse*;
Which way cross'd he you saw now?
Jenkin. Who do you speake to Sir?
We have forgot the hobbihorse. Sig. C 4. O. G.

do not know how I should come to see him. O Gervase, Gervase! do you see us two, Gervase?

Staines. Yes, sir, very well.

Bubble. No, you do not see us very well, for we have been horribly abused: never were Englishmen so gull'd in Italian, as we have been.

Staines. Why, sir, you have not lost your cloak and hat?

Bubble. Gervase, you lie, I have lost my cloak and hat; and therefore you must use your credit for another.

Scattergood. I think my old cloak and hat must be glad to serve me till next quarter-day.

Sir Lionel. Come, take no care for cloaks, I'll furnish you.

To-night you lodge with me, to-morrow morn,
Before the sun be up, prepare for church;
The widow and I have so concluded on't.
The wenches understand not yet so much,
Nor shall not until bed-time: then will they
Not sleep a wink all night, for very joy.

Scattergood. And I'll promise, the next night, they shall not sleep for joy neither.

Sir Lionel. O! Mr. Geraldine, I saw you not before: Your father now is come to town, I hear.

Geraldine. Yes, sir.

Sir Lionel. Were not my business earnest, I would see him:

But pray intreat him break an hour's sleep
To-morrow morn, t' accompany me to church;
And come yourself I pray along with him.

Enter SPENDALL.

Geraldine. Sir, I thank you.

Sir Lionel. But look, here comes one,
That has but lately shook off his shackles.—
How now, sirrah! wherefore come you?

Spendall. I come to crave a pardon, sir, of you;
And with hearty and zealous thanks
Unto this worthy lady, that hath given me
More than I e'er could hope for: Liberty.

Widow. Be thankful unto Heaven, and your master:

Nor let your heart grow bigger than your purse,
But live within a limit, lest you burst out
To riot, and to misery again:
For then 'twould lose the benefit I mean it.

Sir Lionel. O! you do graciously; 'tis good advice:
Let it take root, sirrah, let it take root.
But come, Widow, come, and see your chamber:
Nay, your company too, for I must speak with you.
[*Exeunt.*

Spendall. 'Tis bound unto you, sir.

Bubble. And I have to talk with you, too, Mistress Joice. Pray, a word.

Joice. What would you, sir?

Bubble. Pray let me see your hand. The line of your maidenhead is out. Now for your fingers: upon which finger will you wear your wedding-ring?

Joice. Upon no finger.

Bubble. Then I perceive you mean to wear it on your thumb.
Well, the time is come, sweet Joice, the time is come.

Joice. What to do, sir?

Bubble. For me to tickle thy *Tu quoque;* to do the act
Of our forefathers: therefore prepare, provide,
To-morrow morn to meet me as my bride. [*Exit.*

Joice. I'll meet thee like a ghost first.

Gartred. How now, what matter have you fish'd out of that fool?

Joice. Matter as poisoning as corruption,
That will, without some antidote, strike home,
Like blue infection, to the very heart.

Will Rash. As how, for God's sake?

Joice. To-morrow is the appointed wedding-day.

Gartred. The day of doom it is?

Geraldine. 'Twould be a dismal day indeed, to some of us.

Joice. Sir, I do know you love me; and the time
Will not be dallied with: be what you seem,
Or not the same; I am your wife, your mistress,
Or your servant—indeed what you will make me.
Let us no longer wrangle with our wits,

Or dally with our fortunes; lead me hence,
And carry me into a wilderness:
I'll fast with you, rather than feast with him.

Staines. What can be welcomer unto these arms?
Not my estate recover'd is more sweet,
Nor strikes more joy in me, than does your love.

Will Rash. Will you both kiss then upon the bargain?
Here's two couple on you, God give you joy;
I wish well to you, and I see 'tis all the good that I can do you:
And so to your shifts I leave you.

Joice. Nay, brother, you will not leave us thus, I hope.

Will Rash. Why, what would you have me do? you mean to run away together; would you have me run with you, and so lose my inheritance? no, trudge, trudge with your backs to me, and your bellies to them. Away!

Geraldine. Nay, I pr'ythee be not thus unseasonable: Without thee we are nothing.

Will Rash. By my troth, and I think so too. You love one another in the way of matrimony, do you not?

Geraldine. What else, man?

Will Rash. What else, man! why, 'tis a question to be ask'd; for I can assure you, there is another kind of love. But come, follow me; I must be your good angel still: 'tis in this brain how to prevent my father, and his brace of beagles: you shall none of you be bid to-night: follow but my direction, if I bring you not, *To have and to hold, for better for worse*, let me be held an eunuch in wit, and one that was never father to a good jest.

Gartred. We'll be instructed by you.

Will Rash. Well, if you be, it will be your own another day.
Come, follow me.

[*Spendall meets them, and they look strangely upon him, and go off.*

Spendall. How ruthless men are to adversity!
My acquaintance scarce will know me; when we meet,

They cannot stay to talk, they must be gone,
And shake me by the hand as if I burnt them:
A man must trust unto himself, I see;
For if he once but halt in his estate,
Friendship will prove but broken crutches to him.
Well, I will lean to none of them, but stand
Free of myself: and if I had a spirit
Daring to act what I am prompted to,
I might thrust out into the world again,
Full-blossom'd, with a sweet and golden spring.
It was an argument of love in her
To fetch me out of prison; and this night,
She clasp'd my hand in her's, as who should say,
Thou art my purchase, and I hold thee thus.
The worst is but repulse, if I attempt it.
I am resolv'd: my genius whispers to me,
Go on, and win her; thou art young and active,
Which she is apt to catch at; for there's nought
That's more unstedfast than a woman's thought.
[*Exit.*

Enter SIR LIONEL, WILL RASH, SCATTERGOOD, BUBBLE, WIDOW, GARTRED, JOICE, PHILLIS, *and* SERVANT.

Sir Lionel. Here's ill lodging, Widow; but you must know,
If we had better, we could afford it you.

Widow. The lodging, sir, might serve better guests.

Sir Lionel. Not better, Widow, nor yet welcomer:
But we will leave you to it, and the rest.
Phillis, pray let your mistress not want any thing.
Once more good night; I'll leave a kiss with you,
As earnest of a better gift to-morrow.
Sirrah, a light.

Widow. Good rest to all.

Bubble. Et tu quoque, forsooth.

Scattergood. God give you good night, forsooth,
And send you an early resurrection.

Widow. Good night to both.

Sir Lionel. Come, come away, each bird unto his nest,

To-morrow night's a time of little rest.

[*Exeunt. Manent Widow and Phillis.*

Widow. Here, untie: soft, let it alone;
I have no disposition to sleep yet:
Give me a book, and leave me for a while,
Some half hour hence look in to me.

Phillis. I shall, forsooth. [*Exit Phillis.*

Enter SPENDALL.

Widow. How now! what makes this bold intrusion?

Spendall. Pardon me, lady, I have business to you.

Widow. Business! from whom? is it of such importance
That it craves present hearing?

Spendall. It does.

Widow. Then speak it, and be brief.

Spendall. Nay, gentle Widow, be more pliant to me:
My suit is soft and courteous; full of love.

Widow. Of love?

Spendall. Of love.

Widow. Why sure the man is mad! bethink thyself;
Thou hast forgot thy errand.

Spendall. I have indeed, fair lady; for my errand
Should first have been deliver'd on your lips.

Widow. Why, thou impudent fellow; unthrift of shame,
As well as of thy purse: What has mov'd thee
To prosecute thy ruin? hath my bounty,
For which thy master was an orator,
Importun'd thee to pay me with abuse?
Sirrah, retire, or I will, to your shame,
With clamours raise the house, and make your master,
For this attempt, return you to the dungeon
From whence you came.

Spendall. Nay, then I must be desperate:
Widow, hold your clapdish[38], fasten your tongue
Unto your roof, and do not dare to call;
But give me audience, with fear and silence.
Come, kiss me —— no?

[38] *clapdish.*] See note 32, to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III.

This dagger has a point, do you see it?
And be unto my suit obedient,
Or you shall feel it too;
For I will rather totter, hang in clean linen,
Than live to scrub it out in lousy linings.
Go to, kiss: you will; why, so: again, the third time;
Good; 'tis a sufficient charm: now hear me.
You are rich in money, lands, and lordships,
Manors, and fair possessions; and I have not so much
As one poor copyhold to thrust my head in.
Why should you not then have compassion
Upon a reasonable handsome fellow,
That has both youth and liveliness upon him,
And can at midnight quicken and refresh
Pleasures decay'd in you? You want children;
And I am strong, lusty, and have a back
Like Hercules; able to get them
Without the help of muscadine and eggs,
And will you then, that have enough,
Take to your bed a bundle of diseases,
Wrapt up in threescore years, to lie a hawking,
Spitting, and coughing backwards and forwards,
That you shall not sleep; but, thrusting forth
Your face out of the bed, be glad to draw
The curtains, such a steam shall reek
Out of this dunghill? Now, what say you?
Shall we, without farther wrangling, clap it up,
And go to bed together?

Widow. Will you hear me?

Spendall. Yes, with all my heart,
So the first word may be, Untruss your points.——
Zounds, one knocks; do not stir, I charge you,
[*Knock within.*
Nor speak, but what I bid you:
For, by these lips, which now in love I kiss,
If you but struggle, or but raise your voice,
My arm shall rise with it, and strike you dead.
Go to, come on with me, and ask who's there?

Widow. It is my maid.

Spendall. No matter; do as I bid you: say, Who's there?

Widow. Who's there?

Phillis within. 'Tis I, forsooth.

Spendall. If it be you, forsooth, then pray you stay Till I shall call upon you.

Widow. If it be you, forsooth, then pray you stay Till I shall call upon you.

Spendall. Very well: why, now I see
Thou'lt prove an obedient wife. Come, let's undress.

Widow. Will you put up your naked weapon, sir?

Spendall. You shall pardon me, Widow, I must have you grant first.

Widow. You will not put it up?

Spendall. Not till I have some token of your love.

Widow. If this may be a testimony, take it.

[*Kisses him.*

By all my hopes, I love thee: thou art worthy
Of the best widow living, thou tak'st the course;
And those that will win widows must do thus.

Spendall. Nay, I knew what I did, when I came with my naked weapon in my hand: but come, unlace.

Widow. Nay, my dear love; know that I will not yield
My body unto lust, until the priest
Shall join us in Hymen's sacred nuptial rites.

Spendall. Then set your hand to this: nay 'tis a contract
Strong and sufficient, and will hold in law.
Here, here's pen and ink; you see I come provided.

Widow. Give me the pen.

Spendall. Why here's some comfort.
Yet write your name fair, I pray,
And at large.—Why, now 'tis very well.
Now, Widow, you may admit your maid,
For i' th' next room I'll go fetch a nap.

Widow. Thou shalt not leave me so: come, pr'ythee sit,
We'll talk a while, for thou hast made my heart

Dance in my bosom, I receive such joy.
Spendall. Thou art a good wench, i'faith; come, kiss upon't.
Widow. But will you be a loving husband to me?
Avoid all naughty company, and be true
To me, and to my bed?
Spendall. As true to thee, as steel to adamant.
[*Binds him to the post.*
Widow. I'll bind you to your word; see that you be,
Or, I'll conceal my bags. I have kinfolks,
To whom I'll make't over, you shall not have a penny.
Spendall. Pish, pr'ythee do not doubt me.
How now! what means this?
Widow. It means my vengeance; nay, sir, you are fast,
Nor do not dare to struggle: I have liberty
Both of my tongue and feet; I'll call my maid.
Enter PHILLIS.
Phillis, come in, and help to triumph
Over this bold intruder. Wonder not, wench,
But go unto him, and ransack all his pockets,
And take from thence a contract which he forc'd
From my unwilling fingers.
Spendall. Is this according to your oath?
Phillis. Come, sir, I must search you.
Spendall. I pr'ythee do.
And, when thou tak'st that from me, take my life too.
Widow. Hast thou it, girl?
Phillis. I have a paper here.
Widow. It is the same, give it me—Look you, sir,
Thus your new-fancied hopes I tear asunder.
Poor wretched man! thou'st had a golden dream,
Which gilded over thy calamity;
But, being awake, thou find'st it ill laid on,
For with one finger I have wip'd it off.
Go, fetch me hither the casket that contains
My choicest jewels, and spread them here before him.
Look you, sir;
Here's gold, pearls, rubies, sapphires, diamonds;
These would be goodly things for you to pawn,

Or revel with amongst your courtezans,
Whilst I and mine did starve. Why dost not curse,
And utter all the mischiefs of thy heart,
Which I know swells within thee? pour it out,
And let me hear thy fury.
Spendall. Never, never!
Whene'er my tongue shall speak but well of thee,
It proves no faithful servant to my heart.
Widow. False traitor to thy master, and to me,
Thou liest, there's no such thing within thee.
Spendall. May I be burn'd to ugliness, to that
Which you and all men hate, but I speak truth.
Widow. May I be turn'd a monster, and the shame
Of all my sex,—and if I not believe thee.
Take me unto thee: these and all that's mine,
Were it thrice trebled, thou wert worthy all.
And do not blame this trial, 'cause it shews
I give myself unto thee, am not forc'd,
And with it love, that ne'er shall be divorc'd.
Spendall. I am glad 'tis come to this; yet, by this light,
Thou putt'st me into a horrible fear.
But this is my excuse: know that my thoughts
Were not so desperate as my action seem'd;
For, 'fore my dagger should ha' drawn one drop
Of thy chaste blood, it should have sluic'd out mine,
And the cold point stuck deep into my heart.
Nor better be my fate, if I shall move
To any other pleasure but thy love[39].
Widow. It shall be in my creed: but let's away,
For night with her black steeds draws up the day.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter WILL RASH, STAINES, GERALDINE, GARTRED, JOICE, *and a boy with a lanthorn.*

Will Rash. Softly, boy, softly; you think you are upon firm ground, but it is dangerous. You'll never make a good thief, you rogue, till you learn to creep upon all four. If I do not sweat with going this pace;

[39] *thy love.*] First edition reads *my love.*

every thing I see, methinks, should be my father in his white beard.

Staines. It is the property of that passion; for fear Still shapes all things we see to that we fear.

Will Rash. Well said, logick: sister, I pray lay hold of him, for the man, I see, is able to give the watch an answer, if they should come upon him with interrogatories.

Enter SPENDALL, WIDOW, *and* PHILLIS.

Zounds, we are discover'd! boy, come up close, and use the property of your lanthorn. What dumb shew should this be?

Geraldine. They take their way directly, intend nothing against us.

Staines. Can you not discern who they are?

Joice. One is Spendall.

Gartred. The other is the widow, as I take it.

Staines. 'Tis true, and that's her maid before her.

Will Rash. What a night of conspiracy is here! more villainy? there's another goodly mutton going. my father is fleec'd of all; grief will give him a box, i'faith—but 'tis no great matter; I shall inherit the sooner. Nay, soft, sir; you shall not pass so current with the matter, I'll shake you a little: Who goes there?

Spendall. Out with the candle; who's that asks the question?

Will Rash. One that has some reason for't.

Spendall. It should be, by the voice, young Rash. Why, we are honest folks.

Will Rash. Pray, where do you dwell? Not in town, I hope?

Spendall. Why we dwell,—zounds! where do we dwell? I know not where.

Will Rash. And you'll be married you know not when —zounds, it were a Christian deed to stop thee in thy journey: hast thou no more spirit in thee, but to let thy tongue betray thee? Suppose I had been a constable, you had been in a fine taking, had you not?

Spendall. But, my still worthy friend,

Is there no worse face of ill, bent towards me,
Than that thou merrily putt'st on?

Will Rash. Yes, here's four or five faces more, but ne'er an ill one, tho' never an excellent good one.—Boy, up with your lanthorn of light, and shew him his associates, all running away with the flesh, as thou art. Go, yoke together, you may be oxen one day, and draw altogether in a plough; go, march together, the parson stays for you; pay him royally. Come, give me the lanthorns, for you have light sufficient, for night has put off his black cap, and salutes the morn. Now farewel, my little children of Cupid, that walk by two and two, as if you went a feasting: let me hear no more words, but be gone.

Spendall and Staines. Farewel.

Gartred and Joice. Farewel, brother.

[*Exeunt. Manet Will Rash.*

Will Rash. Aye, you may cry farewel; but if my father should know of my villany, how should I fare then? But all's one, I ha' done my sisters good, my friends good, and myself good; and a general good is always to be respected before a particular. There's eightscore pounds a year saved, by the conveyance of this widow. I hear footsteps: now darkness take me into thy arms, and deliver me from discovery. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR LIONEL.

Sir Lionel. Lord, lord, what a careless world is this! neither bride nor bridegroom ready; time to go to church, and not a man unroosted: this age has not seen a young gallant rise with a candle; we live drown'd in feather beds, and dream of no other felicity. This was not the life when I was a young man. What makes us so weak as we are now? a feather-bed. What so unapt for exercise? a feather-bed. What breeds such pains and aches in our bones? why a feather-bed, or a wench—or at least a wench in a feather-bed. Is it not a shame, than an old man as I am, should be up first, and in a wedding day? I think in my conscience, there's more metal in lads of threescore, than in boys of one-and-twenty.

Enter BASKETHILT.

Why, Baskethilt!

Baskethilt. Here, sir.

Sir Lionel. Shall I not be trussed to-day?

Baskethilt. Yes, sir; but I went for water.

Sir Lionel. Is Will Rash up yet?

Baskethilt. I think not, sir, for I heard nobody stirring in the house.

Sir Lionel. Knock, sirrah, at his chamber.

[*Knock within.*

The house might be pluck'd down, and builded again,
Before he'd wake with the noise. [*Will Rash aloft.*

Will Rash. Who's that keeps such a knocking; are you mad?

Sir Lionel. Rather thou art drunk, thou lazy slouch,
That mak'st thy bed thy grave, and in it buryest
All thy youth and vigour: up, for shame.

Will Rash. Why, 'tis not two a clock yet.

Sir Lionel. Out, sluggish knave; 'tis nearer unto five:
The whole house has out-slept themselves, as if they had drunk wild poppy. Sirrah, go you and raise the maids, and let them call upon their mistresses.

Baskethilt. Well, sir, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter SCATTERGOOD *and* BUBBLE.

Scattergood. Did I eat any lettuce to supper last night, that I am so sleepy? I think it be day-light, brother Bubble.

Bubble. What sayst thou, brother? heigh-ho!

Sir Lionel. Fie, fie, not ready yet? what sluggishness
Hath seiz'd upon you? why thine eyes are close still,

Bubble. As fast as a Kentish oyster. Surely I was begotten in a plum-tree, I ha' such a deal of gum about mine eyes.

Sir Lionel. Lord, how you stand! I am asham'd to see
The sun should be a witness of your sloth.
Now, sir, your haste?

Enter BASKETHILT.

*Basketh*ilt. Marry, sir, there are guests coming to accompany you to church.

Sir Lionel. Why, this is excellent; men whom it not concerns,
Are more respective than we, that are main actors.

Bubble. Father Rash, be not so outrageous: we will go in and buckle ourselves all in good time. How now! what's this about my shins?

Enter old GERALDINE *and* LONGFIELD.

Scattergood. Methought our shanks were not fellows: we have metamorphosed our stockings, for want of splendor.

Bubble. Pray, what's that splendor?

Scattergood. Why, 'tis the Latin word for a Christmas candle. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Lionel. O, gentlemen, you love, you honour me. Welcome, welcome, good master Geraldine; you have taken pains to accompany an undeserving friend.

Enter PHILLIS.

Old Geraldine. You put us to a needless labour, sir,
To run and wind about for circumstance;*
When the plain word, "I thank you," would have serv'd.

Sir Lionel. How now, wench; are the females ready yet?
The time comes on upon us, and we run backward:
We are so untoward in our business,
We think not what we have to do, nor what we do.

Phillis. I know not, sir, whether they know what to do; but I am sure they have been at church well nigh an hour. They were afraid you had got the start of them, which made them make such haste.

* This line very strongly resembles another in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"You spend but time,
"*To wind about* my love with *circumstance.*" S.

Sir Lionel. Is't possible? what think you, gentlemen,
Are not these wenches forward? is there not virtue in a man
Can make young virgins leave their beds so soon?
But is the Widow gone along with them?

Phillis. Yes, sir; why, she was the ring-leader.

Sir Lionel. I thought as much, for she knows what belongs to't.
Come, gentlemen; methinks 'tis sport to see
Young wenches run to church before their husbands.

Enter WILL RASH.

Faith we shall make them blush for this ere night.
Ah, sirrah, are you come? why, that's well said:
I marl'd indeed that all things were so quiet,
Which made me think th'ad not unwrapt their sheets;

Enter Servant, with a cloak.

And then were they at church, I hold my life:
Maids think it long 'till each be made a wife.
Hast thou my cloak, knave? well said, put it on;
We'll after them: let me go, hasten both,
Both the bridegrooms forward; we'll walk a little
Softly on afore.——But, see, see, if they be not come
To fetch us now.——We come, we come:
Bid them return, and save themselves this labour.

Enter SPENDALL, STAINES, GERALDINE, WIDOW, GARTRED, *and* JOICE.

Will Rash. Now have I a quartan ague upon me.

Sir Lionel. Why, how now! why come you from church to kneel thus publickly? what's the matter?

Geraldine. We kneel, sir, for your blessing.

Sir Lionel. How! my blessing? Master Geraldine, is not that your son?

Old Geraldine. Yes, sir; and that, I take it, is your daughter.

Sir Lionel. I suspect knavery: What are you? Why do you kneel hand in hand with her?

Staines. For a fatherly blessing too, sir.

Sir Lionel. Hey-day! 'tis palpable, I am gull'd, and

my sons Scattergood and Bubble fool'd. You are married.

Spendall. Yes, sir, we are married.

Sir Lionel. More villainy! every thing goes the wrong way.

Spendall. We shall go the right way anon, I hope.

Sir Lionel. Yes, marry shall you; you shall e'en to the Compter again, and that's the right way for you.

Widow. O, you are wrong;
The prison that shall hold him, are these arms.

Sir Lionel. I do fear that I shall turn stinkard, I do smell such a matter. You are married then?

Enter SCATTERGOOD *and* BUBBLE.

Spendall. Ecce signum! here's the wedding-ring t'affirm it.

Sir Lionel. I believe the knave has drunk ipocras, He is so pleasant.

Scattergood. Good-morrow, gentlemen.

Bubble. Tu quoque to all: what, shall we go to church?
Come, I long to be about this gear.

Sir Lionel. Do you hear me; will you two go sleep again? take out the t'other nap; for you are both made coxcombs, and so am I.

Scattergood. How! coxcombs?

Sir Lionel. Yes, coxcombs.

Scattergood. Father, that word coxcomb goes against my stomach.

Bubble. And against mine; a man might ha' digested a woodcock better.

Sir Lionel. You two come now to go to church to be married;
And they two come from church, and are married.

Bubble. How! married? I would see that man durst marry her.

Geraldine. Why, sir, what would you do?

Bubble. Why, sir, I would forbid the banns.

Scattergood. And so would I.

Sir Lionel. Do you know that youth in sattin? he's the pen that belongs to that inkhorn.

Bubble. How! let me see; are not you my man Gervase?

Staines. Yes, sir.

Enter a SERJEANT.

Bubble. And have you married her?

Staines. Yes, sir.

Bubble. And do you think you have us'd me well?

Staines. Yes, sir.

Bubble. O intolerable rascal! I will presently be made a justice of peace, and have thee whipp'd.—Go, fetch a constable.

Staines. Come, y'are a flourishing ass: Serjeant, take him to thee, he has had a long time of his pageantry.

Sir Lionel. Sirrah, let him go; I'll be his bail for all debts which come against him.

Staines. Reverend sir, to whom I owe the duty of a son,
Which I shall ever pay in my obedience;
Know, that which made him gracious in your eyes,
And gilded over his imperfections,
Is wasted and consumed even like ice,
Which by the vehemence of heat dissolves,
And glides to many rivers: so his wealth,
That felt a prodigal hand, hot in expence,
Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers
Ran like a violent stream to other men's.
What was my own, I catch'd at.

Sir Lionel. Have you your mortgage in?

Staines. Yes, sir.

Sir Lionel. Stand up; the matter is well amended. Master Geraldine, give you sufferance to this match?

Old Geraldine. Yes, marry do I, sir; for, since they love,
I'll not have the crime lie on my head,
To divide man and wife.

Sir Lionel. Why, you say well: my blessing fall upon you.

Widow. And upon us that love, Sir Lionel.

Sir Lionel. By my troth, since thou hast ta'en the young knave,

God give thee joy of him, and may he prove
A wiser man than his master.

Staines. Serjeant, why dost not carry him to prison?

Serjeant. Sir Lionel Rash will bail him.

Sir Lionel. I bail him, knave! wherefore should I bail him?

No, carry him away, I'll relieve no prodigals.

Bubble. Good Sir Lionel, I beseech you, sir! gentle men, I pray, make a purse for me.

Serjeant. Come, sir, come, are you begging?

Bubble. Why, that does you no harm. Gervase, master, I should say, some compassion.

Staines. Serjeants, come back with him.—Look, sir, here is
Your livery;
If you can put off all your former pride,
And put on this with that humility
That you first wore it, I will pay your debts,
Free you of all incumbrances,
And take you again into my service.

Bubble. Tenterhook, let me go. I will take his worship's offer, without wages, rather than come into your clutches again: a man in a blue coat may have some colour for his knavery; in the Compter he can have none.

Sir Lionel. But now, Mr. Scattergood, what say you to this?

Scattergood. Marry, I say, 'tis scarce honest dealing, for any man to coneycatch another man's wife: I protest we'll not put it up.

Staines. No! which we?

Scattergood. Why, Gartred and I.

Staines. Gartred! why, she'll put it up.

Scattergood. Will she?

Geraldine. Aye, that she will, and so must you.

Scattergood. Must I?

Geraldine. Yes, that you must.

Scattergood. Well, if I must, I must; but I protest I would not,
But that I must: So *vale, vale: Et tu quoque.* [*Exit.*

Sir Lionel. Why, that's well said:
Then I perceive we shall wind up all wrong.
Come, gentlemen, and all our other guests,
Let our well temper'd bloods taste Bacchus' feasts;
But let us know, first, how these sports delight,
And to these gentlemen each bid good-night.
Will Rash. Gentles, I hope, that well my labour ends;
All that I did, was but to please my friends.
Geraldine. A kind enamoret I did strive to prove,
But now I leave that, and pursue your love.
Gartred. My part I have performed with the rest,
And, though I have not, yet I would do best.
Staines. That I have cheated through the play, 'tis true:
But yet I hope I have not cheated you.
Joice. If with my clamours I have done you wrong,
Ever hereafter I will hold my tongue.
Spendall. If through my riot I have offensive been,
Henceforth, I'll play the civil citizen.
Widow. Faith, all that I say, is, howe'er it hap,
Widows, like maids, sometimes may catch a clap.
Bubble. To mirth and laughter henceforth I'll provoke ye,
If you but please to like of Green's *Tu Quoque.*

EDITIONS.

(1.) Greene's Tu Quoque, or the Cittie Gallant. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Queenes Majesties Servants. Written by Jo. Cooke, Gent. Printed at London for John Trundle, 1614. 4to.

(2.) Greene's Tu Quoque, or the Cittie Gallant. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Queenes Majesties Servants. Written by Jo. Cooke, Gent. Printed at London by M. Flesher, 4to. no date.*

* This edition, without a date, was obviously printed after that of 1614, although it has been hitherto placed first on the list of editions, as if it might be that mentioned by Chetwood and supposed to have been published in 1599. C.

ALBUMAZAR.

43365

Mr. Tomkis,* the author of this play, was of Trinity College, Cambridge. In what part of the kingdom he was born, who his parents were, and what became of him after he quitted the University, are all circumstances alike unknown. That no memorials should remain of a person to whom the world is obliged for a performance of so much merit as Albumazar is allowed to possess, cannot but create surprize; and, at the same time, will demonstrate, that genius is not always sufficient to excite the attention of contemporaries, or the curiosity of posterity. The very name of Mr. Tomkis, as author of this work, was, until lately, unknown. No writer on the stage appears to have been informed of it; and so very soon as just after the Revolution, Mr. Dryden not only seems to have been ignorant to whom the world owed this piece, but also the time in which it was first represented. He has, without any authority, asserted that Ben Jonson

* This is the name given to the author of Albumazar in the MS. of Sir Edward Deering. I am, however, of opinion, that it should be written Tomkins, and that he is the same person who is addressed by Phineas Fletcher, by the names of Mr. *Jo. Tomkins*, in a copy of verses, wherein he says,

" To thee I here bequeath the courtly joyes,
" *Seeing to court my Thomalin is bent:*
" Take from thy Thirsil these his idle toyes;
" Here I will end my looser merriment."

Poetical Miscellanies, printed at the end of *The Purple Island*, 1633, p. 69.

If this conjecture is allowed to be founded in probability, the author of *Albumazar* may have been John Tomkins, bachelor of musick, who, Wood says, "was one of the organists of St. Paul's " cathedral, and *afterwards gentleman of the Chapel Royal*, then in " high esteem for his admirable knowledge in the theoretical and " practical part of his faculty. At length, being translated to the " celestial choir of angels, on the 27th Sept. an. 1626, aged 52, " was buried in the said cathedral." It may be added, that Phineas Fletcher, who wrote a play to be exhibited in the same week with *Albumazar*, celebrates his friend Tomkins's skill in musick as well as poetry.

" ——— ——— chose this,
" As the best model of his master-piece :
" *Subtle* was got by our *Albumazar*,
" That *Alchymist* by this *Astrologer ;*
" Here he was fashion'd, and, we may suppose,
" He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the cloaths."

But in this particular he was certainly mistaken. The Alchymist was printed 1610, and Albumazar, was not performed until the year 1614, as will appear from the following particulars:

" King James," says a writer in the *Gent. Magazine*, May, 1756, p. 224, " made a progress to Cambridge " and other parts, in the winter of the year 1614, as " is particularly taken notice of by Rapin, vol. 2. " p. 156: who observes, that the play called *Ignora-* " *mus* was then acted before his Majesty at Cambridge, " and gave him infinite pleasure. I found in the li- " brary of Sir Edward Deering, a minute in manu- " script, of what passed at Cambridge for the five " days the King stayed there, which I shall here tran- " scribe, for it accords perfectly with the account " given by the historian, both of the king's progress, " and the play entitled *Ignoramus;* and at the same " time will afford us the best light to the matter in " hand :

" On Tuesday the 7th of March, 1614, was acted " before the King, in Trinity College Hall,

" 1. Æmilia: A Latin Comedy, made by Mr. Cecill, " Johannis.

" On Wednesday night,

" 2. * Ignoramus the Lawyer: Latine and part " English. Composed by Mr. Ruggle, Clarensis.

" On Thursday,

" 3. Albumazar the Astronomer, in English. By " Mr. Tomkis, Trinit.

* I have seen no earlier edition of this play, than one in 12mo, 1630. " Ignoramus Comœdia coram Regia Majestate Jacobi " Regis Angliæ, &c. Londini Impensis, I. S. 1630." The names of the original actors are preserved in the Supplement to Mr. Grainger's Biographical History of England, p. 146.

" On Friday,

" 4. * Melanthe: A Latin Pastoral. Made by Mr. " Brookes (mox doctour) Trinitatis.

" On the next Monday,

" 5. The Piscatory, an English Comedy, was acted " before the University, in King's College, which " Master Fletcher † of that College, had provided, if "the King should have tarried another night."

Part of the above account is confirmed in a letter from Mr. Chamberlain, to Sir Dudley Carlton, at Turin, dated 16th March, 1614, lately printed in *Miscellaneous State Papers, from* 1501 *to* 1726. vol. I. p. 395. " The King and Prince lay at Trinity College, where " the plays were represented; and the hall so well or- " dered for room, that above 2,000 persons were con- " veniently placed. The first night's entertainment " was a comedy, and acted by St. John's men; the " chief part consisting of a counterfeit Sir Edward Rat- " cliffe, a foolish tutor of physic, which proved but a " lean argument; and, though it were larded with " pretty shews at the beginning and end, and with " somewhat too broad speech for such a presence, yet " it was still dry. The second night was a comedy of " Clare Hall, with the help of two or three good actors " from other houses, wherein David Drummond, in a " hobby-horse, and Brakin the recorder of the town, " under the name of ‡Ignoramus, a common lawyer, " bare great parts. The thing was full of mirth and

* " *Melanthe*, fabula pastoralis, acta cum Jacobus, Magnæ Brit. " Franc. & Hiberniæ Rex, Cantabrigiam suam nuper inviserat, " ibidemque musarum atque animi gratia dies quinque commora- " retur. Egerunt Alumni Coll. Sau. et individuæ Trinitatis Can- " tabrigiæ, Excudebat Ontrellus Legge. Mart. 27, 1615."

† This was Phineas Fletcher, son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, and author of *The Purple Island*, an Allegorical Poem, 4to. 1633; *Locustæ vel Pietas Jesuitica*, 4to. 1627; *Piscatory Eclogues;* and other pieces. The play above-mentioned was, I believe, not published until 1631, when it appeared under the title of " Sicelides, " A Piscatory, as it hath beene acted in King's College, in Cam- " bridge." Printed for William Sheares, 4to.

‡ The List printed by Mr. Grainger, asigns this part to Mr. Perkinson of Clare Hall.

" variety, with many excellent actors (among whom the " Lord Compton's* son, though least, was not worst) " but more than half marred with extreme length. The " third night was an English comedy called ALBU- " MAZAR, of Trinity College's action and invention; " but there was no great matter in it, more than one " good clown's part. The last night was a Latin " Pastoral, of the same house, excellently written, and " as well acted, which gave great contentment, as well " to the King as to the rest."

After the Restoration, *Albumazar* was revived, and Mr. Dryden wrote a prologue to it, which is printed in every edition of his works.

Although it does not appear to have been upon the list of acting plays, yet the reputation which it had obtained, induced Mr. Ralph to build upon it a comedy, which, after ten years' application, was performed at Drury-lane in 1744, under the title of *The Astrologer:* it was acted however only one night, when the receipts of the house amounted but to twenty-one pounds. On the second night, the manager was obliged to shut up his doors, for want of an audience. (See advertisement prefixed to the play.)

It cannot be denied that Albumazar has not been a favourite play with the people in general. About the year 1748, soon after Mr. Garrick became manager of Drury-lane Theatre, he caused it to be revived, and gave it every advantage which could be derived from the assistance of the best performers: but, though admirably acted, it does not appear to have met with much success. It was again revived at the same theatre, in 1773, with some alterations, and was again coldly received, though supported by the best comic performers of the times. The piece, on this revival, received some alterations from the pen of Mr. Garrick, and was published in 8vo, 1773.

* Mr. Compton of Queen's College, performed the part of *Vince*. See *Grainger*.

THE PROLOGUE.

The brightness of so great and fair a presence,
They say, strikes cold amazement. But I feel
Contrary effects. For, from the gracious center
O' the honourable assembly, some secret power
Inflames my courage; and, methinks, I am grown
Taller by th' virtue of this audience.
And yet, thus rais'd, I fear there's no retiring.
Ladies, whose beauties glad the whole assembly,
Upon your favours I impose my business.
If't be a fault to speak this foreign language,
(For Latin is our mother tongue) I must entreat you*
To frame excuses for us; for whose sake
We now speak English. All the rest we hope
Come purposely to grace our poor endeavours,
As we to please. In whose fair courtesy
We trust, not in our weak ability.

* *For Latin is our mother tongue.*] It is observed by the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1756, p. 225. that "the exercises of the "University were not only performed in Latin, but the plays, writ-"ten in this and the former reign, for the entertainment of the "Court, whenever it removed, either to Oxford or Cambridge, were "generally composed in that language. Thus *Æmilia*, *Ignorumus*, "and *Melanthe*, all acted at the same time with Albumazar, were "in Latin. Both King James and Queen Elizabeth were Latin-"ists."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALBUMAZAR,* *an astrologer.*
RONÇA, }
HARPAX, } *thieves.*
FURBO, }
PANDOLFO, *an old gentleman.*
CRICCA, *his servant.*
TRINCALO, *Pandolfo's farmer.*
ARMELLINA, *Antonio's maid.*
LELIO, *Antonio's son.*
EUGENIO, *Pandolfo's son.*
FLAVIA, *Antonio's daughter.*
SULPITIA, *Pandolfo's daughter.*
BEVILONA, *a courtezan.*
ANTONIO, *an old gentleman.*

* Albumazar is the name of a famous Persian Astrologer, viz. Abu ma shar. *Univ. Hist.* vol. 5. p. 418. *Collier's Dict.* in voce. S. P.

ALBUMAZAR.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter ALBUMAZAR, HARPAX, RONCA.

Albumazar. Come, brave mercurials, sublim'd in cheating;
My dear companions, fellow-soldiers
I' th' watchful exercise of thievery:
Shame not at your so large profession,
No more than I at deep astrology;
For in the days of old, *Good morrow thief,*
As welcome was receiv'd, as now *your worship.*
The Spartans held it lawful [1], and the Arabians [2];

* *Albumazar.*] This play seems to have been planned on *L'Astrologo* of Giam Battista della Porta. S. P.

Battista Porta was the famous physiognomist of Naples. His play was printed at Venice, 1606. See Mr. Steevens's note on *Timon of Athens*, A. 4. S. 3.

[1] *The Spartans held it lawful.*] The Spartans held stealing lawful, and encouraged it, as a piece of military exercise; but punished it very severely if it was discovered. See *Stanyan's Grecian History*, vol. 1. p. 80.

[2] *Arabians.*] Mr. Sale (p. 30. Preliminary Discourse to his translation of THE KORAN, 4to. edit.) says, "The frequent robberies "committed by these people, on merchants and travellers, have "rendered the name of an *Arab* almost infamous in Europe: this "they are sensible of, and endeavour to excuse themselves, by "alledging the hard usage of their father Ismael, who, being turned "out of doors by Abraham, had the open plains and desarts given "him by God for his patrimony, with permission to take whatever "he could find there: and, on this account, they think they may, "with a safe conscience, indemnify themselves as well as they "can, not only on the posterity of Isaac, but also on every body "else; always supposing a sort of kindred between themselves and "those they plunder. And in relating their adventures of this kind, "they think it sufficient to change the expression, and, instead of

So grew Arabia fœlix, Sparta valiant.

Ronca. Read on this lecture, wise Albumazar.

Albumazar. Your patron, Mercury, in his mysterious character,
Holds all the marks of the other wanderers,*
And, with his subtle influence, works in all,
Filling their stories full of robberies.
Most trades and callings much participate
Of yours; though smoothly gilt with th' honest title
Of merchant, lawyer, or such like: the learned
Only excepted, and he's therefore poor.

Harpax. And yet he steals; one author from another.
This poet is that poet's plagiary,
And he a third's, till they end all in Homer.

Albumazar. And Homer filch'd all from an Egyptian priestess,†
The world's a theatre of theft. Great rivers[3]

"*I robbed a man of such or such a thing*, to say, *I gained it*. We "must not, however, imagine, that they are the less honest for "this among themselves, or towards those whom they receive as "friends; on the contrary, the strictest probity is observed in their "camp, where every thing is open, and nothing ever known to be "stolen."

* The *wanderers* are the *planets*, called by the Greeks *Planetæ*, from their moving or wandering, and by the Latins, from the same notion, *Stellæ errantes*; as on the contrary the fixed stars are termed by them *Stellæ inerrantes*.—The character appropriated by Astronomers and Astrologers to the planet Mercury, is this ☿, which may be imagined to contain in it something of the characters of all the other planets ♄ ♃ ♂ ☉ ♀ ☽. The history of the Heathen deities, whose names were assigned to the several planets, is full of tricks and robberies, to say no worse, as is remarked by the apologetical fathers, who are perpetually inveighing against them on that account; and to this mythological history the poet here alludes. S. P.

† Phantasia of Memphis, as Ptolemeus Hephestion tells us, in Photius, Cod. 190. See Fabricius Biblioth, gr. 1. p. 152. This comes excellently well out of the mouth of such a consummate villain as Albumazar. S. P.

See also Blackwell's Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, 1736, p. 135.

[3] *Great rivers*, &c.] So Shakspeare, in *Timon of Athens*, A. 4. S. 3.
"——————— I'll example you with thievery.
"The sun's a thief, and, with his great attraction,
"Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,

Rob smaller brooks, and them the ocean.
And in this world of ours, this microcosm,
Guts from the stomach steal, and what they spare,
The meseraicks filch, and lay't i' the liver:
Where, lest it should be found, turn'd to red nectar,
'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,
And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,
In tendons, skin, and hair; so that, the property
Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discover'd.
Now all these pilf'ries, couch'd and compos'd in order,
Frame thee and me. Man's a quick mass of thievery.

Ronca. Most philosophical Albumazar!

Harpax. I thought these parts had lent and borrowed mutual.

Albumazar. Say they do so: 'tis done with full intention
Ne'er to restore, and that's flat robbery.
Therefore go on, follow your virtuous laws,
Your cardinal virtue, *great necessity;*
Wait on her close, with all occasions.
Be watchful, have as many eyes as Heaven,
And ears as harvest: be resolv'd and impudent:
Believe none, trust none; for in this city
(As in a fought field, crows and carcases)
No dwellers are but cheaters and cheatees.

Ronca. If all the houses in the town were prisons,
The chambers cages, all the settles[4] stocks,
The broad-gates gallowses, and the whole people
Justices, juries, constables, keepers, and hangmen,
I'd practise, spite of all; and leave behind me

" And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
" The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
" The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
" That feeds and breeds, by a composture stolen
" From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
" The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
" Have uncheck'd theft."

See also the 19th ode of Anacreon.

[4] --- *all the* settles *stocks.*] *A settle* is a wooden bench with a back to it, and capable of holding several people. These kind of seats are only to be found in ancient halls, or the common drinking-rooms in the country. S.

A fruitful seminary of our profession,
And call them by thy name Albumazarians.*
Harpax. And I no less, were all the city thieves
As cunning as thyself.
Albumazar. Why, bravely spoken,
Fitting such generous spirits: I'll make way
To your great virtue with a deep resemblance
Of high astrology. Harpax and Ronca,
List to our profit: I have new lodg'd a prey
Hard by, that taken is so fat and rich,
'Twill make us leave off trading, and fall to purchase.
Harpax. Who is't? speak quickly.
Ronca. Where, good Albumazar?
Albumazar. 'Tis a rich gentleman, as old as foolish;
The poor remnant of whose brain, that age had left him,
The doting love of a young girl hath dried:
And, which concerns us most, he gives firm credit
To necromancy and astrology,
Enter FURBO.
Sending to me, as one that promise both.
Pandolfo is the man.
Harpax. What, old Pandolfo?
Albumazar. The same: but stay, yon's Furbo, whose smoothest† brow
Shines with good news, and's visage promises
Triumphs and trophies to's. [*Furbo plays.*
Ronca. My life h'as learnt out all, I know't by's music.

Then FURBO *sings this song.*

Bear up thy learned brow, Albumazar;
Live long, of all the world admir'd,
For art profound, and skill retir'd,

* The quarto of 1615 reads the line thus:—
"And call them by the name of Albumazarians."
The change may be an improvement, but it ought not to have been made without notice. C.

† We should certainly read *smooth*. The versification of this play in general is regular, and without hemistiches, were the measure properly attended to. I would read in the next speech,
On my life
He has learnt out all; I know it by his music. S.

*To cheating by the height of star :**
Hence, gypsies, hence; hence, rogues of baser strain,
That hazard life for little gain :
Stand off and wonder, gape and gaze afar
At the rare skill of great Albumazar.

Furbo. Albumazar,
Spread out thy nets at large, here's fowl abundance :
Pandolfo's ours; I understand his business,
Which I filch'd closely from him,† while he reveal'd
T' his man his purposes and projects.
Albumazar. Excellent!
Furbo. Thanks to this instrument: for, in pretence
Of teaching young Sulpitia, th' old man's daughter,
I got access to th' house, and, while I waited
Till she was ready, over-heard Pandolfo
Open his secrets to his servant. Thus 'tis :
Antonio, Pandolfo's friend and neighbour,
Before he went to Barbary, agreed
To give in marriage—
Albumazar. Furbo, this no place
Fit to consider curious points of business :
Come, let's away, I'll hear't at large above.
Ronca, stay you below, and entertain him
With a loud noise of my deep skill in art;
Thou know'st my rosy modesty cannot do it.
Harpax, up you, and from my bed-chamber,
Where all things for our purposes are ready,
Second each beck, and nod, and word of ours.
You know my meaning.
Harpax. Yes, yes.

* The quartos read " by the height of *stars*," but the rhime requires the alteration. C.

† *Closely* is *privately*, as in Act 3. S. 1.
" I'll entertain him here, meanwhile steal you
" *Closely* into the room."
Again in *The Spanish Tragedy*,
" Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano;
" Thou knowest the prison, *closely* give it him.
Ibid.
" Wise men will take their opportunity
" *Closely* and safely, fitting things to time." S. P.

Furbo. Yes, sir.

[*Furbo goes out singing, Fa la la, Pandolfo's ours.*

SCENE II.

FONCA, PANDOLFO, CRICCA.

Ronca. There's old Pandolfo, amorous as youthful May,
And grey as January: I'll attend him here.

Pandolfo. Cricca, I seek thy aid, not thy cross counsel;
I am mad in love with Flavia, and must have her:
Thou spend'st thy reasons to the contrary,
Like arrows 'gainst an anvil: I love Flavia,
And must have Flavia.

Cricca. Sir, you have no reason;
She's a young girl of sixteen, you of sixty.

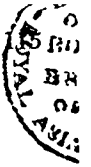
Pandolfo. I have no reason, nor spare room for any.
Love's harbinger hath chalkt upon my heart,
And with a coal writ on my brain, for Flavia;*
This house is wholly taken up for Flavia.
Let reason get a lodging with her wit:
Vex me no more, I must have Flavia.

Cricca. But, sir, her brother Lelio, under whose charge
She's now after her father's death, sware boldly
Pandolfo never shall have Flavia.

Pandolfo. His father, ere he went to Barbary,

* Alluding to the custom of the Harbingers, who in the royal progresses were wont to mark the lodgings of the several officers of the Court. *For Flavia* should therefore be in Italics. We now commonly write Harbinger with the first vowel; but the ancients applied the second, which is more agreeable to the etymology. See Junius *voce* Harbour. S. P.

To this explanation I shall only add that the office of Harbinger remains to this day, and that the part of his duty above alluded to was performed in the latter part of the last century. Serjeant Hawkins, in his life of Bishop Ken, observes, that when, on the removal of the court to pass the summer at Winchester, that prelate's house, which he held in the right of his prebend, *was marked by the harbinger* for the use of Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, he refused to grant her admittance; and she was forced to seek for lodgings in another place.



Promis'd her me: who, be he live or dead,
Spight of a list* of Lelios, Pandolfo
Shall enjoy Flavia.

Cricca. Sir, y'are too old.

Pandolfo. I must confess, in years about threescore,
But in tough strength of body, four-and-twenty,
Or two mouths less. Love of young Flavia,
More powerful than Medea's drugs, renews
All decay'd parts of man: my arteries,
Blown full with youthful spirits, move the blood
To a new business: my wither'd nerves grow plump
And strong, longing for action. Hence, thou poor prop
Of feebleness and age! walk with such sires
As with cold palsies shake away their strength,
And lose their legs with cureless gouts. Pandolfo
New moulded is for revels, masks, and musick. Cricca,
String my neglected lute, and, from my armoury,
Scour my best sword, companion of my youth,
Without which I seem naked.

Cricca. Your love, sir, like strong water
To a deplor'd sick man, quicks your feeble limbs
For a poor moment: but, after one night's lodging,
You'll fall so dull and cold, that Flavia
Will shriek, and leap from bed as from a sepulchre.
Shall I speak plainer, sir? she'll cuckold you,
Alas! she'll cuckold you.

Pandolfo. What, me! a man of known discretion;
Of riches, years, and this grey gravity?
I'll satisfy 'r with gold, rich clothes, and jewels.

Cricca. Wer't not far fitter urge your son Eugenio
To woo her for himself?

Pandolfo. Cricca, be gone!
Touch no more there: I will, and must have Flavia.
Tell Lelio, if he grant m' his sister Flavia,
I'll give my daughter to him in exchange.
Be gone, and find me here within this half hour.

* The quarto of 1615 reads,
"Spight of a *last* of Lelios."

SCENE III.

RONCA, PANDOLFO.

Ronca. 'Tis well that servant's gone: I shall the easier
Wind up his master to my purposes.
Pandolfo. Sure this some novice of th' artillery,
That winks and shoots: sir, prime, prime your piece a-new,
The powder's wet. [*Knocks at the door.*
Ronca. A good ascendant:* bless me, sir, are you frantic?
Pandolfo. Why frantic? are not two knocks the lawful courses
To open doors and ears?
Ronca. Of vulgar men and houses.
Pandolfo. Whose lodging's this? is't not the astrologer's?
Ronca. His lodging! no: 'tis the learn'd phrontisterion[5]
Of most divine Albumazar.
Pandolfo. Good sir,
If the door break, a better shall redeem it.
Ronca. How! all your land, sold at a hundred years purchase,
Cannot repair the damage of one poor rap:
To thunder at the phrontisterion
Of great Albumazar!
Pandolfo. Why man? what harm?
Ronca. Sir, you must know my master's heavenly brain,
Pregnant with mysteries of metaphysicks,
Grows to an embryo of rare contemplation,
Which, at full time brought forth, excels by far

* A term of Astrology. S. P.
"Ascendant, in Astrology, denotes the horoscope; or the degree "of the ecliptic which rises upon the horizon, at the time of the birth "of any one. This is supposed to have an influence on his life and "fortune, by giving him a bent to one thing more than another." *Chambers's Dictionary.*
[5] *phrontisterion*] *i. e.* cloister, or college. S.

The armed fruit of Vulcan's midwifry,
That leapt from Jupiter's mighty cranium.
Pandolfo. What of all this?
Ronca. Thus one of your bold thunders may abortive,
And cause that birth miscarry, that might have prov'd
An instrument of wonders, greater and rarer
Than Apollonius the magician wrought.[6]
Pandolfo. Are you your master's countryman?
Ronca. Yes; why ask you?
Pandolfo. Then must I get an interpreter for your language.
Ronca. You need not;
With a wind-instrument my master made,
In five days you may breathe ten languages,
As perfect as the devil or himself.
Pandolfo. When may I speak with him?
Ronca. When't please the stars.
He pulls you not a hair, nor pares a nail,
Nor stirs a foot, without due figuring
The horoscope. Sit down awhile, and't please you,
I see the heavens incline to his approach.
Pandolfo. What's this, I pray you?

[6] *Than Apollonius the magician wrought.*] *Cornelius Agrippa, on the Vanitie and Uncertaintie of Artes and Sciences*, 4to, 1569, p. 55, mentions *Apollonius*. "They saie that *Hierome* made mention "thereof, writinge to *Paulinus*, where he saithe, that *Apollonius* "*Tianeus* was a magitien, or a philosopher, as the Pithagoreans "were."

And he is also noticed among those who have written on the subject of magick.

Apollonius was born at Tyana about the time our Saviour appeared in the world. He died at the age of near or quite 100 years, in the reign of Nerva. By the enemies of Christianity, he was reported to have worked miracles, in the same manner as the founder of our religion, and in the works of Dr. Henry More is inserted a parallel between them. The degree of credit which the pagan miracles are entitled to, is very clearly shewn in Dr. Douglas's learned work, intitled, "*The Criterion, or Miracles examined*," 8vo. 1757, p. 53. See a further account of Apollonius in *Blount's* Translation of *The two first books of Philostratus, concerning the life of Apollonius Tyaneus*, fol. 1680, and *Tillemont's account of the life of Apollonius Tyaneus*, translated by *Dr. Jenkin*, 8vo. 1702.

Ronca. An engine to catch stars,
A mace to arrest such planets as have lurk'd
Four thousand years under protection
Of Jupiter and Sol.

Pandolfo. Pray you, speak English.

Ronca. Sir, 'tis a perspicil',[7] the best under heaven:
With this I'll read a leaf of that small Iliad
That in a walnut-shell was desk'd, as plainly
Twelve long miles off, as you see Paul's from Highgate.

Pandolfo. Wonderful workman of so rare an instrument!

Ronca. 'Twill draw the moon so near, that you would swear
The bush of thorns in't pricks your eyes: the crystal
Of a large arch multiplies millions,
Works more than by point blank, and, by refractions
Optick and strange, searcheth, like the eye of truth,
All closets that have windows. Have at Rome;
I see the pope, his cardinals, and his mule,
The English college, and the Jesuits,
And what they write and do.

Pandolfo. Let me see, too.

Ronca. So far, you cannot: for this glass is fram'd
For eyes of thirty; you are nigh threescore.
But, for some fifty miles, 'twill serve you,
With help of a refractive glass that's yonder.
For trial, sir; where are you now?

Pandolfo. In London.

Ronca. Ha' you found the glass within that chamber?

Pandolfo. Yes.

Ronca. What see you?

Pandolfo. Wonders! wonders! I see, as in a landscape,
An honourable throng of noble persons,
As clear as I were under the same roof:
Seems by their gracious brows, and courteous looks,
Something they see, which, if it be indifferent

[7] *perspicil,*] an optick glass.

They'll fav'rably accept, if otherwise
They'll pardon: who or what they be, I know not.
Ronca. Why that's the court at Cambridge, forty miles hence.
What else?
Pandolfo. A hall thrust full of bare heads, some bald, some bush'd,
Some bravely branch'd.*
Ronca. That's the university,
Larded with townsmen. Look you there, what now?
Pandolfo. Who? I see Dover Pier, a man now landing,
Attended by two porters that seem to groan
Under the burden of two loads of paper.
Ronca. That's Coriatus Persicus[8], and's observations
Of Asia and Africk.
Pandolfo. The price?
Ronca. I dare not sell't.
But here's another of a stranger virtue.
The great Albumazar, by wondrous art,
In imitation of this perspicil,
Hath fram'd an instrument that magnifies
Objects of hearing, as this doth of seeing;
That you may know each whisper from Prester John
Against the wind, as fresh as 'twere delivered
Through a trunk, or Gloucester's list'ning wall[9].
Pandolfo. And may I see it, sir? Bless me once more.
Ronca. 'Tis something ceremonious; but you shall try't.

* A stroke of satire in regard to cuckoldom: there are others afterwards in this act. S. P.

[8] *Coriatus Persicus.*] See note 11, to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

[9] *Gloucester's listening wall.*] Before the rebuilding of St. Paul's cathedral, the wall at Gloucester, here alluded to, was much more celebrated than it is at present. *Camden*, in his *Britannia*, vol. I. p. 275, edition 1722, speaking of it, says, "Beyond the quire, in an "arch of the church, there is a *wall*, built with so great artifice, in "the form of a semicircle with corners, that if any one whisper "very low at one end, and another lay his ear to the other end, he "may easily hear every syllable distinct."

Stand thus. What hear you?
Pandolfo. Nothing.
Ronca. Set your hands thus,
That the vertex of the organ may perpendicularly
Point at our zenith. What hear you now?
[*Laughing within.*
Pandolfo. A humming noise of laughter.
Ronca. Why that's the court
And university, that now are merry
With an old gentleman in a comedy. What now?
Pandolfo. Celestial musick, but it seems far off.
List, list, 'tis nearer now.
Ronca. 'Tis music 'twixt the acts. What now.?
Pandolfo. Nothing.
Ronca. And now?
Pandolfo. Musick again, and strangely delicate,
O most angelical! they sing *
Ronca. And now?
Sing sweetly that our notes may cause
The heavenly orbs themselves to pause:
And at our music stand as still
As at Jove's amorous will†.
So, now release them as before,
Th' have waited long enough; no more.
Pandolfo. 'Tis gone, give me't again.—O do not so.
Ronca. What hear you now?
Pandolfo. No more than a dead oyster.
O let me see this wond'rous instrument.
Ronca. Sir, this is called an otacousticon.[10]

* *they sing.*] So both the quartos. But I apprehend the words were rather intended for a stage direction.

† Alluding to the following passage in the Amphitryo of Plautus, where the night is lengthened, that Jupiter may continue the longer with Alcmena. Mercury says,

" Et meus pater nunc intus hic cum illa cubat;
" Et hæc ob eam rem nox est facta longior,
" Dum ille, quaquam volt, voluptatem capit."
Prolog. Amphitr. 112. S. P.

[10] *otacousticon,*] an instrument to aid and improve the sense of hearing.

Pandolfo. A cousticon!*
Why, 'tis a pair of ass's ears, and large ones.
Ronca. True; for in such a form the great Albumazar
Hath fram'd it purposely, as fitt'st receivers
Of sounds, as spectacles like eyes for sight.
Pandolfo. What gold will buy't?
Ronca. I'll sell't you when 'tis finish'd.
As yet the epiglottis[11] is unperfect.
Pandolfo. Soon as you can; and here's ten crowns in earnest.
For, when 'tis done, and I have purchas'd it,
I mean to entail it on my heirs male for ever,
Spight of the ruptures of the common law.
Ronca. Nay, rather give't to Flavia for her jointure:
For she that marries you deserves it richly.

SCENE IV.

CRICCA, PANDOLFO, RONCA.

Cricca. Sir, I have spoke with Lelio, and he answers—
Pandolfo. Hang Lelio, and his answers. Come hither, Cricca,
Wonder for me, admire, and be astonish'd;
Marvel thyself to marble at these engines,
These strange Gorgonian instruments.
Cricca. At what?
Pandolfo. At this rare perspicil and otacousticon:
For, with these two, I'll hear and see all secrets;
Undo intelligencers. Pray let my man see
What's done in Rome; his eyes are just as your's are.

* Read *Otacousticon*. a repetition by way of admiration of the word in the preceding line; for it is plain it was not intended by the poet that Pandolfo should blunder through ignorance, because he has it right in the next scene, and Ronca has never repeated the word in the interim. S. P.

[11] *epiglottis,*] the flap or cover of the wind-pipe. S.

Ronca here blunders *comicè*, and on purpose; for the *epiglottis* is the cover or lid of the larynx, and has no connection with the ear. S. P.

Ronca. Pandolfo, are you mad? be wise and secret;
See you the steep danger you are tumbling in?
Know you not that these instruments have power
To unlock the hidden'st closets of whole states?
And you reveal such mysteries to a servant?
Sir, be advis'd, or else you learn no more
Of our unknown philosophy.
Pandolfo. Enough.
What news from Lelio? Shall I have his sister?
Cricca. He swears and vows he never will consent.
She shall not play with worn antiquities,
Nor lie with snow and statues: and such replies
That I omit for reverence of your worship.
Pandolfo. Not have his sister! Cricca, I will have Flavia,
Maugre his head[12]: by means of this astrologer
I'll enjoy Flavia. Are the stars yet inclin'd
To his divine approach?
Ronca. One minute brings him.
Cricca. What 'strologer?
Pandolfo. The learned man I told thee,
The high almanack of Germany; an Indian,
Far beyond Trebesond and Tripoli,
Close by the world's end: a rare conjurer,
And great astrologer. His name, pray, sir?
Ronca. Albumazarro Meteoroscopico.
Cricca. A name of force to hang him without trial.
Pandolfo. As he excels in science, so in title.
He tells of lost plate, horses, and stray'd cattle,
Directly, as he had stol'n them all himself.
Cricca. Or he, or some of his confederates.
Pandolfo. As thou respect'st thy life, look to thy tongue;
Albumazar has an otacousticon.
Be silent, reverent, and admire his skill.
See what a promising countenance appears!
Stand still and wonder, wonder and stand still.

[12] *Maugre his head,*] *i. e.* in spite of his head. S.

SCENE V.

ALBUMAZAR, RONCA, PANDOLFO, CRICCA.

Albumazar. Ronca, the bunch of planets new found out,
Hanging at the end of my best perspicil,
Send them to Galilæo at Padua;[13]
Let him bestow them where he please. But the stars
Lately discover'd 'twixt the horns of Aries,
Are as a present for Pandolfo's marriage,
And hence stil'd Sidera Pandolfæa.

Pandolfo. My marriage, Cricca! he foresees my marriage:
O, most celestial Albumazar!

Cricca. And sends y' a present from the head of Aries.

Albumazar. My almanack, made for the meridian
And height of Japan, give't th' East India company:
There may they smell the price of cloves and pepper,
Monkeys and china dishes, five years ensuing,
And know the success of the voyage of Magores;*
For, in the volume of the firmament,
We children of the stars read things to come,

[13] *Send them to Galilæo at Padua.*] *Galilæo*, the inventor of the telescope, was born February 19, 1564; according to some writers at Pisa, but more probably at Florence. While Professor of Mathematicks *at Padua*, he was invited by Cosmo the second, Duke of Tuscany, to Pisa, and afterwards removed to Florence. During his residence at the latter place, he ventured to assert the truth of the Copernican system; which gave so much offence to the Jesuits, that, by their procurement, he was ever after harassed by the Inquisition. He suffered very frequent and long imprisonments on account of his adherence to the opinions he had formed, and never obtained his liberty without renouncing his sentiments, and undertaking not to defend them, either by word or writing. His assiduity in making discoveries at length proved fatal to him. It first impaired his sight, and, at length, totally deprived him of it. He died at Arcetre, near Florence, January 8, 1642, N. S. in the 78th year of his age; having been, for the last three years of his life, quite blind. See a comparison between him and Lord Bacon, in *Hume's History of England*, vol. 6, p. 133. 8vo. edit. 1763.

* To the great Mogul's country who was then called *Maghoore*. Howe's continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, p. 1003, where he esteems it a corruption to call him *Mogul*.

As clearly as poor mortals stories past
In Speed or Hollingshead.[14]
Ronca. The perpetual motion
With a true 'larum in't, to run twelve hours
'Fore Mahomet's return.*
Albumazar. Deliver it safe
To a Turkey factor, bid him with care present it
From me to the house of Ottoman.
Ronca. I will, sir.
Cricca. Pray you stand here, and wonder now for me;
Be astonish'd at his Gorgon,† for I cannot.
Upon my life[15] he proves a mere impostor.
Pandolfo. Peace, not a word, be silent and admire.
Albumazar. As for the issue of th' next summer's wars,
Reveal't to none, keep it to thyself in secret,
As touchstone of my skill in prophecy. Be gone.
Ronca. I go, sir. [*Exit.*

[14] *In Speed or Hollingshead*] John Speed and Rapheal Hollingshead, two writers of English Chronicles.

* There was an opinion pretty current among Christians that the Mahommedans were in expectation of their prophet's return: and what gave occasion to that was the 16th sign of the resurrection, the coming of the *Mohdi* or *director*; concerning whom Mahommed prophesied, that the world should not have an end till one of his own family should govern the Arabians, whose name should be the same with his own name, and whose father's name should also be the same with his father's name, and who should fill the earth with righteousness. *Sale's* Prelim. Discourse to the Koran, 4to. Edit. 82.

† So both the editions. Perhaps we should read *at this Gorgon.* S. P.

If any alteration is necessary I should propose to read at this *jargon, i. e.* the astrological nonsense which Albumazar has been speaking.

It is a mistake to state that both the editions of 1615 and 1634 read "at *his* Gorgon," for the former has it "at *this* Gorgon." There is almost uniformly great carelessness shewn in the collation of the old copies of the plays in this collection, as edited both by Dodsley and Reed. C.

[15] *Upon my life*, &c.] Both the quartos begin Pandolfo's speech with this line. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley.

Another error; for the quarto of 1615 has it just as it stands in the text, and Dodsley made no alteration. C.

Albumazar. Signior Pandolfo, I pray you pardon me,
Exotical dispatches of great consequence
Staid me; and casting the nativity
O' th' Cham of Tartary, and a private conference
With a mercurial intelligence.
Y' are welcome in a good hour, better minute,
Best second, happiest third, fourth, fifth, and scruple.
Let the twelve houses of the horoscope
Be lodg'd with fortitudes and fortunates,*
To make you blest in your designs, Pandolfo.

Pandolfo. Were't not much trouble to your starry employments,
I a poor mortal would entreat your furtherance
In a terrestrial business.

Albumazar. My ephemeris [16] lies,
Or I foresee your errand: thus, 'tis thus.
You had a neighbour call'd Antonio,
A widower like yourself, whose only daughter,
Flavia, you love, and he as much admir'd
Your child Sulpitia. Is not this right?

Pandolfo. Yes, sir: O strange! Cricca, admire in silence.

Albumazar. You two decreed a counter-match betwixt you,
And purposed to truck daughters. Is't not so?

Pandolfo. Just as you say't. Cricca, admire and wonder.

Cricca. This is no such secret: look to yourself, he'll cheat you.

Albumazar. Antonio, after this match concluded,
Having great sums of gold in Barbary,
Desires of you, before he consummate
The rites of matrimony, he might go thither
For three months; but as now 'tis three and three
Since he embark'd, and is not yet return'd;

* Terms of Astrology, meaning, be they inhabited by the best and most fortunate planets. S. P.

[16] *ephemeris,*] a book of astronomy, in use among such as erect figures to cast men's nativities; by which is shewn how all the planets are placed, every day and hour of the year.

Now, sir, your business is to me, to know
Whether Antonio be dead or living.
I'll tell you instantly.
Pandolfo. Hast thou reveal'd it?
I told it none but thee.
Cricca. Not I.
Pandolfo. Why stare you?
Are you not well?
Albumazar. I wander 'twixt the poles
And heavenly hinges, 'mongst excentricals,
Centers, concentricks, circles, and epicycles,
To hunt out an aspect fit for your business.
Cricca. Mean ostentation! for shame awake yourself.
Albumazar. And, since the lamp of heaven is newly enter'd
To Cancer, old Antonio is stark dead,
Drown'd in the sea, stone dead; for *radius directorius*
In the sixth house, and the waning moon by Capricorn;
He's dead, he's dead.
Cricca. 'Tis an ill time to marry.
The moon grows fork'd, and walks with Capricorn.
Pandolfo. Peace, fool; these words are full of mysteries.
Albumazar. What ominous face, and dismal countenance,
Mark'd for disasters, hated of all the heavens,
Is this that follows you?
Pandolfo. He is my servant;
A plain and honest speaker, but no harm in him.
Cricca. What see you in my face?
Albumazar. Horror and darkness, death and gallowses:
I'd swear thou'rt hang'd, stood'st thou but two foot higher;
But now thy stars threaten a nearer death.
Sir, send to toll his knell.
Pandolfo. What, is he dead?
Albumazar. He shall be, by the dint of many stabs;
Only I spy a little hope of 'scaping
Thorough the clouds, and foul aspects of death.

Cricca. Sir, pray give no credit to this cheater;
Or, with his words of art, he'll make you dote
As much on his feign'd skill, as on fair Flavia.

SCENE VI.

HARPAX, FURBO, ALBUMAZAR, PANDOLFO, CRICCA.

Harpax. Stay, villain, stay; tho' safety 'tself defend thee,
Thou diest.

Furbo. Come, do thy worst; thrust sure, or die.

Cricca. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, stay your hands: help, help,
Help, Albumazar.

Harpax. Thus to the hinderer
Of my revenge.

Cricca. Save me, Albumazar.

Furbo. And thus, and thus, and thus.

Cricca. Master, I die, I die.

Harpax. Fliest thou, base coward? 'Tis not thy heels can save thee.

SCENE VII.

ALBUMAZAR, PANDOLFO, CRICCA.

Cricca. Oh, oh!

Pandolfo. What ails thee, Cricca?

Cricca. I am dead, I am dead.
Trouble yourself no more.

Pandolfo. What, dead, and speak'st?

Cricca. Only there's left a little breath to tell you.

Pandolfo. Why, where art hurt?

Cricca. Stabb'd with a thousand daggers;
My heart, my lights, my liver, and my skin,
Pierc'd like a sieve.

Pandolfo. Here's not a wound: stand up,
'Tis but thy fear.

Cricca. 'Tis but one wound all over:
Softly, oh, softly! You have lost the truest servant.—
Farewel, I die.

Albumazar. Live by my courtesy; stand up and breathe.

The dangerous and malignant influence is past;
But thank my charity that put by the blows,
The least of which threaten'd a dozen graves.
Now learn to scoff divine astrology,
And slight her servants!

Cricca. A surgeon, good sir, a surgeon.

Albumazar. Stand up man, th' hast no harm; my life for thine.

Pandolfo. Th'art well, th'art well.

Cricca. Now I perceive I am:
I pray you pardon me, divine astrologer.

Albumazar. I do: but henceforth laugh at astrology,
And call her servants cheaters.

Pandolfo. Now to our business. On, good Albumazar.

Albumazar. Now, since the moon passeth from Capricorn,
Thro' Aquarius, to the watry sign of Pisces,
Antonio's drown'd, and is devour'd by fishes.

Pandolfo. Is't certain?

Albumazar. Certain.

Pandolfo. Then let my earnestness
Intreat your skill a favour.

Albumazar. It shall, but first
I'll tell you what you mean to ask me.

Pandolfo. Strange!

Albumazar. Antonio dead, that promis'd you his daughter:
Your business is to entreat me raise his ghost,
And force it stay at home till it have perform'd
The promise past, and so return to rest.

Pandolfo. That, that; ye 'ave hit it, most divine Albumazar.

Albumazar. 'Tis a hard thing; for *deprivatione ad habitum non datur regressus.*
O, what a business, what a master-piece
'Tis, to raise up his ghost whose body's eaten
By fish! This work desires a planetary intelligence
Of Jupiter and Sol; and these great spirits
Are proud, fantastical. It asks much charges,

To entice them from the guiding of their spheres,
To wait on mortals.

Pandolfo. So I may have my purpose spare for no cost.

Albumazar. Sir, spare your purse; I'll do it an easier way;
The work shall cost you nothing.
We have an art is call'd præstigiatory, [17]
That deals with spirits, and intelligences
Of meaner office and condition,
Whose service craves small charges: with one of these
I'll change some servant, [18] or good friend of yours,
To the perfect shape of this Antonio:
So like in face, behaviour, speech, and action,
That all the town shall swear Antonio lives.

Pandolfo. Most necromantical astrologer!
Do this, and take me for your servant ever.
And, for your pains, after the transformation,
This chain is yours: * it cost two hundred pound,
Beside the jewel.

Albumazar. After the work is finish'd, then—how now?
What lines are these that look sanguineous,
As if the stars conjur'd to do you mischief?

Pandolfo. How! mean you me?

Albumazar. They're dusky marks of Saturn:
It seems some stone shall fall upon your head,
Threat'ning a fracture of the pericranium.

[17] *præstigiatory.*] *i. e.* juggling or deceiving.

[18] *I'll change some servant,* &c.] So in *Jeffrey of Monmouth's* History, 1718, p. 264, Merlin changes *Uther, Ulfin,* and *himself,* into the shapes of *Gorlois, Jordan of Tintagol,* and *Bricet,* by which means *Uther* obtains the possession of *Igerna* the wife of Gorlois. S. P.

* People of rank and condition generally wore chains of gold at this time. Hence Trincalo says, that, when he was a gentleman, he would

"Wear a gold chain at every quarter sessions." S. P.

Many instances of this fashion are to be met with in these volumes. Some of the magistrates of London, the aldermen, wear chains of gold on publick days at this time.

Pandolfo. Cricca, come hither; fetch me my staff again;
Threescore and ten's return'd: a general palsy
Shakes out the love of Flavia with a fear.
Is there no remedy?
Albumazar. Nothing but patience.
The planet threatens so, whose prey you are.
The stars and planets daily war together;
For, should they stand at truce but one half hour,
This wond'rous machine of the world would ruin:
Who can withstand their powerful influence?
Pandolfo. You, with your wisdom, good Albumazar.
Albumazar. Indeed, th' Egyptian Ptolomy the wise
Pronounc'd it as an oracle of truth, *'sapiens dominabitur astris.*
Who's above there? Ronca, bring down the cap
Made in the point of Mercury being ascendant.
Here, put it on; and in your hand this image,
Fram'd on a Tuesday, when the fierce god of war
Mounted th' horizon in the sign of Aries.
With these walk as unwounded as Achilles,
Dipt by his mother Thetis.
Pandolfo. You bind me to your service.
Albumazar. Next get the man you purpose to transform,
And meet me here.
Pandolfo. I will not fail to find you.
Albumazar. Mean while, with scioferical [19] instrument,
By way of azimuth [20] and almicantarath, [21]

[19] *scioferical,*] belonging to a sun-dial: it should be written *sciutherical.* *Johnson's Dictionary.*

[20] *azimuth.*] Azimuths, called also vertical circles, are great circles, intersecting each other in the zenith and nadir, and cutting the horizon at right angles, in all the points thereof. *Chambers's Dictionary.*

[21] *almicantarath,*] an Arabic word, written variously by various authors, and signifies a circle drawn parallel to the horizon. It is generally used in the plural, and means a series of parallel circles, drawn through the several degrees of the meridian. *Johnson's Dictionary.*

I'll seek some happy point in heaven for you.

Pandolfo. I rest your servant, sir.

Albumazar. Let all the stars
Guide you with most propitious influence.

SCENE VIII.

PANDOLFO, CRICCA.

Pandolfo. Here's a strange man indeed, of skill profound!
How right he knew my business 'fore he saw me!
And how thou scoff'st him when we talk'd in private!
'Tis a brave instrument, his otacousticon.

Cricca. In earnest, sir, I took him for a cheater;
As many, under name of cunning men,
With promise of astrology, much abuse
The gaping vulgar, wronging that sacred skill
That in the stars reads all our actions.

Pandolfo. Are there no arches o'er our heads? Look, Cricca.

Cricca. None but the arch of heaven; that cannot fall.

Pandolfo. Is not that made of marble? I have read
A stone dropt from the moon*; and much I fear
The fit should take her now, and void another.

Cricca. Fear nothing, sir; this charm'd mercurial cap
Shields from the fall of mountains; 'tis not a stone
Can check his art: walk boldly.

Pandolfo. I do. Let's in.

ACT II. SCENE I.

TRINCALO, ARMELLINA.

Trincalo. He that saith I am not in love, he lies *de cap-a-pie*; for I am idle, choicely neat in my clothes, valiant, and extreme witty. My meditations are loaded

* See Bishop Wilkins' Voyage to the Moon, p. 110. S. P.

with metaphors, songs, and sonnets; not a cur[22] shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion[23]: thus do I to my mistress; but, alas, I kiss the dog, and she kicks me. I never see a young wanton filly, but say I, there goes Armellina; nor a lusty strong ass, but I remember myself, and sit down to consider, what a goodly race of mules would inherit, if she were willing: only I want utterance, and that's a main mark of love too.

Armellina. Trincalo, Trincalo.

Trincalo. O, 'tis Armellina! Now if she have the wit to begin, as I mean she should, then will I confound her with compliments, drawn from the plays I see at the Fortune, and Red Bull[24], where I learn all the words I speak and understand not.

Armellina. Trincalo, what price bears wheat and saffron, that your band's so stiff and yellow[25]?—not a

[22] Both the editions read "not a *one*," Mr. Dodsley altered it to *not a dog*. In *Macbeth*, A. 3. S. 4. is the same phrase; which, Mr. Steevens observes, however uncouth, signifies *an individual*:

"There's not *a one* of them, but in his house
"I keep a servant fee'd."

Again we have an instance of extreme carelessness, or rather total negligence of collation, since the quarto of 1615 gives the sense as clearly as possible, without the slightest misprint.

"Not a *cur* shakes his tail but I sigh out a passion." &c.

It has been accordingly altered in the text to the true reading. C.

[23] *a passion.*] See note 11, to *Green's Tu quoque*, vol. VI.

[24] *The Fortune and Red Bull.*] Two play-houses. *The Fortune* belonged to the celebrated Edward Alleyn, and stood in Whitecross Street. *The Red Bull* was situated in *St. John's Street*.

[25] *Trincalo, what price bears wheat and saffron, that your band's so stiff and yellow?*] This alludes to the fashion then much followed, of wearing bands washed and dyed with *yellow starch*. The inventress of them was Mrs. Turner, a woman of an infamous character; who, being concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, was executed at Tyburn in a lawn ruff of her favourite colour. "With "her," says *Howell*, in his Letters, p. 19. edit. 1754, "I believe "that yellow starch, which so much disfigured our nation, and "rendered them so fantastic and ridiculous, will receive its fune-"ral." And of the same opinion was *Sir Simon D'ewes*, who, in the MS. account of his life, now in the British Museum, p. 24. says, "Mrs. Turner had first brought upp that vaine and foolish "use of *yellow starch*, and therefore, when shee was afterwards "executed at Tiburne, the hangman had *his bande* and cuffs of the

word?—Why, Trincalo, what business in town? how do all at Totnam? grown mute?—What do you bring from the country?

Trincalo. There 'tis. Now are my flood-gates drawn, and I'll surround her.—What have I brought? sweet

" same couler, which made many, after that day, of either sex, to " forbeare the use of that *coulered starch*, 'till at last it grew gene- " rallie to bee detested and disused." This execution happened in the year 1615; but the reformation predicted by *Howell*, and partly asserted by *D'ewes* to have happened, was not the consequence, as will appear from the following passage, extracted from a pamphlet called *The Irish Hubbub, or the English Hue and Crie, by Barnaby Rich*, 4to, 1622, p. 40. " Yet the open exclamation that " was made by Turner's wife at the houre of her death, in the " place where shee was executed, cannot be hidden, when, before " the whole multitude that were there present, she so bitterly pro- " tested against the vanitie of those *yellow starcht bands*, that her " outcries (as it was thought) had taken such impression in the " hearts of her hearers, that *yellow starcht bands* would have been " ashamed (for ever, after to have shewed themselves about the " neckes, either of men that were wise, or women that were " honest) but we see our expectations have failed us, for *they beganne " even then to be more generall than they were before.*" Again, p. 41. " You knowe tobacco is in great trading, but you shall be mer- " chants, and onely for egges: for whereas one pipe of tobacco " will suffice three or four men, at once; now ten or twenty eggs " will hardly suffice to starch one of these *yellow bands:* a fashion " that I thinke, shortly will be as conversant amongst taylors, " tapsters, and tinkers, as now they have brought tobacco. But a " great magistrate, to disgrace it, enjoyned the hangman of London " to become one of that fraternitie, and to follow the fashion; and, " the better to enable him, he bestowed of him some benevolence " to pay for his laundry: and who was now so briske, with a " yellow feather in his hat, and a *yellow starcht band* about his necke, " walking in the streets of London, as was master Hangman? so " that you, my young masters, that have sithence fallen into that " trimme, they doe but imitate the hangman's president, the which, " how ridiculous a matter it is, I will leave to themselves to thinke " on." And that the fashion prevailed some years after Mrs. Turner's death may be proved from Sir Simon D'ewes's relation of the procession of King James, from Whitehall to the Parliament House, Westminster, 30th January, 1620. [*i. e.* 1621.] " In the " King's short progresse from Whitehall to Westminster, these " passages following weere accounted somewhat remarkable—And " fourthlie, that, looking upp to one window, as he passed, full of " gentlewomen or ladies, all in *yellow bandes*, he cried out aloud, " A pox take yee, are yee ther? at which being much ashamed, " they all withdrew themselves suddenlie from the window."

bit of beauty, a hundred thousand salutations o' th' elder-house to your most illustrious honour and worship.

Armellina. To me these titles! Is your basket full of nothing else?

Trincalo. Full of the fruits of love, most resplendent lady: a present to your worthiness from your worship's poor vassal Trincalo.

Armellina. My life on't, he scrap'd these compliments from his cart the last load he carried for the progress[26]. What ha' you read, that makes you grow so eloquent?

Trincalo. Sweet madam, I read nothing but the lines of your ladyship's countenance; and desire only to kiss the skirts of your garment, if you vouchsafe me not the happiness of your white hands.

Armellina. Come, give's your basket, and take it.

Trincalo. O sweet! now will I never wash my mouth after, nor breathe but at my nostrils, lest I lose the taste of her finger. Armellina, I must tell you a secret, if you'll make much on't.

Armellina. As it deserves. What is't?

[26] *for the progress.*] When the King visited the different parts of the country.

When the court made those excursions, which were called Progresses, to the seats of the nobility and gentry, waggons and other carriages were impressed for the purpose of conveying the king's baggage, &c. S. P.

This privilege in the crown was continued until the civil wars in the reign of Charles the first, and had been exercised in a manner very oppressive to the subject, insomuch that it frequently became the object of Parliamentary complaint and regulation. During the suspension of monarchy it fell into disuse, and King Charles II. at the restoration consented, for a consideration, to relinquish this as well as all other powers of purveyance and pre-emption. Accordingly, by stat. 12. Car. II. c. 24. s. 12. it was declar d, that no officer should in future take any cart, carriage, or other thing, nor summon or requi e any person to furnish any horses, oxen, or other cattle, carts, ploughs, wains, or other carriages, for any of the royal family, without the full consent of the owner. An alteration of this act was made the next year, wherein the rates were fixed, which should be paid on these occasions, and other regulations were made for preventing the abuse of this prerogative.

Trincalo. I love you, dear morsel of modesty, I love; and so truly, that I'll make you mistress of my thoughts, lady of my revenues, and commit all my moveables into your hands; that is, I'll give you an earnest kiss in the highway of matrimony.

Armellina. Is this the end of all this business?

Trincalo. This is the end of all business, most beautiful, and most worthy to be most beautiful lady.

Armellina. Hence, fool, hence. [*Exit.*

Trincalo. Why, now she knows my meaning, let it work. She put up the fruit in her lap, and threw away the basket: 'tis a plain sign she abhors the words, and embraces the meaning.

O lips, no lips[27], but leaves besmear'd with mel-dew!
O dew, no dew, but drops of honey-combs!
O combs, no combs, but fountains full of tears!
O tears, no tears, but——

SCENE. II.

PANDOLFO, TRINCALO.

Pandolfo. Cricca denies me: no persuasions,
Proffers, rewards, can work him to transform.
Yonder's my country farmer, Trincalo.
Never in fitter time, good Trincalo.

Trincalo. Like a lean horse t' a fresh and lusty pasture.

Pandolfo. What rent dost pay me for thy farm at Totnam?

Trincalo. Ten pound; and find it too dear a penny-worth.

Pandolfo. My hand, here. Take it rent-free for three lives,
To serve me in a business I'll employ thee.

Trincalo. Serve you! I'll serve, reserve, conserve, preserve,
Deserve you for th' one half. O, Armellina;
A jointure, ha, a jointure! What's your employment?

[27] *O lips, no lips,* &c.] A burlesque on the speech of *Hieronimo* in *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol III. See also note 28 to *Green's Tu quoque*, and the addition to it.

Pandolfo. Here's an astrologer has a wondrous secret,
To transform men to other shapes and persons.
Trincalo. How! transform things to men? I'll bring nine taylors,
Refus'd last muster, shall give five marks a-piece
To shape three men of service out of all,
And grant him th' remnant shreds above the bargain.
Pandolfo. Now, if thou'lt let him change thee, take this lease,
Drawn ready; put what lives thou pleasest.
Trincalo. Stay, sir.
Say I am transform'd; who shall enjoy the lease,
I, or the person I must turn to?
Pandolfo. Thou,
Thou. The resemblance lasts but one whole day:
Then home true farmer, as thou wert before.
Trincalo. Where shall poor Trincalo be? How's this! transform'd!
Transmuted, how? not I. I love myself
Better than so: there's your lease. I'd not venture
For th' whole fee-simple.
Pandolfo. Tell me the difference
Betwixt a fool and a wise man.
Trincalo. Faith as much,
As 'twixt your worship and myself.
Pandolfo. A wise man
Accepts all fair occasions of advancement;
Flies no commodity for fear of danger,
Ventures and gains, lives easily, drinks good wine,
Fares neatly, is richly cloath'd, in worthiest company;
While your poor fool and clown, for fear of peril,
Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to bedward[28],
And wakes all night for want of moisture.
Trincalo. Well, sir,
I'd rather starve in this my loved image,
Than hazard thus my life for others' looks.
Change is a kind of death; I dare not try it.

[28] *bedward.*] i. e. towards bed time. So in *Coriolanus*:
"And tapers burn'd *to bedward.*" S.

Pandolfo. 'Tis not so dangerous as thou tak'st it; we'll only
Alter thy count'nance for a day. Imagine
Thy face mask'd only; or that thou dream'st all night
Thou wert apparel'd in Antonio's form;
And, waking, find'st thyself true Trincalo.
Trincalo. T' Antonio's form! was not Antonio a gentleman?
Pandolfo. Yes, and my neighbour; that's his house.
Trincalo. O ho!
Now do I smell th' astrologer's trick: he'll steep me
In soldiers blood, or boil me in a caldron
Of barbarous law French; or anoint me over
With supple oil of great men's services;
For these three means raise yeomen to the gentry.
Pardon me, sir; I hate those medicines. Fie!
All my posterity will smell and taste on't.
Long as the house of Trincalo endures.
Pandolfo. There's no such business; thou shalt only seem so,
And thus deceive Antonio's family.
Trincalo. Are you assur'd? 'twould grieve me to be bray'd [29]
In a huge mortar, wrought to paste, and moulded
To this Antonio's mould. Grant I be turn'd; what then?
Pandolfo. Enter his house, be reverenc'd by his servants,
And give his daughter Flavia to me in marriage.
The circumstances I'll instruct thee after.
Trincalo. Pray give me leave: this side says do't; this, do not.
Before I leave you, Tom Trincalo, take my counsel:
Thy mistress Armellina is Antonio's maid,
And thou, in his shape, may'st possess her: turn.
But if I be Antonio, then Antonio
Enjoys that happiness, not Trincalo.
A pretty trick, to make myself a cuckold!
No, no; there, take your lease. I'll hang first. Soft,

[29] *bray'd,*] *i. e. pounded.* See note 104 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

Be not so cholerick, Thomas. If I become Antonio,
Then all his riches follow. This fair occasion
Once vanish'd, hope not the like; of a stark clown,
I shall appear speck and span gentlemen [30].
A pox of ploughs and carts, and whips and horses.
Then Armellina shall be given to Trincalo,
Three hundred crowns her portion. We'll get a boy,
And call him Transformation Trincalo.
I'll do't, sir.

Pandolfo. Art resolv'd?

Trincalo. Resolv'd! 'tis done;
With this condition: after I have given your worship
My daughter Flavia, you shall then move my worship,
And much intreat me, to bestow my maid

[30] *Speck and span gentleman.*] *Speck and span new*, is a phrase not yet out of use; *span new* occurs in Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide*, B. 3. L. 1671.

"This tale was aie *span newe* to beginne,
"Til that the night departed 'hem at winne."

This is thought a phrase of some difficulty. It occurs in *Fuller's Worthies*, Herefordshire, p. 40, where we read of *spick and span new money*. A late friend of mine was willing to deduce it from spinning, as if it were a phrase borrowed from the clothing art, quasi new spun from the spike or brooche. It is here written *speck and span*, and in all cases means *entire;* I deem it tantamount to every *speck and every span, i. e.* all over S P.

In the MS. of a person who fell a victim to public justice in the year 1759, Eugene Aram; I am informed is the following explanation of this phrase: *Spick and span new*, ex Ital. *Spiccata de la Spanna, i. e.* snatched from the hand, *opus ablatum incude.* Fresh from the mint.

In Hudibras, Part I. c. 3. l. 397, are these lines:

"Then, while the honour thou hast got
"Is *spick and span new*, piping hot," &c.

Upon which Dr. Grey hath this note: "Mr. Ray observes, "*English Proverbs*, 2d edit. p. 270, that this proverbial phrase, accordingly to Mr. Howel, comes from *spica*, an ear of corn: but "rather (says he) as I am informed from a better author, *spike* is a "sort of *nail*, and *spawn* the *chip* of a boat; so that it is all one as to "say, every *chip* and *nail* is new. But I am humbly of opinion, "that it rather comes from *spike*, which signifies a *nail*, and a *nail* in "measure is the 16th part of a yard: and *span*, which is in measure a quarter of a yard, or nine inches; and all that is meant "by it, when applied to a new suit of clothes, is, that it has been "just measured from the piece by the *nail* and *span*." See the expression, Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, A 3. S. 5.

Upon myself—I should say Trincalo.
Pandolfo. Content; and, for thy sake, will make her portion
Two hundred crowns.
Trincalo. Now are you much deceiv'd:
I never meant it.
Pandolfo. How!
Trincalo. I did but jest;
And yet, my hand, I'll do't: for I am mutable,
And therefore apt to change. Come, come, sir, quickly,
Let's to th' astrologer, and there transform,
Reform, conform, deform me at your pleasure.
I loath this country countenance. Dispatch: my skin
Itches like a snake's in April, to be stript off.
Quickly, O, quickly! as you love Flavia, quickly.

SCENE III.

ALBUMAZAR, PANDOLFO, RONCA, TRINCALO.

Albumazar. Signior Pandolfo, y' arrive in happiest hour:
If the seven planets were your nearest kindred,
And all the constellations your allies;
Were the twelve houses, and the inns o'th' zodiack,
Your own fee-simple, they could ne'er ha' chosen
A fitter place to favour your designs.
For the great luminaries look from Hilech[31],
And midst of heaven, in angles, conjunctions,
And fortunate aspects of trine and sextile,
Ready to pour propitious influences.
Pandolfo. Thanks to your power and court'sy, that so plac'd them.
This is the man that's ready for the business.
Albumazar. Of a most happy count'nance, and timber fit
To square to th' gentry: his looks as apt for changing,
As he were cover'd with cameleons' skins.

[31] *Hilech.*] We should read *Halic.* The name of Ursa Major in Greek. S. P.
For *Halic*, read *helic*, from Ἑλικη. S. P.

Trincalo. Except my hands; and 'twill be troublesome
To fit these fingers to Antonio's gloves.
Pandolfo. Pray let's about the work as soon as may be.
Albumazar. First, chuse a large low room, whose door's full east,
Or near inclining: for th' oriental quarter's
Most bountiful of favours.
Pandolfo. I have a parlour
Of a great square, and height as you desire it.
Albumazar. Southward must look a wide and spacious window:
For howsoever Omar, Alchabitius,
Hali, Abenezra, seem something to dissent;
Yet Zoroastres, son of Oromasus,
Hiarcha, Brachman, Thespion, Gymnosophist,
Gebir, and Budda Babylonicus*,
With all the subtile Cabalists and Chaldees,
Swear the best influence for our metamorphosis,
Stoops from the south, or, as some say, south-east.
Pandolfo. This room's as fit as you had made it of purpose.
Trincalo. Now do I feel the calf of my right leg
Twingle, and dwindle to th' smallness of a bed-staff:
Such a speech more, turns my 'high shoes strait boots[32].
Ronca. Ne'er were those authors cited to better purpose,
For, thro' that window, all Pandolfo's treasures
Must take their flight, and fall upon my shoulders.
Albumazar. Now if this light meridional had a large casement,
That over-look'd some unfrequented alley,
'Twere much more proper; for th' intelligences
Are nice and coy, scorning to mix their essence
With throng'd disturbance of cross multitudes.

* A famous Indian Philosopher: *Fabricius*, p. 281; but why he terms him a Babylonian I cannot conceive. S. P.

[32] *turn boots.*] See note to the Prologue to *The Goblins*, vol. X.

Ronca. Spoken by art, Albumazar; a provident setter;
For so shall we receive what thou hand'st out,
Free from discovery. But, in my conscience,
All windows point full south for such a business.
Pandolfo. Go to my house, satisfy your curious choice:
But, credit me, this parlour's fit; it neighbours
To a blind alley, that in busiest term-time
Feels not the footing of one passenger.
Albumazar. Now then, declining from Theourgia,
Artenosaria* Pharmacia, rejecting
Necro-puro-geo-hydro-cheiro-coscinomancy [33],
With other vain and superstitious sciences,
We'll anchor at the art prestigiatory,
That represents one figure for another,
With smooth deceit abusing th' eyes of mortals.
Trincalo. O my right arm! 'tis alter'd; and, methinks,
Longs for a sword. These words have slain a plowman.
Albumazar. And, since the moon's the only planet changing†,
For from the Neomenia, in seven days,
To the Dicotima, in seven more to the Panselinum [34],
And in as much from Plenilunium
Thorow Dicotima to Neomenia,
'Tis she must help us in this operation.
Trincalo. What towns are these? The strangeness of these names
Hath scal'd the marks of many a painful harvest,
And made my new-pil'd finger itch for dice.
Pandolfo. Deeply consider'd, wond'rous Albumazar!

* I believe this word should be Artenosoria, the doctrine of Antidotes; unless we should read Artenaseria in allusion to Tallicotius and his method of making supplemental noses, referred to by Butler in Hudibras. S. P.

[33] *coscinomancy,*] Coskinomancy is the art of divining by a sieve. S. P.

† It was not known then, I presume, that Venus had her increase and decrease. S. P.

[34] *Panselinum,*] the Greek word for *Plenilunium.* S. P.

O, let me kiss those lips that flow with science.
Albumazar. For, by her various looks, she intimates
To understanding souls, that only she
Hath power t' effect a true formation.
Cause then your parlour to be swept carefully
Wash'd, rubb'd, perfum'd, hang'd round, from top to bottom,
With pure white lunary tap'stry, or needle-work;
But if 'twere cloth of silver, 'twere much better.
Ronca. Good, good! a rich beginning: good! what's next?
Albumazar. Spread all the floor with finest Holland sheets,
And over them, fair damask table-cloths;
Above all these, draw me chaste virgins' aprons:
The room, the work, and workman, must be pure.
Trincalo. With virgins' aprons! the whole compass of this city
Cannot afford a dozen.
Ronca. So, there's shirts
And bands* to furnish all on's for a twelve-month.
Albumazar. An altar in the midst, loaded with plate
Of silver basons, ewers, cups, candlesticks,
Flaggons, and beakers; salts, chargers, casting-bottles[35].
'Twere not amiss to mix some bowls of gold,
So they be massy, the better to resemble
The lovely brotherhood of Sol and Luna:
Also some diamonds for Jupiter.
For, by the whiteness, and bright sparkling lustres,
We allure th' intelligence to descend.
Ronca. Furbo and I are those intelligences
That must attend upon the magistery.
Albumazar. Now, for the ceremonious sacrifice,
Provide such creatures as the moon delights in:
Two sucking lambs, white as the Alpine snow;

* All people then wore bands, S. P.

[35] *casting-bottles.*] *i. e.* bottles out of which liquid perfumes were anciently cast or thrown. S.
They are mentioned in *Lingua.* See note 77, vol. V.

Yet if they have a mole or two, 'twill pass;
The moon herself wants not her spots.
Pandolfo. 'Tis true.
Ronca. Were they hell-black, we'd make a shift to eat them.
Albumazar. White capons, pheasants, pigeons: one little black-bird
Would stain and spoil the work. Get several wines
To quench the holy embers: rhenish, Greek wine,
White muskadel, sherry, and rich canary,
So't be not grown too yellow; for the quicker,
Brisker, and older, the better for these ceremonies:
The more abundance, sooner shall we finish.
For 'tis our rule, in such like businesses,
Who spares most, spends most. Either this day must do't,
Or, th' revolution of five hundred years
Cannot: so fit are all the heavens to help us.
Ronca. A thousand thanks! thou'lt make a complete cheat.
Thus, loaded with this treasure, cheer'd with wine,
Strengthen'd with meat, we'll carry thee in triumph,
As the great General of our atchievement.
Pandolfo. Sir, for rich plate and jewels, I have store;
But know not how to furnish you with hangings.
Albumazar. Cannot you borrow from the shops? four hours
Shall render all as fair as you receiv'd it.
Pandolfo. That can I easily do.
Albumazar. And hear you sir:
If you chance meet with boxes of white comfits,
Marchpane, dry sucket, macaroons, and diet-bread,
'Twill help on well.
Ronca. To furnish out our banquet.
Albumazar. I had clean forgot; we must have ambergrise,[36]
The greyest can be found, some dozen ounces:
I'll use but half a drachm; but 'tis our fashion
T' offer a little from a greater lump.

[36] *ambergrise.*] See note 38, to *The Antiquary*, vol. X.

Pandolfo. All shall be done with expedition.
Albumazar. And, when your man's transform'd, the chain you promis'd.
Pandolfo. My hand; my deeds shall wait upon my promise.
Albumazar. Lead then, with happy foot, to view the chamber.
Pandolfo. I go, sir. Trincalo, attend us here,
And not a word, on peril of thy life.
Trincalo. Sir, if they kill me, I'll not stir a foot;
And, if my tongue's pull'd out, not speak a word.

SCENE IV.

TRINCALO, CRICCA.

Trincalo. O what a business 'tis to be transform'd!
My master talks of four-and-twenty hours:
But, if I mew these flags * of yeomanry,
Gild in the sear, † and shine in bloom of gentry,
'Tis not their 'strology, nor sacrifice,
Shall force me cast that coat. I'll ne'er part with't,
Till I be sheriff of th' county, and in commission
Of peace and quorum. Then will I get m' a clerk,
A practis'd fellow, wiser than my worship,
And domineer amongst my fearful neighbours,
And feast them bountifully with their own bribes.
Cricca. Trincalo!
Trincalo. Wear a gold chain at every quarter sessions,
Look big, and grave, and speak not one wise word.
Cricca. Trincalo!
Trincalo. Examine wenches got with child, and curiously
Search all the circumstances: have blank mittimusses
Printed in readiness; breathe nought but, Sirrah,

* These and what follows are terms of falconry; *flags* in particular, are the second and baser order of feathers in the hawk's wing. *Chambers's Dictionary.* S. P.
† The *sear* is the yellow part between the beak and the eyes of the hawk. S. P.

Rogue, ha? how? hum? Constable, look to your charge;
Then vouch a statute, and a Latin sentence,
Wide from the matter.
Cricca. Trincalo!
Trincalo. Licence all ale-houses;
Match my son Transformation t' a knight's daughter,
And buy a bouncing pedigree of a Welch herald: and then—
Cricca. What! In such serious meditations?
Trincalo. Faith no; but building castles in the air,
While th' weather's fit: O, Cricca, such a business!
Cricca. What is't?
Trincalo. Nay, soft; they're secrets of my master,
Lock'd in my breast: he has the key at's purse-strings.*
Cricca. My master's secret! keep it, good farmer, keep it;
I would not lend an ear to't, if thou'dst hire me. Farewel.
Trincalo. O, how it boils and swells! if I keep't longer,
Twill grow t'impostume in my breast, and choak me. Cricca!
Cricca. Adieu, good Trincalo; the secrets of our betters
Are dangerous, I dare not know't.
Trincalo. But, hear'st thou;
Say, I should tell, can'st keep as close as I do?
Cricca. Yes: but I had rather want it. Adieu.
Trincalo. Albumazar—
Cricca. Farewel.
Trincalo. Albumazar—
Cricca. Pr'ythee.
Trincalo. Albumazar,
Th' astrologer, hath undertook to change me
T' Antonio's shape: this done, must I give Flavia
To my old master, and his maids to Trincalo.
Cricca. But where's Pandolfo and Albumazar?

* They usually carried the keys of their cabinets there. S. P.

Trincalo. Gone newly home to chuse a chamber fitting
For transmutation.—So, now my heart's at ease.
Cricca. I fear the skill and cunning of Albumazar
With his black art, by whom Pandolfo seeks
To compass Flavia, spight of her brother Lelio,
And his own son Eugenio, that loves her dearly.
I'll lose no time, but find them, and reveal
The plot, and work to cross this accident.
But, Trincalo, art thou so rash and vent'rous
To be transform'd with hazard of thy life?
Trincalo. What care I for a life, that have a lease
For three: but I am certain there's no danger in't.
Cricca. No danger! cut thy finger, and that pains thee;
Then what will't do to shred and mince thy carcase,
Bury't in horse-dung, mould it new, and turn it
T' Antonio? and, when th' art chang'd, if Lelio
Smell out your plot, what worlds of punishment
Thou must endure! Poor Trincalo! the desire
Of gains abuses thee: be not transform'd.
Trincalo. Cricca, thou understand'st not: for Antonio,
Whom I resemble, suffers all, not I.
Cricca. Yonder they come; I'll hence, and haste to Lelio. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

ALBUMAZAR, PANDOLFO, TRINCALO.*

Albumazar. The chamber's fit: provide the plate and hangings,
And other necessaries: give strict order
The room be cleans'd, perfum'd, and hang'd; meanwhile,
With astrolabe[37] and meteoroscope,[38]

* The first quarto inserts the name of *Cricca* for that of Trincalo, which is decidedly wrong. C.

[37] *astrolabe.*] An instrument chiefly used for taking the altitude of the pole, the sun, or stars at sea.

[38] *meteorescope.*] A name given to such instruments as are used for

I'll find the cusp[39] and alfridaria,[40]
And know what planet is in cazimi.[41]
Pandolfo. All shall be ready, sir, as you command it.
Trincalo. Doctor Albumazar, I have a vein of drinking,
And artery of lechery runs through my body:
Pray, when you turn me gentleman, preserve
Those two, if't may be done with reputation.
Albumazar. Fear not; I'll only call the first, good fellowship,*
And th' other, civil recreation.
Trincalo. And when you come to th' heart, spoil not the love of Armellina;
And in my brain leave as much discretion
As may spy falsehood in a tavern reckoning;
And let me alone for bounty to wink and pay't;
And if you change me perfectly,
I'll bring y' a dozen knights for customers.
Albumazar. I warrant thee.—Sir, are you well instructed
In all these necessaries?
Pandolfo. They're in my table-book.
Albumazar. Forget not cloaths for th' new transform'd, and robes
For me to sacrifice, you know the fashion.
I'll rather change five, than apparel one:

observing and determing the distances, magnitudes, and places of the heavenly bodies.

[39] *cusp.*] A term to express the points or horns of the moon, or other luminary.

[40] *alfridaria,*] with astrologers, is a temperary power they imagine the planets have over the life of any person.

[41] *cazimi.*] The centre of the sun.---A planet is said to be in *cazimi*, when it is not above 70 degrees distant from the body of the sun.

* Sir Thomas Wyatt, in his celebrated letter to John Poines, has a passage much in point.

"To joine the meane with each extremitie,
With nerest vertue age to cloke the vyce,
And as to purpose likewise it shall fall
To presse the vertue that it may not rise,
As *drunkenness good-fellowship do call.*"—C.

For men have living souls, clothes are unanimate.
Pandolfo. Here, take this ring, deliver it to my brother,
An officer in the wardrobe; he'll furnish you
With robes and cloaths of any stuff or fashion.
Albumazar. Almuten Alchochoden[42] of the stars attend you.
Pandolfo. I kiss your hands, divine astrologer.

SCENE VI.

PANDOLFO, TRINCALO.

Pandolfo. Up quickly, Trincalo, to my child Sulpitia;
Bid her lay out my fairest damask table-cloths,
The fairest Holland sheets, all the silver plate,
Two gossips cups of gold, my greatest diamonds:
Make haste.
Trincalo. As fast as Alchochoden and Almuten
Can carry me; for sure these two are devils.
Pandolfo. This is that blessed day I so much long'd for:
Four hours attendance, till my man be chang'd,
Fast locks me in the lovely arms of Flavia. Away, Trincalo.
How slow the day slides on! when we desire
Time's haste, it seems to lose a match with lobster's;
And, when we wish him stay, he imps his wings
With feathers plum'd with thought.[43] Why, Trincalo!
Trincalo. Here, sir.

[42] *Almuten Alchochoden.*] *Almuten*, with astronomers, is the lord of a figure, or the strongest planet in a nativity. *Alchochoden* is the giver of life or years, the planet which bears rule in the principal places of an astrological figure, when a person is born; so that his life may be expected longer or shorter, according to the station, &c. of this planet.

[43] ——— *he* imps *his wings*
With feathers plum'd with thought.] "*To impe,*" (says Blount) "is a term most usual among falconers, and is, when a feather in a "hawkes wing is broken, and another piece imped or graffed "on the stump of the old."——"*Himp or imp*, in the British "language, is *surculus* a young graffe or twig; thence *impio*, the

Pandolfo. Come, let's away for cloth of silver,
Wine, and materials for the sacrifice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

LELIO, EUGENIO, CRICCA.

Lelio. Eugenio, these words are wonders past belief.
Is your old father of so poor a judgment,
To think it in the power of man, to turn
One person to another?

Eugenio. Lelio, his desire
T' enjoy your sister Flavia, begets hope,
Which, like a waking dream, makes false appearance
Lively as truth itself.

Lelio. But who's the man
That works these miracles?

Eugenio. An astrologer.

Lelio. How deals astrology with transmutation?

Cricca. Under the veil and colour of astrology,
He clouds his hellish skill in necromancy.
Believe it, by some art, or false imposture,
He'll much disturb your love, and yours, Eugenio.

Lelio. Eugenio, 'tis high time for us t' awake;
And, as you love our Flavia, and I
Your sister, fair Sulpitia, let's do something
Worthy their beauties. Who falls into a sea
Swoln big with tempest, but he boldly beats
The waves, with arms and legs, to save his life?
So let us strive 'gainst troublous storms of love,
With our best power, lest after we ascribe
The loss to our dull negligence, not fortune.

Eugenio. Lelio, had I no interest in your sister,
The holy league of friendship should command me,
Besides the seconding Sulpitia's love,
Who to your nobleness commends her life.

" verb to innoculate, or graff. Hence the word to *imp* is borrowed " by the English; first, surely, to graff trees, and thence translated " to *imping* feathers." See also Mr. Steevens's note on *King Richard II.* A. 2. S. 1.

Lelio. She cannot out-love me,* nor you out-friend me;
For th' sacred name whereof, I have rejected
Your father's offers, importunities,
Letters, conditions, servants, friends, and, lastly,
His tender of Sulpitia in exchange
For Flavia. But, though I love your sister
Like mine own soul; yet did the laws of friendship
Master that strong affection, and deny'd him.
Eugenio. Thanks ever, and as long shall my best service
Wait on your will. Cricca, our hope's in thee;
Thou must instruct us.
Cricca. You must trust in fortune,
That makes or mars the wisest purposes.
Lelio. What say'st? what think'st?
Cricca. Here's no great need of thinking,
Nor speech; the oil of scorpions cures their poison.
The thing itself that's bent to hurt and hinder you,
Offers a remedy: 'tis no sooner known,
But th' worst on't is prevented.
Eugenio. How, good Cricca?
Cricca. Soon as you see this false Antonio
Come near your doors, with speeches made of purpose,
Full of humility and compassion;
With long narrations, how he 'scap'd from shipwreck,
And other feign'd inventions of his dangers,
Bid him be gone; and if he press to enter,
Fear not the reverence of your father's looks;
Cudgel him thence:
Lelio. But were't not better, Cricca,
Keep him fast lockt, till his own shape return;
And so by open course of law correct him.
Cricca. No. For my master would conceive that counsel
Sprung from my brains, and so should I repent it.
Advise no more, but home, and charge your people,

* *Me* is omitted in the two quartos. C.

That if Antonio come, they drive him thence
With threat'ning words, and blows, if need be.
Lelio. 'Tis done.
I kiss your hands, Eugenio.
Eugenio. Your servant, sir. [*Exit Lelio.*

SCENE VIII.

EUGENIO, CRICCA, FLAVIA.

Eugenio. Cricca, commend my service to my mistress.
Cricca. Commend it to her yourself. Mark'd you not, while
We talk'd, how through the window she attended,
And fed her eyes on you? there she is.
Eugenio. 'Tis true:
And, as from nights of storms the glorious sun
Breaks from the east, and chaseth thence the clouds
That choakt the air with horror, so her beauty
Dispells sad darkness from my troubled thoughts,
And clears my heart.
Flavia. Life of my soul, well met.
Eugenio. How is't, my dearest Flavia?
Flavia. Eugenio,
As best becomes a woman most unfortunate;
That, having lov'd so long, and been persuaded
Her chaste affection was by your's requited,
Have by delays been famish'd. Had I conceal'd
Those flames your virtue kindled, then y'ad sued,
Intreated, sworn, and vow'd, and, long ere this,
Wrought all means possible to effect our marriage.
But now—
Eugenio. Sweet soul, despair not; weep not thus,
Unless you wish my heart should life-blood drop,
Fast as your eyes do tears. What is't you fear?
Flavia. First, that you love me not.
Eugenio. Not love my Flavia!
Wrong not your judgment: rip up this amorous breast,
And in that temple see a heart that burns
I' th' vestal sacrifice of chastest love,
Before your beauty's deity.
Flavia. If so,

Whence grows this coldness in soliciting
My brother to the match?
Eugenio. Consider, sweetest,
I have a father, rival in my love;
And, though no duty, reverence, nor respect,
Have power to change my thoughts; yet 'tis not comely
With open violence to withstand his will;
But by fair courses try to divert his mind[44]
From disproportioned affections.
And if I cannot, then nor fear of anger,
Nor life, nor lands, shall cross our purposes.
Comfort yourself, sweet Flavia; for your brother
Seconds our hopes with his best services.
Flavia. But other fears oppress me: methinks I see
Antonio, my old father, now return'd,
Whom all intelligence gave drown'd this three months,*
Enforcing me to marry th' fool Pandolfo,
Thus to obtain Sulpitia for himself;
And so last night I dream'd, and ever since
Have been so scar'd, that, if you haste not,
Expect my death.
Eugenio. Dreams flow from thoughts of things we most desire
Or fear, and seldom prove true prophets; would they did!
Then were I now in full possession
Of my best Flavia; as I hope I shall be.
Cricca. Sir, pray take your leave: this is to no end,
'Twill but increase your grief and her's.
Eugenio. Farewel,
Sweet Flavia; rest contented with assurance
Of my best love and service.
Flavia. Farewel, Eugenio.
[*Exeunt Eugenio and Cricca.*

[44] *But by fair courses try to divert his mind.*] *To*, the sign of the infinitive, is often omitted, and the verse requires it should be expunged here. S. P.—Both the quartos read as in the text.

* Mr. Reed allowed this line to stand,
"Whom all intelligence *have* drown'd this three months:"
The restoration of the true reading also restores the grammar of the passage. C.

SCENE IX.

SULPITIA, FLAVIA.

Sulpitia. Flavia, I kiss your hands.

Flavia. Sulpitia, I pray you pardon me, I saw you not.

Sulpitia. I'faith, you have some fixt thoughts draw your eyes inward, when you see not your friends before you.

Flavia. True; and I think the same that trouble you.

Sulpitia. Then 'tis the love of a young gentleman, and bitter hatred of an old dotard.

Flavia. 'Tis so; witness your brother Eugenio, and the rotten carcase of Pandolfo. Had I a hundred hearts, I should want room to entertain his love, and the other's hate.

Sulpitia. I could say as much, were't not sin to slander the dead. Miserable wenches! how have we offended our fathers, that they should make us the price of their dotage, the medicines of their griefs, that have more need of physick ourselves? I must be frost-bitten with the cold of your dad's winter, that mine may thaw his old ice with the spring of your sixteen. I thank my dead mother, that left me a woman's will in her last testament: that's all the weapons we poor girls can use, and with that will I fight 'gainst father, friends, and kindred, and either enjoy Lelio, or die in the field in his quarrel.

Flavia. Sulpitia, you are happy that can withstand your fortune with so merry a resolution.

Sulpitia. Why should I twine mine arms to cables[45], and sigh my soul to air? Sit up all night like a watching candle[46], and distil my brains through my eye-lids.

[45] *Why should I twine mine arms to cables,* &c.] The same thought occurs in Shakspeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, A. 4. S. 3.

" O me! with what strict patience have I sat,
" To see a king transformed *to a knot!*"

[46] *watching candle,*] Mr. Steevens, in his note to *King Richard the third*, A. 5. S. 3. observes there was anciently a particular kind of candle, called *a watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the

Your brother loves me, and I love your brother; and, where these two consent, I would fain see a third could hinder us.

Flavia. Alas! our sex is most wretched, nurs'd up from infancy in continual slavery. No sooner able to prey for ourselves, but they brail and hud us[47] so with sour awe of parents, that we dare not offer to bate[48] at our desires. And whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous passions at their pleasure; we, poor souls, must rake up our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart, not daring to sigh, without excuse of the spleen, or fit of the mother.

Sulpitia. I plainly will profess my love of Lelio; 'tis honest, chaste, and stains not modesty. Shall I be married to Antonio, that hath been a sous'd sea-fish these three months? and, if he be alive, comes home with as many impairs as a hunting gelding or a fall'n pack-horse. No, no; I'll see him freeze to crystal first. In other things, good father, I am your most obedient daughter, but in this, a pure woman. 'Tis your part to offer, mine to refuse, if I like not. Lelio's a handsome gentleman, young, fresh, rich, and well-fashion'd; and him will Sulpitia have, or die a maid: And i'faith, the temper of my blood tells me, I never was born to so cold a misfortune. Fie, Flavia! fie, wench! no more with tears and sighs, cheer up: Eugenio to my knowledge loves you, and you shall have him; I say you shall have him.

Flavia. I doubt not of his love, but know no means how he dares work against so great a rival: your father, in a spleen may disinherit him.

Sulpitia. And give't to whom? H' as none but him

hours. He also says, these candles are represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer.

[47] *but they* brail *and* hud *us*] These words, as here printed, may be the pure language of falconry, like *bate*, which follows, and signifies *to flutter*. Yet I suspect that for *brail* we should read *berail*, and for *hud* us, *hood* us.

[48] *bate.*] *Latham* calls it *bat*, and explains it to be "when a "hawke fluttereth with her wings, either from the pearch, or the "man's fist, striving, as it were, to flie away or get libertie."

and me: what though he doat a while upon your beauty, he will not prove unnatural to his son. Go to your chamber: my genius whispers in my ear, and swears, this night we shall enjoy our loves; and with that hope farewel.

Flavia. Farewel, Sulpitia. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

PANDOLFO, CRICCA.

Pandolfo. While the astrologer hews out Trincalo,
Squaring and framing him t' Antonio,
Cricca, I'll make thee partner of a thought
That something troubles me.

Cricca. Say, sir, what is't?

Pandolfo. I have no heart to give Albumazar
The chain I promis'd him.

Cricca. Deliver it me,
And I'll present it to him in your name.

Pandolfo. 'T has been an heir-loom[49] to our house four hundred years;
And, should I leave it now, I fear good fortune
Would flie from us, and follow it.

Cricca. Then give him
The price in gold.

Pandolfo. It comes to a hundred pounds*;
And how would that, well husbanded, grow in time!
I was a fool to promise, I confess it;
I was too hot and forward in the business.

Cricca. Indeed I wonder'd that your wary thriftiness,
Not wont to drop one penny in a quarter
Idly, would part with such a sum so easily.

[49] *heir-loom.*] "*Heir-looms* are such goods and personal chattels, "as, contrary to the nature of chattels, shall go by special custom "to the heir, along with the inheritance, and not to the executor "of the last proprietor. The termination, *loom*, is of Saxon origi- "nal, in which language it signifies a limb or member of the in- "heritance." *Blackstone's Commentaries*, vol. 2. p. 427.

* In A. I. S. 7. he says that *it cost two hundred pounds.*

Pandolfo. My covetous thrift aims at no other mark
Than in fit time and place to shew my bounty.
Who gives continually may want at length
Wherewith to feed his liberality.
But, for the love of my dear Flavia,
I would not spare my life, much less my treasure.
Yet if with honour I can win her cheaper,
Why should I cast away so great a sum?

Cricca. True: I have a trick now hatching in my brain,
How you may handsomely preserve your credit,
And save the chain.

Pandolfo. I would gladly do it,
But fear he understands us what we say.

Cricca. What can you lose to try't? If it take,
There's so much sav'd, if otherwise, nothing lost.

Pandolfo. What is't, good Cricca?

Cricca. Soon as Albumazar comes, loaded with news
Of th' transmutation of your servant Trincalo,
I'll entertain him here, mean while, steal you
Closely into the room, and quickly hide
Some special piece of plate: then run out amaz'd,
Roaring, that all the street may know y'are robb'd.
Next, threaten to attach him, and accuse him
Before a justice; and in th' end agree,
If he restore the plate, you'll give the chain,
Otherwise not.

Pandolfo. But if we be discover'd!
For, by his instruments and familiars,
He can do much.

Cricca. Lay all the fault on Trincalo.
But here's the main point. If you can dissemble
Cunningly, and frame your countenance to express
Pity and anger, that so learn'd a man
Should use his friend so basely; if you can call
An out-cry well, roar high and terrible.—

Pandolfo. I'll fetch a cry from th' bottom of my heels
But I'll roar loud enough; and thou must second me
With wonder at the sudden accident.

Cricca. But your's is the main part; for, as you play't,
You win or lose the chain.
Pandolfo. No more, no more, he comes.

SCENE II.

ABBUMAZAR, PANDOLFO, CRICCA.

Albumazar. Signior Pandolfo, three quarters of an hour
Renders your servant perfectly transform'd.
Cricca. Is he not wholly chang'd? What parts are wanting?
Albumazar. Antonio's shape hath cloath'd his bulk[50] and visage;
Only his hands and feet so large and callous,
Require more time to supple.
Cricca. Pray you, sir,
How long shall he retain this metamorphosis?
Albumazar. The complete circle of a natural day.
Cricca. A natural day! are any days unnatural?
Albumazar. I mean the revolution of th' first mover,
Just twice twelve hours, in which period, the rapt motion
Rolls all the orbs from east to occident.
Pandolfo. Help, help, thieves, thieves; neighbours I am robb'd: thieves, thieves!
Cricca. What a noise make you, sir.
Pandolfo. Have I not reason,
That thus am robb'd? Thieves, thieves! call constables,
The watch and serjeants, friends and constables;
Neighbours, I am undone.
Cricca. This is well begun,
So he hold out still with a higher strain.
What ails you, sir?
Pandolfo. Cricca, my chamber's spoil'd
Of all my hangings, cloaths, and silver plate,
Cricca. Why this is bravely feign'd; continue, sir.

[50] *bulk,*] *i. e.* body. See Note 4 to *The first part of Jeronimo*, vol. III.

Pandolfo. Lay all the goldsmiths, keepers, marshals, bailiffs.
Cricca. Fie, sir, your passion falls; cry louder, roar
That all the street may hear.
Pandolfo. Thieves, thieves, thieves!
All that I had is gone, and more than all.
Cricca. Ha, ha, ha, hold out; lay out a lion's throat;
A little louder.
Pandolfo. I can cry no longer,
My throat's sore; I am robb'd, I am robb'd, all's gone,
Both my own treasure, and the things I borrow'd.
Make thou an outcry, I have lost my voice:
Cry fire, and then they'll hear thee.
Cricca. Good, good: thieves!
What have you lost?
Pandolfo. Wine, jewels, table-cloths,
A cupboard of rich plate.
Cricca. Fie, you'll spoil all.
Now you outdo it. Say but a bowl or two.
Pandolfo. Villain, I say all's gone; the room's as clean
As a wip'd looking-glass: oh me, oh me!
Cricca. What, in good earnest?
Pandolfo. Fool, in accursed earnest.
Cricca. You gull me, sure.
Pandolfo. The window towards the south stands ope, from whence
Went all my treasure. Where's the astrologer?
Albumazar. Here, sir; and hardly can abstain from laughing,
To see you vex yourself in vain.
Pandolfo. In vain, Albumazar!
I left my plate with you, and 'tis all vanish'd,
And you shall answer it.
Albumazar. O! were it possible,
By power of art to check what art hath done,
Your man should ne'er be chang'd: to wrong me thus
With foul suspicion of flat felony!
Your plate, your cloth of silver, wine, and jewels,

Linen, and all the rest, I gave to Trincalo,
And, for more safety, lock'd them in the lobby.
He'll keep them carefully. But, as you love your mistress,
Disturb him not this half hour, lest you'll have him
Like to a centaur, half clown, half gentleman.
Suffer his foot and hand, that's yet untouch'd,
To be ennobled like his other members.

Pandolfo. Albumazar, I pray you pardon me,
Th' unlook'd-for bareness of the room amaz'd me.

Albumazar. How! think you me so negligent, to commit
So rich a mass of treasure to th' open danger
Of a large casement, and suspicious alley?
No, sir; my sacrifice no sooner done,
But I wrapp'd all up safe, and gave it Trincalo.
I could be angry, but that your sudden fear
Excuses you. Fie; such a noise as this
Half an hour past, had scar'd the intelligences,
And spoil'd the work: but no harm done, go walk
Westward, directly westward, one half hour;
Then turn back, and take your servant turn'd t' An-Antonio,
And, as you like my skill, perform your promise,
I mean the chain.

Pandolfo. Content, let's still go westward:
Westward, good Cricca, still directly westward.

SCENE III.

ALBUMAZAR, RONCA, HARPAX, FURBO.

Albumazar. Harpax, Furbo, and Ronca, come out, all's clear.
Why, here's a noble prize, worth vent'ring for.
Is not this braver than sneak all night in danger,
Picking of locks, or hooking cloaths at windows?
Here's plate, and gold, and cloth, and meat, and wine,
All rich and easily got. Ronca, stay hereabout,
And wait till Trincalo come forth; then call him,
With a low reverence, Antonio;
Give him this gold, with thanks; tell him he lent it

Before he went to Barbary.

Ronca. How! lose ten pieces?

Albumazar. There's a necessity in't: devise some course
To get 't again; if not, our gain's sufficient
To bear that loss. Furbo, find out Bevilona
The courtezan, let her feign herself a gentlewoman
Inamour'd of Antonio; bid her invite him
To banquet with her, and, by all means possible,
Force him stay there two hours.

Harpax. Why two hours?

Albumazar. That in that time thou mayest convey
Our treasure to the inn, and 'speak a boat
Ready for Gravesend, and provide a supper:
Where, with those precious liquors, and good meats,
We'll cheer ourselves; and thus well fed, and merry,
Take boat by night.

Furbo. And what will you do?

Albumazar. First in, and usher out our changeling, Trincalo.
Then finish up a business of great profit,
Begun with a rich merchant, that admires
My skill in alchymy. I must not lose it.

Ronca. Harpax, bestow the plate: Furbo, our beards,
Black patches for our eyes, and other properties,[51]
And at the time and place meet all at supper.

SCENE IV.

ALBUMAZAR, TRINCALO.

Albumazar. Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully mued
From brown soar feathers[52] of dull yeomanry,

[51] *properties.*] Properties are whatever little articles are wanted for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out, is to this day called the *property man* See Mr. Steevens's note to *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, A. 1. S. 2.

[52] *brown* soar *feathers.*] The late ingenious Mr. Robert Dodsley, whose modest merit is well known to those who were acquainted with him, had little skill in our ancient language, and therefore permitted many uncommon terms to be exchanged for others, to

To th' glorious bloom of gentry: prune yourself sleek;[53]
Swear boldly y' are the man you represent,
To all that dare deny it.
Trincalo. I find my thoughts
Most strangely alter'd, but methinks my face
Feels still like Trincalo.
Albumazar. You imagine so.
Senses are oft deceiv'd. As an attentive angler,
Fixing his steady eyes on the swift streams
Of a steep tumbling torrent, no sooner turns
His sight to land, but giddy, thinks the firm banks
And constant trees, move like the running water:
So you, that thirty years have liv'd in Trincalo,

the no small detriment of the scenes which he undertook to publish. We had here a proof of the unpardonable licence, where a word of no meaning, *soak*, was given instead of a technical term belonging to falconry, in the language of which the present metaphor is carried on. A young hawk, like a young deer, was called *a soar* or *soare:* so that the brown *soar* feathers are the remains of its first plumage, or such feathers as resemble it in colour. These birds are always mew'd while they were moulting, to facilitate the growth of fresh plumes, more strong and beautiful than those which dropped off. Without this restoration and explanation, the passage before us is unintelligible. S.

Latham, in his book of falconry says, " a *Sore hawke*, is from the " first taking of her from the eiry, till she have mewed her " feathers." The error introduced into the play by Mr. Dodsley, is continued by Mr. Garrick, who, in his alteration, reads brown *soak* feathers.

Trincalo has already used a phrase that seems to be equivalent in A. 2. S. 4. where he says,

" But if I *mew* these *flags of yeomanry*
" Gild in the *sear*," &c.

See the explanatory notes where *flags* are called " the baser " order of feathers," and *sear* we are told is " the yellow part be- " tween the beak and the eyes of the hawk." After all *sear* may be a misprint for *soar*, and this would make the resemblance in the two passages the stronger. C.

[53] *prune yourself sleek.*] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself*, that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. See notes by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens to *King Henry IV. First Part*, A. 1. S. 1.

The previous metaphors and phrases are from *falconry*, and probably the allusion is meant to be continued here: a *hawk* may be said to " prune itself sleek" just as well as a *cock*. C.

Chang'd suddenly, think y'are so still; but instantly
These thoughts will vanish.

Trincalo. Give me a looking-glass
To read your skill in these new lineaments.

Albumazar. I'd rather give you poison; for a glass,
By secret power of cross reflections,
And optick virtue, spoils the wond'rous work
Of transformation; and, in a moment, turns you,
Spight of my skill, to Trincalo as before.
We read that Apuleius[54] was* by a rose
Chang'd from an ass to man: so, by a mirror,
You'll lose this noble lustre, and turn ass.
I humbly take my leave; but still remember
T' avoid the devil and a looking-glass.
New-born Antonio, I kiss your hands.

Trincalo. Divine Albumazar, I kiss your hands.

SCENE V.

TRINCALO, RONCA.

Trincalo. Now am I grown a gentleman, and a fine one,
I know't by th' kissing of my hands so courtly.
My courteous knees bend in so true a distance,
As if my foot walk'd in a frame on purpose.
Thus I accost you; or thus, sweet sir, your servant:
Nay, more, your servant's servant: that's your grand-servant.
I could descend from the top of Paul's to th' bottom,
And on each step strew parting compliments;
Strive for a door, while a good carpenter
Might make a new one. I am your shadow sir,
And bound to wait upon you; i'faith I will not:
Pray, sir, &c. O brave Albumazar!

Ronca. Just Æsop's crow, trink'd up in borrow'd feathers.

Trincalo. My veins are fill'd with newness: O for a chirurgion

[54] *Apuleius.*] See a translation of *Apuleius's Golden Asse*, by William Adlington, 4to. 1566.

* The quarto of 1615 omits *was*. C.

To ope this arm, and view my gentle blood,
To try if't run two thousand pounds a year.
I feel my understanding is enlarg'd
With the rare knowledge of this latter age:
A sacred fury over-sways me. Prime!
Deal quickly, play, discard, I set ten shillings and sixpence.
You see't? my rest, five and fifty.[55] Boy, more cards!
And, as thou go'st, lay out some roaring oaths
For me; I'll pay thee again with interest.
O brave Albumazar!

Ronca. How his imagination boils, and works in all things
He ever saw or heard!

Trincalo. At gleek? content.
A mourneval of aces, gleek of knaves.
Just nine apiece. Sir, my grey Barbary
'Gainst your dun cow, three train cents and th' course,
For fifty pound. As I am a gentleman,
I'll meet next cocking, and bring a haggard[56] with me
That stoops as free as lightning,[57] strikes like thunder.
I lie? my reputation you shall hear on't.

[55] *I set ten shillings and sixpence.*

You see't? my rest, five and fifty.] This appears to be the same, as if, in modern language, he had said, *I stand* at so many, a term still used at the game of *commerce*, and once perhaps current at many others; for it is not very certain at what particular game the deluded Trincalo supposes himself to be playing. S.

The terms in the text appear to have been used at primero. I believe, therefore, Trincalo imagines himself to be playing at that game. See note 24 to *The Jovial Crew*, vol. X. It appears from the passage extracted from *Nugæ Antiquæ*, that fifty-five was esteemed a number which might safely be relied on. See Note 49 to *Lingua*, vol. V.

[56] *haggard,*] See Note 12 to *The City Night Cap*, vol. XI. Also to *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 3. S. 1. and to *Othello*, A. 3. S. 3.

[57] *That stoops as free as lightning.*] "Stooping," says Latham, "is when a hawke, being upon her wings at the height of her pitch, "bendeth violently down to strike the fowle, or any other prey." So in *The Alchymist*, A. 5. S. 5.

"Here stands my dove: *stoop* at her if you dare."

Again, Milton in *Paradise Lost*, B. XI. L. 185.

"The bird of Jove, *stoop'd* from his aery tour,
"Two birds of gayest plume before him drove."

O brave Albumazar!
Ronca. He'll grow stark mad, I fear me.
Trincalo. Now I know
I am perfectly transform'd, my mind incites me
To challenge some brave fellow for my credit;
And, for more safety, get some friend in private
To take the business up in peace and quiet.
Ronca. Signior Antonio!
Trincalo. There's not a crumb of Trincalo
In all this frame, but the love of Armellina:
Wer't not for thee I'd travel, and home again,
As wise as I went over.
Ronca. Signior Antonio! welcome ten thousand times:
Blest be the heavens and seas for your return.
Trincalo. I thank you, sir: Antonio is your servant,
I am glad to see you well. Fie! I kiss your hands, and thus accost you.
Ronca. This three months all your kindred, friends, and children,
Mourn'd for your death.
Trincalo. And so they well might do,
For five days I was under water; and, at length,
Got up and spread myself upon a chest,
Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet;
And thus, in five days more, got land. Believe it,
I made a most incredible escape,
And safe return from Barbary, at your service.
Ronca. Welcome ten thousand times from Barbary;
No friend more glad to see Antonio
Than I: nor am I thus for hope of gain;
But that I find occasion to be grateful
By your return. Do you remember, sir,
Before you went, as I was once arrested,
And could not put in bail, you, passing by,
Lent me ten pound, and so discharg'd the debt?
Trincalo. Yes, yes, as well as 'twere but yesterday.
Ronca. Oft have I waited at your house with money,
And many thanks; but you were still beyond seas.
Now am I happy of this fair occasion

To testify my honest care to you;
For you may need it.
Trincalo. Sir, I do indeed,
Witness my treasure cast away by shipwreck.
Ronca. Here, sir.
Trincalo. Is the gold good? for mine was good I lent you.
Ronca. It was, and so is this. Signior Antonio, for this courtesy,
Call me your servant. [*Exit.*

Trincalo. Farewel, good servant; ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. I know not so much as his name! ten pound! this change is better than my birth; for, in all the years of my yeomanry, I could never yoke two crowns, and now I have hoarded ten fair twenty-shilling pieces. Now will I go to this astrologer, and hire him to turn my cart to a caroch, my four jades to two pair of Dutch mares, my mistress Armellina to a lady, my plow-boy Dick to two garded footmen:[58] then will I hurry myself to the mercer's books, wear rich clothes, be called Tony by a great man, sell my lands, pay no debts, hate citizens, and beat serjeants: and, when all fails, sneak out of Antonio with a two-penny looking-glass, and turn as true Trincalo as ever.

SCENE VI.

HARPAX, TRINCALO.

Harpax. Signior Antonio, welcome.
Trincalo. My life, here's ten pound more,
I thank you heartily.
Harpax. Never in fitter season could I find you.
If you remember, sir, before you went
To Barbary, I lent you ten pound in gold.
Trincalo. Faith, I remember no such thing, excuse me.

[58] *Two garded footmen,*] i. e. two footmen in *garded* or *laced* liveries. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 2. S. 2.
" ——— give him a livery
" More *garded* than his fellows." S.

What may I call your name?
Harpax. My name is Harpax,
Your friend and neighbour, of your old acquaintance.
Trincalo. What, Harpax! I am your servant, I kiss your hands.
You must excuse me; you never lent me money.
Harpax. Sir, as I live, ten twenty-shilling pieces.
Trincalo. Dangers at sea, I find, have hurt my memory.
Harpax. Why, here's your own hand-writing, seal'd, and sign'd
In presence of your cousin Julio.
Trincalo. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but I sustain'd great losses
By reason of the shipwreck. Here's five pieces,
Will that content you? and to-morrow morning
Come to my house and take the rest.
Harpax. Well, sir,
Tho' my necessity would importune you
For all, yet, on your worship's word, the rest
I'll call for in the morning. Farewel, Antonio. [*Exit.*
Trincalo. I see we gentlemen can sometimes borrow
As well as lend; and are as loth to pay
As meaner men. I'll home, lest other creditors
Call for the rest.

SCENE VII.

RONCA, TRINCALO.

Ronca. Signior Antonio! I saw you as you landed,
And in great haste follow'd, to congratulate
Your safe return with these most wish'd embraces.
Trincalo. And I accept your joy with like affection.
How do you call yourself?
Ronca. Have you forgot
Your dear friend Ronca, whom you lov'd so well?
Trincalo. O, I remember now, my dear friend Ronca.
Ronca. Thanks to the fortune of the seas that sav'd you.

Trincalo. I fear I owe him money: how shall I shift him?
How do's your body, Ronca?
Ronca. My dear Antonio,
Never so well as now I had the power
Thus to embrace my friend, whom all th' Exchange
Gave drown'd for three whole months. My dear Antonio!
Trincalo. I thank you, sir.
Ronca. I thank you.
Trincalo. While my dear Ronca
Clipt me,[59] my purse shook dangerously; yet both his arms
And hands embrac'd my neck: here's none behind me.
How can this be?
Ronca. Most dear Antonio,
Was not your passage dangerous from Barbary?
We had great winds and tempests; and I fear me,
You felt the force at sea.
Trincalo. Yes, dearest Ronca.
How's this? I see his hands, and yet my purse is gone.
Ronca, Signior Antonio, I see your mind's much troubl'd
About affairs of worth; I take my leave,
And kiss your hands of liberality.
Trincalo. And kiss my hands of liberality!
I gave him nothing: Oh, my purse, my purse!
Dear Master Ronca.
Ronca. What's your pleasure, sir?
Trincalo. Shew me your hand.
Ronca. Here 'tis.
Trincalo. But where's th' other?
Ronca. Why here.
Trincalo. But I mean where's your other hand?
Ronca. Think you me the giant with a hundred hands?
Trincalo. Give me your right.

[59] *clipt me,*] *i. e.* embraced me.

Ronca. My right?
Trincalo. Your left.
Ronca. My left?
Trincalo. Now both.
Ronca. There's both, my dear Antonio.
Keep yourself dark, eat broth: your fearful passage,
And want of natural rest, hath made you frantick.
[*Exit.*
Trincalo. Villain, rogue, cut-purse, thief! dear Ronca, stay.
He's gone——
I'th' devil's name, how could this fellow do it?
I felt his hands fast lock'd about my neck;
And still he spoke. It could not be his mouth:
For that was full of dear Antonio:
My life, he stole't with his feet. Such a trick more
Will work worse with me than a looking-glass:
To lose five pounds in court'sy, and the rest
In salutation!

Re-enter RONCA.

Ronca. Signior Antonio,
What ails you?
Trincalo. Ronca, a rogue, a cut-purse,
Hath robb'd me of five twenty-shilling pieces.
Ronca. What kind of man was he, something like me?
Trincalo. H'ad such a thievish countenance as your own,
But that he wore a black patch o'er his eye.
Ronca. Met you with Ronca? 'tis the cunning'st nimmer
Of the whole company of cut-purse-hall:
I am sorry I was not here to warn you of him. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

FURBO, BEVILONA, TRINCALO.

Bevilona. Furbo, no more, unless thy words were charms
Of power to revive him. Antonio's dead;
He's dead, and in his death hath buried

All my delights: my ears are deaf to musick
That sounds of pleasure. Sing then the dolefull'st notes
That e'er were set by melancholy: O, Antonio!

Furbo sings this song.

Flow streams of liquid salt from my sad eyes,
To celebrate his mournful exequies.
Antonio's dead, he's dead, and I remain
To draw my poor life in continual pain,
Till it have paid to his sad memory
Duty of love: O then most willingly,
Drown'd with my tears, as he with waves, I die.

Bevilona. Break thy sad strings, and instrument: O strange, he's here.
Signior Antonio! my heart's sweet content!
My life, and better portion of my soul!
Are you return'd, and safe? for whose sad death
I spent such streams of tears, and gusts of sighs?
Or is't my love, that to my longing fancy
Frames your desired shape, and mocks my senses?

Trincalo. Whom do you talk withal fair gentlewoman?

Bevilona. With my best friend, commander of my life,
My most belov'd Antonio.

Trincalo. With me!
What's your desire with me, sweet lady?

Bevilona. Sir, to command me, as you have done ever,
To what you please; for all my liberty
Lies in your service.

Trincalo. Now I smell the business.
This is some gentlewoman enamour'd
With him whose shape I bear. Fie! what an ass
Was I to strange myself, and lose the occasion
Of a good banquet, and her company.
I'll mend it as I can.—Madam, I did but jest,
To try if absence caus'd you to forget
A friend that lov'd you ever.

Bevilona. Forget Antonio,

Whose dear remembrance doth inform the soul
Of your poor servant Belivona! no,
No; had you died, it had not quench'd one spark
Of th' sweet affection which your love hath kindl'd
In this warm breast.

Trincalo. Madam, the waves had drown'd me,
But that your love held up my chin.

Bevilona. Will't please you
Enter, and rest yourself, refresh the weariness
Of your hard travel; I have good wine and fruits:
My husband's out of town; you shall command
My house, and all that's in't.

Trincalo. Why, are you married?

Bevilona. Have you forgot my husband, an angry roarer?

Trincalo. O, I remember him: but if he come?

Bevilona. Whence grows this fear? how come you so respectful?
You were not wont be numb'd with such a coldness.
Go in, sweet life, go in.

Trincalo. O, I remember while I liv'd in Barbary,
A pretty song the Moors sing to a gridiron:
Sweet Madam, by your favour, I'll sing to this.

Alcoch dolash, &c. Thus 'tis in English.

My heart in flames doth fry.
Of thy beauty,
While I
Die.
Fie!
And why
Should'st thou deny
Me thy sweet company?
My brains to tears do flow,
While all below
Doth glow.
O!
Foe,
If so,
How canst thou go
About to say me no!

This the Moors call two wings* upon a gridiron;
But it goes sweeter far o' th' iron instrument.

Ronca. There's one within my kitchen, ready strung: go in.

Trincalo. Sweet lady, pardon me, I'll follow you.
Happy Antonio in so rare a mistress!
But happier I, that in his place enjoy her;
I say still, there's no pleasure like transforming.

SCENE IX.

RONCA, BEVILONA, TRINCALO.

Ronca. Now is the ass expecting of a banquet,
Ready to court, embrace, and kiss his mistress.
But I'll soon stave him. What ho!

[*Knocks at the door.*

Bevilona. Who's that so boldly knocks? I am not within;
Or busy; why so importunate? who is't?

Ronca. 'Tis I.

Bevilona. Your name?

Ronca. Thomas ap William, ap Morgan, ap Davy, ap Roger, &c.

Trincalo. Spinola's camp's[60] broke loose: a troop of soldiers!

Bevilona. O me! my husband! O me, wretch! 'tis my husband.

Trincalo. One man, and wear so many names!

Bevilona. O, sir,
H' as more outrageous devils in his rage
Than names. As you respect your life, avoid him,
Down at that widow.

Trincalo. 'Tis as high as Paul's.
Open the garden door.

Bevilona. He has the keys.
Down at some window, as you love your life,
Tender my honour, and your safety.

Ronca. Bevilona!

* The two stanzas decrease and then increase after the manner of wings. See the Greek Poet Simmias Rhodius. S. P.

[60] *Spinola's camp.*] See Note 58 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Down, or I'll break the doors, and with the splinters
Beat all thy bones to pieces: down, you whore!
Bevilona. Be patient but a little; I come instantly.
Trincalo. Ha' you no trunk nor chest to hide me?
Bevilona. None, sir.
Alas, I am clean undone! it is my husband.
Ronca. Doubtless this whore hath some of her companions
That wrong me thus. But if I catch the villain,
I'll bathe my hungry sword, and sharp revenge.
In his heart-blood. Come down!
Bevilona. I cannot: stay;
There stands an empty hogshead with a false bottom
To ope and shut at pleasure; come hither, in,
In, as you love your life.
Trincalo. But hear you, madam,
Is there no looking-glass within't? for I hate glasses
As naturally as some do cats, or cheese.
Bevilona. In, in, there's none.
Ronca. Who now? is the ass pass'd?
Bevilona. I tunn'd him up, ha, ha, ha! I fear he'll fall a working.
Ronca. Second me handsomely, we'll entertain him
An hour or two, and laugh, and get his cloaths
To make our sport up. Wife, where's the empty hogshead,
That wont to stand under the stairs?
Bevilona. There still.
Ronca. Out with it quickly: I must have it fill'd.
Bevilona. Not to-day, good sir; to-morrow will serve as well.
Ronca. Out with it quickly: I must have it fill'd.
Bevilona. Not to-day, good sir; to-morrow will serve as well.
Ronca. I must ha't now.
Bevilona. 'Tis more than I can carry.
Ronca. I'll help thee: so, so. Foh! this vessel's musty.
Fetch out some water.
Bevilona. Fetch't out yourself.

Trincalo. Pox of all transmutation, I am smother'd.
Lady, as you love me, give the hogshead vent,
The beer that's in't will work and break the vessel.
Bevilona. Signior Antonio, as you love your life,
Lie still and close, for if you stir you die.
Ronca. So, so; now shake it; so, so.
Trincalo. Oh! I am drown'd! I drown!
Ronca. Whence comes this hollow sound?
Trincalo. I drown! I smother!
Ronca. My life, 'tis Trincalo; for I have heard that coxcomb,
That ass, that clown, seeks to corrupt my wife,
Sending his fruit and dainties from the country.
O, that 'twere he! how would I use the villain!
First crop his ears, then slit his nose, and geld him.
And with a red-hot iron sear his raw wounds;
Then barrel him again, and send the eunuch
To the great Turk to keep his concubines.
Who's within here? [*Knocks on the tub.*
Bevilona. One that you dare not touch.
Ronca. One that I dare not? [*Trincalo comes out.*
Out villain, out——Signior Antonio!
Had it been any but yourself, he had died,
But, as you sav'd my life before you went,
So now command mine in your services.
I would have sworn y' had drown'd in Barbary.
Trincalo. 'Twas a hard pass*; but not so dangerous
As was this vessel. Pray you conceive no ill;
I meant no harm, but call'd of your wife to know
How my son Lelio did, and daughter Flavia.
Ronca. Sir, I believe you.
Trincalo. But I must tell you one thing:
You must not be so jealous; on my honour
She's very honest.
Ronca. For you, I make no question;

* Hitherto the reading has been,
" 'Twas a hard *passage*; but not so dangerous
" As was this vessel."
The true word and the measure have been restored from the old copy. C.

But there's a rogue call'd Trincalo, whom if I catch,
I'll teach him.

Trincalo. Who? you mean Pandolfo's farmer.
Alas, poor fool, he's a stark ass, but harmless.
And tho' she talk with him, 'tis but to laugh,
As all the world do's at him. Come, be friends
At my entreaty.

Ronca. Sir, for your sake.

Bevilona. I thank you.

Trincalo. Let's have a fire; and, while I dry myself,
Provide good wine and meat. I'll dine with you.
I must not home thus wet. I am something bold with you.

Ronca. My house and self are at your service.

Trincalo. Lead in.
Alas, poor Trincalo, had'st thou been taken,
Thou had'st been tunn'd for Turkey.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, fair fall Antonio's shape.
What a notorious wittall's this! ha, ha, ha.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Antonio. Thus, by great favour of propitious stars,
From fearful storms, shipwreck, and raging billows,
Merciless jaws of death, am I return'd
To th' safe and quiet bosom of my country,
And wish'd embracements of my friends and kindred.
The memory of these misfortunes pass'd,
Seasons the welcome, and augments the pleasure
I shall receive of my son Lelio,
And daughter Flavia. So doth alloy
Make gold, that else were useless, serviceable;
So the rugged forehead of a threat'ning mountain,
Threatens* the smoothness of a smiling valley.

SCENE II.

CRICCA, ANTONIO.

Cricca. What do I see? Is not this Trincalo,

* So both the editions. Probably we should read *sweetens*. S.P.

Transform'd t' Antonio? 'tis: and so perfectly,
That, did the right Antonio now confront him,
I'd swear they both were true, or both were false.
Antonio. This man admires the unexpectedness
Of my return.
Cricca. O, wond'rous power of stars,
And skill of art t' apply't! You that are marry'd
May justly fear, lest this astrologer
Cloath your wives' servants in your shape, and use you
As Jupiter did Amphitryo. You that are rich,
In your own form may lose your gold.
Antonio. 'Tis Cricca.
Cricca. He seems so just the man he represents,
That I dare hardly use him as I purpos'd.
Antonio. Cricca, well met; how fares my friend Pandolfo?
Cricca. Your friend Pandolfo! how are your means improv'd,
To stile familiarly your master, friend?
Antonio. What say'st thou?
Cricca. That I rejoice your worship's safe return'd
From your late drowning. Th' Exchange hath giv'n you lost,
And all your friends worn mourning three months past.
Antonio. The danger of the shipwreck I escap'd,
So desperate was, that I may truly say
I am new-born, not sav'd.
Cricca. Ha, ha, ha! thro' what a grace,
And goodly countenance, the rascal speaks!
What a grave portance! could Antonio
Himself outdo him? O, you notorious villain!
Who would have thought thou could'st have thus dissembled?
Antonio. How now! a servant thus familiar? Sirrah,
Use your companions so: more reverence
Becomes you better.
Cricca. As tho' I understood not
The end of all this plot, and goodly business.
Come, I know all. See! this untill'd clod of earth
Conceits his mind transform'd as well as body.

He wrings and bites his lips for fear of laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Antonio. Why laugh you, sirrah?

Cricca. Sirrah, to see thee chang'd
So strangely, that I cannot spy an inch
Of thy old clownish carcase: ha, ha!

Antonio. Laughter proceeds
From absurd actions that are harmless.

Cricca. Ha, ha, ha!
Sententious blockhead!

Antonio. And y'are ill advis'd
To jest instead of pity. Alas! my miseries,
Dangers of death, slav'ry of cruel Moors,
And tedious journeys, might have easily alter'd
A stronger body, much more this decay'd vessel,
Out-worn with age, and broken by misfortunes.

Cricca. Leave your set speeches. Go to Antonio's house,
Effect your business; for, upon my credit,
Th' art so well turn'd, they dare not but accept thee.

Antonio. Where should I hope for welcome, if not there,
From my own house, children, and family?

Cricca. Is't possible this coxcomb should conceive
His mind transform'd? How gravely he continues
The countenance he began! ha, ha. Why, blockhead,
Think'st to deceive me too? Why, Trincalo!

Antonio. I understand you not. Hands off.

Cricca. Art not thou Trincalo,
Pandolfo's man?

Antonio. I not so much as know him.

Cricca. Dar'st thou deny't to me?

Antonio. I dare, and must
To all the world, long as Antonio lives.

Cricca. You arrant ass! have I not known thee serve
My master in his farm this thirteen years?

Antonio. By all the oaths that bind men's consciences
To truth, I am Antonio, and no other.

SCENE III.

PANDOLFO, CRICCA, ANTONIO.

Pandolfo. What means this noise? O, Cricca! what's the matter?

Cricca. Sir, here's your farmer, Trincalo, transform'd
So just, as he were melted, and new cast
In the true mould of old Antonio.

Pandolfo. Th' right eye's no liker to the left, than he
To my good neighbour. Divine Albumazar!
How I admire thy skill! Just so he look'd,
And thus he walk'd: this is his face, his hair,
His eyes, and countenance. If his voice be like,
Then is th' astrologer a wonder-worker.

Antonio. Signor Pandolfo, I thank the heavens as much
To find you well, as for my own return.
How does your daughter, and my love, Sulpitia?

Pandolfo. Well, well, sir.

Cricca. This is a good beginning:
How naturally the rogue dissembles it!
With what a gentle garb, and civil grace,
He speaks and looks! How cunningly Albumazar
Hath for our purpose suited him in Barbary clothes!
I'll try him further: Sir,
We heard you were drown'd; pray you, how 'scap'd you shipwreck?

Antonio. No sooner was I ship'd for Barbary,
But fair wind follow'd, and fair weather led us.
When, enter'd in the streights of Gibraltar,
The heavens, and seas, and earth conspir'd against us;
The tempest tore our helm, and rent our tackles,
Broke the main-mast, while all the sea about us
Stood up in watry mountains to overwhelm us,
And struck's against a rock, splitting the vessel
T' a thousand splinters. I, with two mariners,
Swam to the coast, where, by the barbarous Moors,
We were surpriz'd, fetter'd, and sold for slaves.

Cricca. This tale th' astrologer penn'd, and he hath conn'd it.

Antonio. But by a gentleman of Italy,
Whom I had known before—
Pandolfo. No more; this taste
Proves thou canst play the rest. For this fair story,
My hand; I make thy ten pounds twenty marks,
Thou look'st and speak'st so like Antonio.
Antonio. Whom should I look and speak like, but myself?
Cricca. Good still!
Pandolfo. But now, my honest Trincalo,
Tell me where's all the plate, the gold, and jewels,
That the astrologer, when he had transform'd thee,
Committed to thy charge? are they safe lock'd?
Antonio. I understand you not.
Pandolfo. The jewels, man;
The plate and gold th' astrologer that chang'd thee
Bade thee lay up.
Antonio. What plate? What gold?
What jewels? What transformation? What astrologer?
Cricca. Leave off Antonio now, and speak like Trincalo.
Antonio. Leave off your jesting. It neither fits your place
Nor age, Pandolfo, to scoff your antient friend.
I know not what you mean by gold and jewels,
Nor by th' astrologer, nor Trincalo,
Cricca. Better and better still. Believe me, sir,
He thinks himself Antonio, and ever shall be,
And so possess your plate.—Art thou not Trincalo,
My master's farmer?
Antonio. I am Antonio,
Your master's friend, if he teach you more manners.
Pandolfo. Humour of wiving's gone. Farewel, good Flavia.
Three thousand pound must not be lost so slightly.
Come, sir; we'll drag you to th' astrologer,
And turn you to your ragged bark of yeomanry.
Antonio. To me these terms?
Pandolfo. Come, I'll not lose my plate.

Cricca. Stay, sir, and take my counsel. Let him still
Firmly conceit himself the man he seems:
Thus he, himself deceiv'd, will far more earnestly
Effect your business, and deceive the rest.
There's a main difference 'twixt a self-bred action,
And a forc'd carriage. Suffer him, then, to enter
Antonio's house, and wait th' event: for him,
He cannot 'scape: what you intend to do,
Do't when he 'as serv'd your turn. I see the maid;
Let's hence, lest they suspect our consultations.
Pandolfo. Thy counsel's good: 'away.
Cricca. Look, Trincalo,
Yonder's your beauteous mistress, Armellina,
And daughter Flavia. Courage, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt Pandolfo and Cricca.*
Antonio. Blest be the heav'ns that rid me of this trouble;
For, with their farmer and astrologer.
Plate, and gold, they've almost madded me.

SCENE IV.

FLAVIA, ARMELLINA, ANTONIO.

Flavia. Armellina.
Armellina. Mistress.
Flavia. Is the door fast?
Armellina. Yes, as an usurer's purse.
Flavia. Come hither, wench.
Look here; there's Trincalo, Pandolfo's farmer,
Wrapt in my father's shape: pr'ythee come quickly,
And help me to abuse him.
Armellina. Notorious clown!
Antonio. These are my gates, and that's the cabinet
That keeps my jewels, Lelio and his sister.
Flavia. Never was villainy so personate
In seemly properties of gravity. [*Antonio knocks.*
Flavia. Who's he that knocks so boldly?
Armellina. What want you, sir?
Antonio. O, my fair daughter Flavia! let all the stars

Pour down full blessings on thee. Ope the doors.
Flavia. Mark! his fair daughter Flavia, ha, ha, ha!
Most shameless villain, how he counterfeits!
Antonio. Know'st not thy father, old Antonio?
Is all the world grown frantic?
Flavia. What Antonio?
Antonio. Thy loving father, Flavia.
Flavia. My father!
Would thou wert in his place. Antonio's dead,
Dead, under water, drown'd.
Antonio. That dead and drown'd
Am I.
Flavia. I love not to converse with dead men.
Antonio. Open the door, sweet Flavia.
Flavia. Sir, I am afraid;
Horror incloses me, my hairs stand up,
I sweat to hear a dead man speak: you smell
Of putrefaction; fie! I feel't hither.
Antonio. Th' art much abus'd; I live. Come down, and know me.
Armellina. Mistress, let me have some sport too. Who's there?
Antonio. Let me come in.
Armellina. Soft, soft, sir; y' are too hasty.
Antonio. Quickly, or else—
Armellina. Good words, good words, I pray, Sir,
In strangers' houses: were the doors your own,
You might be bolder.
Antonio. I'll beat the doors and windows
About your ears.
Armellina. Are you so hot? We'll cool you.
Since your late drowning, your grey and reverend head
Is smear'd with ouze, and stuck with cockle-shells:
This is to wash it.
Antonio. Impudent whore!
Armellina. Out, carter:
Hence, dirty whipstock[61]; hence, you foul clown. Be gone,

[61] *whipstock.*] See note 176 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

Or all the water I can make or borrow,
Shall once more drown you.

SCENE V.

LELIO, ANTONIO, ARMELLINA.

Lelio. Armellina, whom do you draw your tongue upon so sharply?

Armellina. Sir, 'tis your father's ghost, that strives by force
To break the doors, and enter.

Lelio. This! his grave looks!
In every lineament himself no liker.
Had I not happily been advertised,
What could have forc'd me think 'twere Trincalo?
Doubtless th' astrologer hath rais'd a ghost,
That walks in th' reverend shape of my dead father.

Antonio. These ghosts, these Trincalos, and astrologers,
Strike me beside myself. Who will receive me,
When mine own son refuseth? Oh, Antonio!

Lelio. Infinite power of art! who would believe
The planets' influence could transform a man
To several shapes? I could now beat him soundly,
But that he wears the awful countenance
Of my dead father, whose memory I reverence.

Antonio. If I be chang'd beyond thy knowledge, son,
Consider that th' excess of heat in Barbary,
The fear of shipwreck, and long tedious journeys,
Have tann'd my skin, and shrunk my eyes and cheeks;
Yet still this face, tho' alter'd, may be known:
This scar bears witness; 'twas the wound thou cur'dst
With thine own hands.

Lelio. He that chang'd Trincalo
T' Antonio's figure, omitted not the scar,
As a main character.

Antonio. I have no other marks,
Or reasons to persuade thee: methinks these words,[61]
I am thy father, were argument sufficient
To bend thy knees, and creep to my embracement.

[61] *these words,*] The quartos read *this word.*

Lelio. A sudden coldness strikes me: my tender heart*
Beats with compassion of I know not what. *
Sirrah, be gone; truss up your goodly speeches,
Sad shipwrecks, and strange transformations;
Your plot's discover'd, 'twill not take: thy impudence,
For once, I pardon. The pious reverence
I owe to th' grave resemblance of my father,
Holds back my angry hands. Hence! if I catch you
Haunting my doors again, I'll bastinado you
Out of Antonio's skin. Away.

Antonio. I go, sir;
And yield to such cross fortune as thus drives me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

TRINCALO, *and* BEVILONA *dressing him.*

Trincalo. When this transformed substance[63] of my carcase
Did live imprison'd in a wanton hogshead,
My name was Don Antonio, and that title
Preserv'd my life, and chang'd my suit of clothes.
How kindly the good gentlewoman us'd me! with what respect, and careful tenderness!

Your worship, sir, had ever a sickly constitution, and I fear much more now, since your long travel. As you love me, off with these wet things, and put on the suit you left with me before you went to Barbary. Good sir, neglect not your health; for, upon my experience, there is nothing worse for the rheum than to be drench'd in a musty hogshead.

Pretty soul! such another speech would have drawn off my legs and arms, as easily as hose and doublet. Had I been Trincalo, I'd have sworn th' had cheated: but, fie! 'tis base and clownish to suspect, and a gentleman's freeness to part with a cast suit. Now to the

* The whole of what follows, to the word "away," is given in the quarto of 1615, as part of the speech of Antonio. C.

[63] *When this transformed substance,* &c.] A parody on the speech of the Ghost of Andrea, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

business: I'll into my own house, and first bestow Armellina upon Trincalo; then try what can be done for Pandolfo: for 'tis a rule I wont t' observe, first do your own affairs, and next your master's. This word master makes me doubt I am not chang'd as I should be. But all's one, I'll venture, and do something worthy Antonio's name while I have it*.

SCENE VII.

ANTONIO, TRINCALO.

Antonio. Wretched Antonio! hast been preserv'd so strangely
From foreign miseries, to be wrong'd at home?
Barr'd from thy house by the scorn of thine own children? [*Trincalo knocks.*
But stay, there's one knocks boldly; 't may be some friend. [*Trincalo knocks again.*
Dwell you here, gentleman?

Trincalo. He calls me gentleman:
See th' virtue of good cloaths! All men salute,
Honour, respect, and reverence us.

Antonio. Young gentleman,
Let me, without offence, intreat your name,
And why you knock?

Trincalo. How, sirrah, sauce-box, my name!
Or thou some stranger art, or grossly ignorant,
That know'st not me. Ha! what art thou that ask'st it?

Antonio. Be not in choler, sir.

Trincalo. Befits it me,
A gentleman of publick reputation,
To stoop so low as satisfy the questions
Of base and earthly pieces like thyself?
What art thou? ha?

* According to the quartos, Bevilona says nothing in this scene, her name being given only at the head of it: but probably she takes up the dialogue at "*Your Worship;*" and Trincalo continues it at "*Pretty soul.*" At the same time the alteration has not been made, in order that the point may be left to the reader's judgment. C.

Antonio. Th' unfortunate possessor of this house.
Trincalo. Thou liest, base sycophant, my worship owes [63] it.
Antonio. May be my son hath sold it in my absence,
Thinking me dead.—How long has't call'd you master?
Trincalo. 'Long as Antonio possest it.
Antonio. Which Antonio?
Trincalo. Antonio Anastasio.
Antonio. That Anastasio,
That was drown'd in Barbary?
Trincalo. That Anastasio,
That self same man am I: I 'scap'd by swimming,
And now return to keep my former promise,
Of Flavia to Pandolfo; and, in exchange,
To take Sulpitia to my wife.
Antonio. All this
I intended 'fore I went: but, sir, if I
Can be no other than myself, and you
Are that Antonio, you and I are one.
Trincalo. How? one with thee? speak such another syllable,
And, by the terror of this deadly steel,
That ne'er saw light, but sent to endless darkness
All that durst stand before't, thou diest.
Antonio. Alas!
My weakness grown by age, and pains of travel,
Disarms my courage to defend myself;
I have no strength, but patience.
Trincalo. What art now?
Antonio. Peter and Thomas, William, what you please.
Trincalo. What boldness madded thee to steal my name?
Antonio. Sir, heat of wine.
Trincalo. And, sirrah, when y' are drunk,
Is there no person to put on but mine,
To cover your intended villainies?
Antonio. But, good sir, if I be not I, who am I?

[63] *owes,*] *i. e.* owns. See note 27 to *Cornelia*, Vol. II.

Trincalo. An ox, an ass, a dog.
Antonio. Strange negligence,
To lose myself! methinks I live and move.
Remember: could the fearful apprehension
Of th' ugly fear of drowning, so transform me?
Or did I die, and by Pythagoras' rule,
My soul's provided of another lodging?
Trincalo. Be what thou wilt, except Antonio:
'Tis death to touch that name.
Antonio. Dangers at sea
Are pleasures, weigh'd with these home-injuries.
Was ever man thus scar'd beside himself?
O, most unfortunate Antonio!
At sea thou sufferd'st shipwreck of thy goods,
At land of thine own self. Antonio,
Or what name else they please; fly, fly to Barbary,
And rather there endure the foreign cruelty
Of fetters, whips, and Moors, than here at home
Be wrong'd and baffled by thy friends and children.
Trincalo. How! prating still? why, Timothy, be gone,
Or draw, and lay Antonio down betwixt us?
Let fortune of the fight decide the question.
Here's a brave rogue, that in the king's highway
Offers to rob me of my good name. Draw!
Antonio. These wrongs recal my strength, I am resolv'd:
Better die once, than suffer always. Draw!
Trincalo. Stay: understand'st thou well nice points of duel?
Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?[64]
Was none of all thy lineage hang'd or cuckold?
Bastard, or bastinado'd? Is thy pedigree

[64] *Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?*] It appears from *Segar on Honor, Military and Civil*, fo. 1602. p. 122, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or, if challenged, might refuse the combat. Alluding to this circumstance, Cleopatra says,

"These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
"A meaner than myself." A. 2. S. 5.

As long, as wide as mine? for otherwise
Thou wer't most unworthy; and 'twere loss of honour
In me to fight. More, I have drawn five teeth:[65]
If thine stand sound, the terms are much unequal.
And, by strict laws of duel, I am excus'd
To fight on disadvantage.

Antonio. This is some ass!

Trincalo. If we concur in all, write a formal challenge,
And bring thy second: mean while I make provision
Of Calais sand,[66] to fight upon securely. Ha!

SCENE VIII.

LELIO, CRICCA, TRINCALO, ANTONIO.

Lelio. Am I awake? or do deceitful dreams
Present to my wild fancy things I see not?

Cricca. Sir, what amazement's this? Why wonder you?

Lelio. See'st thou not Trincalo and Antonio?

Cricca. O strange! they're both here.

[65] *More, I have drawn five teeth,* &c.] This seems intended to ridicule some of the punctilios of duelling, and probably the author had in his mind the following passage in *Ferne's Blazon of Gentrie*, 1586, p. 319. "But if it so happen that the defendour is lame of a legge, "or of an arme, or that hee bee blinde of an eye, he may take such "armes and weapons, as be most fitte for his owne bodye; and he "shall offer such to the approover as shall impeache the like mem-"ber, or part of the approover's bodye from his dutye and office, in "the combate, so that he shall be deprived of the use of that "member in the combate, even as wel as the defendor is through "his infirmity of lamenes, or other defect of nature."

[66] *Of Calais sand.*] Duellists being punished by law in England, it has been usual for them to go over to *Calais*, as one of the nearest ports of France, to decide their quarrel out of the reach of justice. Trincalo is pleasant on this subject. S.

This custom is mentioned in an epigram in Samuel Rowland's *Good Newes and Bad Newes*, 1622, Sign. F 2.

"Gilbert, this glove I send thee from my hand,
And challenge thee to meet on *Callis sand:*
On this day moneth resolve I will be there,
Where thou shalt finde my flesh I will not feare.
My cutler is at work," &c.

Lelio. Didst not thou inform me
That Trincalo was turn'd to Antonio?
Which I believing, like a cursed son,
With most reproachful threats, drove mine old father
From his own doors; and yet rest doubtful, whether
This be the true Antonio: may be th' astrologer
Hath chang'd some other, and not Trincalo.
Cricca. No, fear it not, 'tis plain: Albumazar
Hath cheated my old master of his plate.
For here's the farmer, as like himself as ever;
Only his clothes excepted. Trincalo.
Trincalo. Cricca, where's Trincalo? dost see him here?
Cricca. Yes, and as rank an ass as e'er he was.
Trincalo. Thou'rt much deceiv'd, thou neither see'st, nor know'st me:
I am transform'd, transform'd.
Cricca. Th' art still thyself.
Lelio, this farmer's half a fool, half knave;
And as Pandolfo did with much intreaty
Persuade him to transform, so as much labour
Will hardly bring the coxcomb to himself,
That ne'er was out on't. Who art, if not he?
Trincalo. My name is Don Antonio: I am now going
To my own house, to give Pandolfo Flavia,
And Armellina to his farmer Trincalo.
How dar'st thou, Cricca, but a meaner servant,
Resemble me, a man of worth and worship,
To such a clown as Trincalo, a branded fool,
An ass, a laughing-stock to town and country?
Art not asham'd to name him with Antonio?
Lelio. Do not thy actions, with thy rude behaviour,
Proclaim thee what thou art?
Cricca. Notorious clown!
Trincalo. Villain, th' hast broke my shoulders.
Lelio. O, did'st feel him.
Trincalo. Aye, with a pox.
Lelio. Then th' art still Trincalo,
For, hadst thou been Antonio, he had smarted.
Trincalo. I feel it, as I am Antonio.

Cricca. Fool! who loves Armellina?
Trincalo. 'Tis I, 'tis I.
Cricca. Antonio never lov'd his kitchen-maid.
Trincalo. Well, I was taken for Antonio,
And in his name receiv'd ten pound in gold,
Was by his mistress entertain'd; but thou
Envy'st my happiness: if th' hast th' ambition
To rise as I have done, go to Albumazar,
And let him change thee to a knight, or lord.
Cricca. Note the strange power of strong imagination.
Trincalo. A world of engines cannot wrest my thoughts
From being a gentleman: I am one, and will be:
And, though I be not, yet will think myself so,
And scorn thee, Cricca, as a slave and servant. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

CRICCA, LELIO, ANTONIO.

Cricca. 'Tis but lost labour to dissuade his dulness.
Believe me, that's your father.
Lelio. When I drove him hence,
Spight of my blood, his reverend countenance
Strook me t' a deep compassion. To clear all,
I'll ask one question. Signior Antonio,
What money took you when you went your voyage?
Antonio. As I remember, fourscore and fifteen pound
In Barbary gold. Had Lucio kept his word,
I had carried just a hundred.
Lelio. Pardon me, father;
'Twas my blind ignorance, not want of duty,
That wrong'd you: all was intended for a farmer,
Whom an astrologer, they said, transform'd.
Antonio. How, an astrologer?
Lelio. When you parted hence,
It seems you promis'd Flavia to Pandolfo.
News of your death arriving, th' old gentleman
Importunes me to second what you purpos'd.
Consulting therefore with my friends and kindred,
Loth my young sister should be buried quick

I' th' grave of threescore years; by their advice
I fully did deny him. He chafes and storms,
And finds at length a cunning man, that promis'd
To turn his farmer to your shape; and thus
Possess your house, and give him Flavia:
Whereof I warn'd, wrong'd you instead of Trincalo.
Antonio. Then hence it came they call'd me Trincalo,
And talk'd of an astrologer; which names
Almost enrag'd me past myself and senses.
'Tis true I promis'd, but have oft repented it;
And much more since he goes about to cheat me.
He must not have her, sir.
Lelio. I am glad y' are so resolv'd.
And, since with us you find that match unequal,
Let's all intreat you to bestow your daughter
Upon his son Eugenio.
Antonio. Son, at your pleasure
Dispose of Flavia, with my full consent.
Lelio. And, as you judge him worthy your daughter Flavia,
Think me no less of his Sulpitia.
Antonio. I do: and ever had desire to match
Into that family; and, now I find myself
Old, weak, unfit for marriage, you shall enjoy her,
If I can work Pandolfo by intreaty.
Cricca. To deal with him with reason and intreaties,
Is to persuade a mad-man: for his love
Makes him no less. All speeches opposite
T' his fixt desire, and love-corrupted judgment,
Seem extreme fooleries. Will he consent
To give his daughter to your son, and you
Deny him Flavia? Shall Eugenio
Expect or land or love from old Pandolfo,
Being his open rival? 'Tis impossible.
He sought to cozen you; therefore resolve
To pay him in's own money. Be but advis'd
By my poor counsel, and one stroke shall cut
The root of his designs, and with his arrows
Strike his own plot so dead, that ev'n Albumazar,
With all his stars and instruments shall never

Give it fresh motion.
Antonio. Cricca, to thy direction
We yield ourselves, manage us at thy pleasure.
Lelio. Speak quickly, Cricca.
Cricca. The ground of all this business
Is to catch Trincalo, and lock him fast
Till I release him: next, that no man whisper
Th' least word of your return. Then will I home,
And with a cheerful look tell my old master,
That Trincalo——but stay, look where he comes!
Let's in, and there at leisure I'll inform you,
From point to point. Lelio, detain him here,
Till I send Armellina down to second you.
Cross him in nothing, call him Antonio,
And good enough.
Lelio. Fear not: let me alone.
[*Exeunt Cricca and Antonio.*

SCENE X.

TRINCALO, LELIO.

Trincalo. This rascal, Cricca, with his arguments
Of malice, so disturbs my gentle thoughts,
That I half doubt I am not what I seem:
But that will soon be clear'd; if they receive me
In at Antonio's house, I am Antonio.
Lelio. Signior Antonio, my most loving father!
Blest be the day and hour of your return.
Trincalo. Son, Lelio! a blessing on my child: I pray thee tell me,
How fares my servant Armellina? well?
Lelio. Have you forgot my sister Flavia?
Trincalo. What, my dear daughter Flavia? no: but first
Call Armellina; for this day we'll celebrate
A gleek of marriages[67]: Pandolfo and Flavia,
Sulpitia and myself, and Trincalo
With Armellina. Call her, good Lelio, quickly.
Lelio. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

[67] *A gleek of marriages.*] *i. e.* three. A metaphor taken from the game at cards called *Gleek*, where a *gleek* of knaves is three. S. P.

Trincalo. So: this is well that Lelio
Confesseth me his father. Now I am perfect,
Perfect Antonio.

SCENE XI.

ARMELLINA, TRINCALO.

Armellina. Signior Antonio!
My long-expected master!
Trincalo. O Armellina!
Come, let me kiss thy brow [68] like my own daughter.
Armellina. Sir, 'tis too great a favour. I kiss your foot.
What, fall'n? alas! how feeble you are grown
With your long travel!
Trincalo. True, and being drown'd,
Nothing so griev'd me as to lose thy company:
But, since I am safe return'd, for thy good service
I'll help thee to a husband.
Armellina. A husband, sir?
Some young and lusty youth, or else I'll none.
Trincalo. To one that loves thee dearly, dearly, wench:
A goodly man, like me in limbs and fashion.
Armellina. Fie, an old man! how! cast myself away,
And be no nurse but his?
Trincalo. He's not like me
In years and gravity, but fair proportion;
A handsome well-set man as I.
Armellina. His name?
Trincalo. 'Tis Tom Trincalo of Totnam.

[68] *Come, let me kiss thy brow.*] It is observed by Mr. Steevens, that "it was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of "extraordinary tenderness." See note to *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 3. where several instances are produced.
Again, in *Marston's Dutch Courtezan*, A. 2. S. 1.
"——— your onely voice
"Shall cast a slumber on my listning sense,
"*You with soft lip shall only ope mine eyes,*
"*And sucke their lids a sunder*, only you
"Shall make me wish to live, and not feare death."

Armellina. Signior Pandolfo's lusty farmer?
Trincalo. That's he.
Armellina. Most unexpected happiness! 'tis the man
I more esteem than my own life: sweet master,
Procure that match, and think me satisfied
For all my former service without wages.
But ah, I fear you jest. My poor unworthiness
Hopes not so great a fortune as sweet Trincalo.
No, wretched Armellina, in and despair:
Back to thy mournful dresser; there lament
Thy flesh to kitchen-stuff, and bones to ashes,
For love of thy sweet farmer.
Trincalo. Alas! poor soul
How prettily she weeps for me!—Wilt see him?
Armellina. My soul waits in my eyes, and leaves my body
Senseless.
Trincalo. Then swear to keep my counsel.
Armellina. I swear
By th' beauteous eyes of Trincalo.
Trincalo. Why, I am Trincalo.
Armellina. Your worship, sir! why do you flout your servant,
Right worshipful Antonio, my reverend master?
Trincalo. Pox of Antonio, I am Tom Trincalo.
Why laugh'st thou?
Armellina. 'Tis desire and joy,
To see my sweetest.
Trincalo. Look upon me, and see him.
Armellina. I say, I see Antonio, and none other.
Trincalo. I am within, thy love; without, thy master.
Th' astrologer transform'd me for a day
Armellina. Mock not your poor maid, pray you, sir.
Trincalo. I do not.
Now would I break this head against the stones,
To be unchang'd; fie on this gentry! it sticks
Like bird-lime, or the pox. I cannot part with 't
Within, I am still thy farmer Trincalo.
Armellina Then must I wait, till old Antonio

Be brought to bed of a young* Trincalo;
Or flay you, and strip you to yourself again.
Trincalo. Carry me to your chamber. Try me there:
Armellina. O, sir, by no means: but with my lovely farmer
I'd stay all night, and thank him.
Trincalo. Cross misfortune!
Accurst Albumazar! and mad Pandolfo!
To change me thus, that, when I most desire
To be myself, I cannot. Armellina,
Fetch me a looking-glass.
Armellina. To what end?
Trincalo. Fetch one.
Let my old master's business sink or swim,
This sweet occasion must not be neglected.
Now shall I know th' astrologer's skill.† O wonderful!
Admir'd Albumazar in two transmutations!
Here's my old farmer's face. How in an instant
I am unchang'd, that was so long a changing!
Here's my flat nose again, &c.
Now, Armellina, take thy lov'd Trincalo
To thy desired embracements; use thy pleasure,
Kiss him thy belly full.
Armellina. Not here in public.
T' enjoy too soon what pleaseth, is unpleasant:
The world would envy that my happiness.
Go in, I'll follow you, and in my bed-chamber
We'll consummate the match in privacy.
Trincalo. Was not the face I wore far worse than this?
But, for thy comfort, wench, Albumazar
Hath died my thoughts so deep i' th' grain of gentry,
'Tis not a glass can rob me of my good fashions
And gentlemanlike garb. Follow, my dear.
Armellina. I'll follow you. So, now y' are fast enough.
Trincalo. Help, Armellina, help; I am fall'n i' th' cellar:

* Hitherto printed by Mr. Reed,
"Be brought to bed of a *fair* Trincalo;"
a reading not supported by the old copies, which have it *young*. C.

† It must be supposed that Armellina brings a looking-glass, as desired. C.

Bring a fresh plantane leaf [69], I have broke my shin.
Armellina. Thus have I caught m' a husband in a trap,
And in good earnest mean to marry him.
'Tis a tough clown and lusty: he works day and night;
And rich enough for me, that have no portion
But my poor service. Well, he's something foolish;
The better can I domineer, and rule him
At pleasure. That's the mark and utmost height
We women aim at. I am resolv'd; I'll have him.

SCENE XII.

LELIO, CRICCA.

Lelio. In, Armellina; lock up Trincalo.
Armellina. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Lelio. Cricca, for this thy counsel, if't succeed,
Fear not thy master's anger: I'll prefer thee,
And count thee as my genius, or good fortune.
Cricca. It cannot chuse but take. I know his humour;
And can at pleasure feather him with hopes,
Making him fly what pitch I wish, and stoop [70]
When I shew fowl.
Lelio. But for the suit of cloaths?
Cricca. I'll throw them o'er your garden wall. Away.
Haste to Eugenio and Sulpitia,
Acquaint them with the business.
Lelio. I go.

SCENE XIII.

LELIO, SULPITIA.

Lelio. The hopeful issue of thy counsel, Cricca,
Brightens this ev'ning, and makes it more excel
The clearest day, than a grey morning doth

[69] *Bring a fresh plantane leaf,*] Dr. Gray observes from *Tuel ins*, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. Mr. Steevens says it is a blood-stauncher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 2.

[70] *stoop.*] See note 57 to this Play.

The blindest midnight, raising my amorous thoughts
To such a pitch of joy, that riches, honour,
And other pleasures, to Sulpitia's love,
Appear like mole-hills to the moon.
Sulpitia. Lelio!
Lelio. O, there's the voice, that in one note contains
All chords of musick: how gladly she'll embrace
The news I give her, and the messenger!
Sulpitia. Soft, soft, y'are much mistaken; for in earnest,
I am angry, Lelio, and with you.
Lelio. Sweetest, those flames
Rise from the fire of love, and soon will quench
I' th' welcome news I bring you.
Sulpitia. Stand still, I charge you
By th' virtue of my lips; speak not a syllable,
As you expect a kiss should close my choler;
For I must chide you.
Lelio. O my Sulpitia,
Were every speech a pistol charg'd with death,
I'd stand them all in hope of that condition.
Sulpitia. First, sir, I hear you teach Eugenio
Too grave a wariness in your sister's love,
And kill his honest forwardness of affection
With your far-fet[71] respects, suspicions, fears:
You have your may-bes; this is dangerous:
That course were better; for if so, and yet
Who knows? the event is doubtful; be advis'd,
'Tis a young rashness: your father is your father;
Take leisure to consider. Thus y' ave consider'd
Poor Flavia almost to her grave. Fie, Lelio:
Had this my smallness undertook the business,
And done no more in four short winter's days,
Than you in four months, I'd have vowed my maiden-head
To th' living tomb of a sad nunnery;
Which for your sake I loath.
Lelio. Sweet, by your favour——

[71] *far fet,*] i. e. far fetched. See note 73 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

Sulpitia. Peace, peace: now y' are so wise, as if ye had eaten
Nothing but brains and marrow of Machiavel:
You tip your speeches with Italian *motti*,*
Spanish *refranes*,† and English *quoth he's*. Believe me,
There 's not a proverb salts your tongue, but plants
Whole colonies of white hairs. O what a business
These hands must have when you have married me,
To pick out sentences that over-year you!
Lelio. Give me but leave.
Sulpitia. Have I a lip? and you
Made sonnets on't? 'tis your fault, for otherwise
Your sister and Eugenio had been sure
Long time ere this.
Lelio. But——
Sulpitia. Stay, your cue's not come yet.
I hate as perfectly this grey-green of your's,
As old Antonio's green-grey. Fie! wise lovers
Are most absurd. Were I not full resolved,
I should begin to cool mine own affection.
For shame, consider well your sister's temper.
Her melancholy may much hurt her. Respect her,
Or, spight of mine own love, I'll make you stay
Six months before you marry me. [*Lelio whispers.*
This your so happy news? return'd, and safe?
Antonio yet alive? [*Lelio whispers.*
And what then? [*Lelio whispers.*
Well; all your business must be compassed
With winding plots, and cunning stratagems.
Look to't; for if we be not married ere next morning,
By the great love that's hid in this small compass,
Flavia and myself will steal you both away,
To your eternal shame and foul discredit. [*Exit.*
Lelio. How prettily this lovely littleness,
In one breath pleads her own cause, and my sister's!
Chides me, and loves! This is that pleasing temper

* Shrewd or witty sayings. See Florio's Dictionary.

† *i. e.* proverbs; a *referendo*, because it is often repeated. See Stevens' Dictionary.

I more admire, than a continued sweetness
That over satisfies: 'tis salt I love, not sugar. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

ALBUMAZAR, RONCA, FURBO, HARPAX.

Albumazar. How? not a single share of this great prize,
That have deserv'd the whole? was't not my plot,
And pains, and you mere instruments and porters?
Shall I have nothing?

Ronca. No, not a silver spoon.

Furbo. Nor cover of a trencher salt.*

Harpax. Nor table-napkin.

Albumazar. Friends, we have kept an honest truth and faith
Long time amongst us: break not the sacred league,
By raising civil theft: turn not your fury
'Gainst your own bowels. Rob your careful master!
Are you not asham'd?

Ronca. 'Tis our profession,
As your's astrology. "And in the days of old,
"Good morrow thief, as welcome was receiv'd,
"As now Your worship." 'Tis your own instruction.

Furbo. "The Spartans held it lawful, and th' Arabians,
"So grew Arabia happy, Sparta valiant."

Harpax. "The world's a theatre of theft: great rivers
"Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean."

Albumazar. Have not I wean'd you up from petty larceny,
Dangerous and poor, and nurst you to full strength
Of safe and gainful theft? by rules of art,

* See note 33 to the *Honest Whore*, first part. The salt-seller which used to be set on tables was generally large. Sometimes, however, a smaller sort would be used and then several were employed, which were set nearer the trenchers, and therefore called *trencher-salts* as here. S. P.

And principles of cheating, made you as free
From taking, as you went invisible;
And do ye thus requite me? this the reward
For all my watchful care?

Ronca. We are your scholars,
Made, by your help and our own aptness, able
To instruct others. 'Tis the trade we live by.
You, that are servant to divine astrology,
Do something worth her livery: cast figures,
Make almanacks for all meridians.

Furbo. Sell perspicils, and instruments of hearing:
Turn clowns to gentlemen; buzzards to falcons,
Cur-dogs to greyhounds; kitchen-maids to ladies.

Harpax. Discover more new stars, and unknown planets:
Vent them by dozens, stile them by the names
Of men that buy such ware. Take lawful courses,
Rather than beg.

Albumazar. Not keep your honest promise?

Ronca. "Believe none, credit none: for in this city
"No dwellers are, but cheaters and cheatees."

Albumazar. You promis'd me the greatest share.

Ronca. Our promise!
If honest men, by obligations
And instruments of law are hardly constrain'd
T' observe their word; can we, that make profession
Of lawless courses, do't?

Albumazar. Amongst ourselves!
Falcons that tyrannize o'er weaker fowl,
Hold peace with their own feathers.

Harpax. But when they counter
Upon one quarry,[72] break that league, as we do.

Albumazar. At least restore the ten pound in gold I lent you.

Ronca. "'Twas lent in an ill second, worser third,
"And luckless fourth:" 'tis lost, Albumazar.

Furbo. Saturn was in ascension, Mercury
Was then combust when you delivered it.

[72] *quarry,*] A term of falconry. *Latham* says, "it is taken for "the fowle which is flowne at and slaine at any time."

'Twill never be restor'd.
Ronca. " Hali, Abenezra,
" Hiarcha, Brachman, Budda Babylonicus,"
And all the Chaldees and the Cabalists,
Affirm that sad aspect threats loss of debts.
Harpax. Frame by your azimuth Almicantarath,
An engine like a mace, whose quality
Of strange retractive virtue may recal
Desperate debts, and with that undo serjeants.
Albumazar. Was ever man thus baited by's own whelps?
Give me a slender portion, for a stock
To begin trade again.
Ronca. 'Tis an ill course,
And full of fears. This treasure hath enricht us,
And given us means to purchase and live quiet
Of th' fruit of dangers past. When I us'd robbing,
All blocks before me look'd like constables,
And posts appear'd in shape of gallowses;
Therefore, good tutor, take your pupil's counsel:
'Tis better beg than steal; live in poor clothes
Then hang in sattin.
Albumazar. Villains, I'll be reveng'd,
And reveal all the business to a justice.
Roncq. Do, if thou long'st to see thy own anatomy.
Albumazar. This treachery persuades me to turn honest.
Furbo. Search your nativity; see if the fortunates
And luminaries be in a good aspect,
And thank us for thy life. Had we done well,
We had cut thy throat ere this.
Albumazar. Albumazar,
Trust not these rogues: hence, and revenge.
Ronca. Fellows, away, here's company. Let's hence.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CRICCA, PANDOLFO.

Cricca. Now, Cricca, mask thy countenance in joy;
Speak welcome language of good news, and move

Thy master, whose desires are credulous,
To believe what thou giv'st him. If thy design
Land at the haven 'tis bound for, then Lelio,
Eugenio, and their mistresses, are oblig'd
By oath t' assure a state of forty pounds
Upon thee for thy life.

Pandolfo. I long to know
How my good farmer speeds; how Trincalo
Hath been receiv'd by Lelio.

Cricca. Where shall I find him?
What we most seek still flies us; what's avoided,
Follows or meets us full. I am embost[73],
With trotting all the streets to find Pandolfo,
And bless him with good news.

Pandolfo. This haste of Cricca
Abodes some good: doubtless my Trincalo,
Received for Antonio hath given me Flavia.
Cricca!

Cricca. Neither in Paul's[74], at home, nor in the Exchange,

[73] *I am embost.*] This is a term of the chace. *Turberville*, in his book of hunting, 1575, p. 242, enumerates it among "other "generall termes of the hart and his properties. When he (the "hart) is foamy at the mouth, we saye, that *he is embost.*" So in *The Shoomakers' Holyday; or, The Gentle Craft*, 1610, Sign. C 3.

"Besides, the miller's boy told me even now,
"He saw him take soile, and he hallowed him,
"Affirming him so *embost*,
"That long he could not hold."

See also Mr. Steevens's note to *All's Well that End's Well*, A. 3. S. 6.

[74] *Paul's.*] St. Paul's, at this time, was constantly open, and the resort equally of the busy and the idle. A contemporary writer thus describes *Paul's Walke*: It "is the land's epitome, or you may "call it the lesser ile of Great Brittaine. It is more than this, "the whole world's map, which you may here discerne in it's per-"fect'st motion, justling and turning. It is a heape of stones and "men, with a vast confusion of languages; and, were the steeple "not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noyse in it is like that "of bees, a strange humming or buzze, mixt of walking, tongues "and feet. It is a kind of still roare, or loud whisper. It is the "great exchange of all discourse, and no busines whatsoever but "is here stirring and a foot. It is the synod of all pates politicke, "jointed and laid together in the most serious posture; and they "are not halfe so busie at the Parliament. It is the anticke of

Nor where he uses to converse! he's lost,
And must be cry'd.

Pandolfo. Turn hither, Cricca; Cricca,
Seest me not?

Cricca. Sir, the news, and haste to tell it,
Had almost blinded me. 'Tis so fortunate,
I dare not pour it all at once upon you,
Lest you should faint, and swoon away with joy:
Your transform'd Trincalo—

Pandolfo. What news of him?

Cricca. Enter'd as owner in Antonio's house—

Pandolfo. On.

Cricca. Is acknowledg'd by his daughter Flavia,
And Lelio, for their father.

Pandolfo. Quickly, good Cricca!

Cricca. And hath sent me in haste to bid you—

Pandolfo. What?

Cricca. Come, with your son Eugenio—

Pandolfo. And then?

Cricca. That he may be a witness of your marriage.
But, sir, I see no signs of so large gladness
As I expected, and this news deserv'd.

Pandolfo. 'Tis here, 'tis here, within: all outward symptoms,

" tailes to tailes, and backes to backes, and for vizards, you need " goe no further than faces. It is the market of young lecturers, " whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the " generall mint of all famous lies, which are here, like the legends " popery first coyn'd and stampt in the church. All inventions " are emptyed here, and not few pockets. The best signe of a " temple in it is, that it is the theeves sanctuary, which robbe more " safely in the croud then a wildernesse, whilst every searcher is a " lust and ytch. The visitants are all men, without exceptions; " bush to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after " playes, taverne, and a baudy house and men have still some oathes " left to sweare here. It is the eare's brothell and satisfies their " but the principall inhabitants and possessors are stale knights, " and captaines out of service; men of long rapiers and breeches, " which after all turne merchants here, and trafficke for newes. " Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travell for a sto- " macke: but thriftier men make it their ordinarie, and boord " here verie cheape. Of all such places it is least haunted with " hobgoblins, for if a ghost would walke more, he could not."

Microcosmographie, 1628.

And characters of joy, are poor expressions
Of my great inward happiness. My heart's full,
And cannot vent the passions. Run, Cricca, run,
Run as thou lov'st me; call Eugenio,
And work him to my purpose: thou can'st do it.
Haste, call him instantly.

Cricca. I fly, sir. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.*

PANDOLFO.

How shall I recompence this astrologer?
This great Albumazar! through whose learned hands
Fortune hath pour'd the effect of my best wishes,
And crown'd my hopes? Give him this chain! alas,
'Tis a poor thanks, short by a thousand links
Of his large merit. No, he must live with me
And my sweet Flavia, at his ease and pleasure,
Wanting for nothing: and this very night
I'll get a boy, and he erect a figure
To calculate his fortunes. So, there's Trincalo
Antoniated, or Antonio Intrinculate.

SCENE IV.

ANTONIO, PANDOLFO, LELIO, EUGENIO.

Antonio. Signior Pandolfo! welcome.

Lelio. Your servant, sir.

Pandolfo. Well met, Antonio; my prayers and wishes
Have waited on you ever.

Antonio. Thanks, dearest friend.
To speak my danger past, were to discourse
Of dead men at a feast. Such sad relations
Become not marriages. Sir I am here
Return'd to do you service. Where's your son?

Pandolfo. He'll wait upon you presently.

Eugenio. Signior Antonio!
Happily welcome.

* The division of this scene is not marked in the old copies, but it is decidedly right, and the numbers of the scenes in the quartos are from two to four, omitting three. C.

Antonio. Thanks, Eugenio.
How think you, gentlemen: were it amiss
To call down Flavia and Sulpitia,
That what we do, may with a full consent
Be entertain'd of all?
Pandolfo. 'Tis well remember'd.
Eugenio, call your sister.
Antonio. Lelio, call my daughter.
[*Exeunt Lelio and Eugenio.*

SCENE V.

PANDOLFO, ANTONIO.

Pandolfo. Wisely consider'd, Trincalo; 'tis a fair prologue
To the comedy ensuing. Now I confess
Albumazar had equal power to change
And mend thy understanding with thy body.
Let me embrace and hug thee for this service:
'Tis a brave onset: ah, my sweet Trincalo!
Antonio. How like you the beginning?
Pandolfo. 'Tis o' th' further side
All expectation.
Antonio. Was't not right, and spoken
Like old Antonio?
*Pandolfo.** 'Tis most admirable!
Were 't he himself that spoke, he could not better 't.
And, for thy sake, I wish Antonio's shape
May ever be thy house, and 's wit thy inmate.
But where's my plate and cloth of silver?
Antonio. Safe.
Pandolfo. They come. Keep state, keep state, or all's discover'd.

SCENE VI.

ANTONIO, PANDOLFO, EUGENIO, LELIO, FLAVIA, SULPITIA.

Antonio. Eugenio, Flavia, Lelio, and Sulpitia,
Marriages once confirm'd, and consummate,

* Pandolfo's name is omitted in the quartos before the following lines, which are certainly meant to be spoken by him. C.

Admit of no repentance. Therefore 'tis fitting
All parties, with full freedom, speak their pleasure
Before it be too late.
Pandolfo. Good! excellent!
Antonio. Speak boldly therefore. Do you willingly
Give full authority, that what I decree
Touching these businesses, you'll all perform?
Eugenio. I rest as you dispose: what you determine,
With my best power I ratify; and Sulpitia,
I dare be bold to promise, says no less.
Sulpitia. Whate'er my father, brother, and yourself,
Shall think convenient, pleaseth me.
Lelio. In this,
As in all other service, I commit myself
To your commands; and so, I hope, my sister.
Flavia. With all obedience: Sir, dispose of me
As of a child that judgeth nothing good,
But what you shall approve.
Antonio. And you, Pandolfo?
Pandolfo. I most of all. And, for you know[75] the minds
Of youth are apt to promise, and as prone
To repent after, 'tis my advice they swear
T' observe, without exception, your decree.
Flavia. Content.
Sulpitia. Content.
Pandolfo. By all the powers that hear
Oaths, and rain vengeance upon broken faith,
I promise to confirm and ratify
Your sentence.
Lelio. Sir, I swear no less.
Eugenio. Nor I.
Flavia. The self-same oath binds me.
Sulpitia. And me the same.
Pandolfo. Now, dear Antonio, all our expectation
Hangs at your mouth. None of us can appeal
From you to higher courts.
Antonio. First, for preparative

[75] for *you know*,] i. e. *because* you know a very common mode of expression.

Or slight præludium to the greater matches,
I must entreat you, that my Armellina
Be match'd with Trincalo. Two hundred crowns
I give her for her portion.
Pandolfo. 'Tis done. Some reliques
Of his old clownery, and dregs o' th' country,
Dwell in him still. How careful he provides
For himself first! Content: and more, I grant him
A lease for twenty pounds a year.
Antonio. I thank you.
Gentlemen, since I feel myself much broken
With age, and my late miseries, and too cold
To entertain new heat, I freely yield
Sulpitia, whom I lov'd, to my son Lelio.
Pandolfo. How cunningly hath the farmer provided
T' observe the 'semblance of Antonio's person,
And keep himself still free for Armellina!
Antonio. Signior Pandolfo, y' are wise, and understand
How ill hot appetites of unbridled youth
Become grey hairs. How grave and honourable
Were 't for your age to be enamoured
With the fair shape of virtue, and the glory
Of our forefathers! then would you blush to think,
How by this dotage, and unequal love,
You stain their honour, and your own. Awake,
Banish those wild affections, and, by my example,
Turn to your reposed self.
Pandolfo. To what purpose, pray you,
Serves this long proem? on to th' sentence.
Antonio. Sir,
Conformity of years, likeness of manners,
Are Gordian knots that bind up matrimony:
Now, betwixt seventy winters and sixteen,
There's no proportion, nor least hope of love.
Fie! that a gentleman of your discretion,
Crown'd with such reputation in your youth,
Should, in your western days[76], lose th' good opinion

[76] *in your western days,*] *i. e.* when you are declining like the sun, which sets in the *west.* S.

Of all your friends, and run to th' open danger
Of closing the weak remnant of your days
With discontentment* unrecoverable.
Pandolfo. Rack me no more; pray you, let's hear the sentence.
Note how the ass would fright me, and endear
His service; intimating that his pow'r
May overthrow my hopes. Proceed to th' sentence.
Antonio. These things consider'd, I bestow my daughter
Upon your son Eugenio, whose constant love,
With his so modest carriage, hath deserv'd her;
And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with patience.
Pandolfo. Treacherous villain!
Accursed Trincalo! I'll——But this no place;
He's too well back'd; but shortly, when the date
Of his Antonioship's expir'd, revenge
Shall sweeten this disgrace.
Antonio. Signior Pandolfo,
When you recover yourself, lost desperately
In disproportion'd dotage, then you'll thank me
For this great favour. Be not obstinate:
Disquiet not yourself.
Pandolfo. I thank you, sir. [*Exeunt all but Pandolfo.*

SCENE VII.

PANDOLFO.

And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with patience—traiterous villain!
Is't not enough to wrong me, and betray me,
But 't must be done with scoffs? accursed Trincalo!
And me most miserable! that, when I thought
T' embrace young Flavia, see her before my face
Bestow'd upon my son! my son my rival!

* The instances are very numerous throughout this play where Mr. Dodsley, and after him, Mr. Reed, omitted syllables, and thereby spoiled the measure: thus this line ran till now,
"With *discontent* unrecoverable,"
instead of *discontentment*.

This is Eugenio's plot, and his friend Lelio's;
Who, with my servant Cricca, have conspir'd,
And suborn'd Trincalo to betray his master.
Why do I rage 'gainst any but myself,
That have committed such a serious business
To th' hands of a base clown, and ignorant?
I see mine error, but no means to help it.
Only the sweetness of revenge is left me,
Which I must execute: th' hours of 's gentry
Are now clean spent. I'll home and there attend him.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

TRINCALO *drunk, but something recover'd.*

Welcome old trusty Trincalo, good farmer, welcome! Give me thy hand; we must not part hereafter. Fie, what a trouble 'tis to be out of a man's self! If gentlemen have no pleasure but what I felt to-day, a team of horses shall not drag me out of my profession. There's nothing amongst them but borrowing, compounding for half their debts, and have their purse cut for the rest; cozen'd by whores, frighted with husbands, wash'd in wet hogsheads, cheated of their cloathes, and falling in cellars for conclusion.

SCENE IX.

PANDOLFO *at the window*, TRINCALO.

Pandolfo. O precious piece of villany! are you unchang'd?
How confident the rogue dares walk the streets!

Trincalo. And then such quarrelling! never a suit I wore to-day, but hath been soundly basted: only this faithful country-case 'scap'd fist-free; and, be it spoken in a good hour, was never beaten yet since it came from fulling.

Pandolfo. Base, treacherous villain! [*Beats him.*

Trincalo. Is this the recompence of my day's work?

Pandolfo. You marry me to patience! there's patience,
And that you freeze not, there's warm patience,

She's a good bed-fellow: have patience.
Trincalo. You'll beat me out on't, sir. How have I wrong'd you?
Pandolfo. So as deserves th' expression of my fury,
With th' cruel'st tortures I can execute.
Trincalo. You kill me, sir.
Pandolfo. Have patience.
Trincalo. Pray you, sir!
Pandolfo. Seek not by humble penitence t' appease me:
Nothing can satisfy.
Trincalo. Farewel humility;
Now am I beaten sober. [*Takes away Pandolfo's staff.*
Shall age and weakness master my youth and strength?
Now speak your pleasure: What's my fault?
Pandolfo. Dar'st deny
Thy own act, done before so many witnesses?
Suborn'd by others, and betray my confidence
With such a stony impudence?
Trincalo. I have been faithful
In all you trusted me.
Pandolfo. To them, not me.
O what a proem, stuft with grave advice
And learned counsel, you could show'r upon me
Before the thunder of your deadly sentence!
And give away my mistress with a scoff!
Trincalo. I give your mistress?
Pandolfo. Didst not thou decree,
Contrary t' our compact, against my marriage?
Trincalo. Why, when was I your judge?
Pandolfo. Just now, here.
Trincalo. See your error!
Then was I fast lock'd in Antonio's cellar:
Where, making virtue of necessity,
I drank stark drunk, and waking, found myself
Cloath'd in this farmer's suit, as in the morning.
Pandolfo. Didst not thou swear to enter Antonio's house,
And give me Flavia for my wife, and after,
Before my own face, gav'st her to my son?

Trincalo. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Whilst Trincalo laughs and lets fall the staff, Pandolfo recovers it, and beats him.*

Pandolfo. Can'st thou deny it?

Trincalo. Ha, ha, ha!

Have you got mistress Patience? Ha, ha, ha!

Pandolfo. Is not this true?

Trincalo. Ha, ha, ha!

Pandolfo. Answer me.

Trincalo. Ha, ha, ha! wan.

Pandolfo. Was't not thus?

Trincalo. I answer,

First, I never was transform'd,
But gull'd, as you were, by the astrologer,
And those that called me Antonio.
To prove this true,
The gentleman you spoke with was Antonio,
The right Antonio, safely return'd from Barbary.

Pandolfo. O me, what's this?

Trincalo. Truth itself.

Pandolfo. Was't not thou that gav'st the sentence?

Trincalo. Believe me, no such matter:

I ne'er was gentleman, nor otherwise
Than what I am, unless 'twere when I was drunk.

Pandolfo. How have I been deceiv'd! good Trincalo,

Pardon me, I have wrong'd thee.

Trincalo. Pardon you?

When you have beaten me to paste, *good Trincalo, Pardon me.*

Pandolfo. I am sorry for't; excuse me.

Trincalo. I am sorry I must excuse you. But I pardon you.

Pandolfo. Now tell me where's the plate and cloth of silver,

The gold and jewels, that the astrologer
Committed to thy keeping?

Trincalo. What plate, what jewels?

He gave me none. But, when he went to change me,
After a thousand circles and ceremonies,

He binds me fast upon a form, and blinds me
With a thick table napkin. Not long after
Unbinds my head and feet, and gives me light;
And then I plainly saw, that I saw nothing:
The parlour was clean swept of all was in't.
Pandolfo. Oh me! Oh me!
Trincalo. What ails you, sir? what ails you?
Pandolfo. I am undone! I have lost my love, my plate,
My whole estate, and with the rest myself.
Trincalo. Lose not your patience too. Leave this lamenting,
And lay the town; you may recover it.
Pandolfo. 'Tis to small purpose. In, and hold thy peace. [*Exit Trincalo.*

SCENE X.

CRICCA, PANDOLFO.

Cricca. Where shall I find my master, to content him
With welcome news? he's here; news, news?
News of good fortune, joy, and happiness!
Pandolfo. Cricca, my sadness is uncapable
Of better tidings: I am undone! most miserable!
Cricca. Offend not your good luck, y' are now more fortunate
Than when you rose this morning: be merry, Sir,
Cheer up yourself; y' have what you wish'd, fear nothing.
Pandolfo. May be Antonio newly repents himself,
With purpose to restore my Flavia.
Cricca, what is't? where's all this happiness?
Cricca. Lock'd in Antonio's closet.
Pandolfo. All alone?
Sure that's my Flavia. Is not Eugenio
Suffer'd to enter?
Cricca. Antonio keeps the key:
No creature enters but himself: all's safe,
And shall be so restor'd.
Pandolfo. O, my sweet Cricca!

Cricca. And they that wrong'd you, most extremely sorry,
Ready to yield you any satisfaction.
Pandolfo. Is't possible they should so soon repent them,
That injur'd me so lately? tell me the manner
That caus'd them see their error.
Cricca. I'll tell you, Sir,
Being just now at old Antonio's house,
One thunders at the back door, enters, presses
To speak in private with young Lelio;
Was instantly admitted: and think you who?
'Twas your astrologer Albumazar.
When he had spoke a while, Lelio and Antonio
In haste command me fetch a constable.
Pandolfo. How can this story touch my happiness?
Cricca. I up and down through slimy ale-houses,
Cloudy tobacco-shops, and vapouring taverns,
My mouth full of enquiry, at last found one.
Pandolfo. What of all this? Is't possible a constable
Concerns my good?
Cricca. And, following my directions,
Went to a tippling-house, where we took drinking
Three handsome fellows with a great chest, attach'd them,
And brought all to Antonio.
Pandolfo. Well, what then?
Cricca. These were the astrologer's intelligences, that
Robb'd you through the south window.
Pandolfo. I thought thou hadst spoke
Of Flavia's restoring.
Cricca. I mean your plate
And treasure. Pray you, sir, is't not great happiness
To re-obtain three thousand pounds in value,
Desperately lost? and you still doat and dream
Of Flavia, who, by your own consent
And oath, is promised to your son Eugenio.
Pandolfo. Forward.
Cricca. Within this chest Antonio found your plate,
Gold, jewels, cloth of silver, nothing perish'd,

But all safe lock'd till you acknowledge it.
And, since Albumazar of his own accord
Freely confess'd, and safe restor'd your treasure;
Since 'tis a day of jubilee and marriage,
Antonio would intreat you to release
And pardon the astrologer: thanking your fortune,
That hath restor'd you to your wealth and self,
Both which were lost i' th' foolish love of Flavia.

Pandolfo. Reason hath clear'd my sight, and drawn the veil,
Of doatage that so dark'd my understanding.
I clearly see the slavery of affections;
And how unsuitable my declining years
Are for the dawning youth of Flavia.
Let the best joys of Hymen compass her,
And her young husband, my Eugenio,
With full content. And since Albumazar
By accident caus'd all this happiness,
I freely pardon him, and his companions;
And haste to assist the marriages and feasts.

Cricca. Why, now you shew yourself a worthy gentleman. [*Exit Pandolfo.*

SCENE XI.

TRINCALO, CRICCA.

Trincalo. Cricca, I over-heard your news: all parts are pleas'd
Except myself. Is there no news for Trincalo?

Cricca. Know'st it not? in and see: Antonio
Hath given thee Armellina with a portion,
Two hundred crowns; and old Pandolfo bound
By oath t'assure thee twenty pounds a year,
For three lives.

Trincalo. Ha!

Cricca. Come in.

Trincalo. I'll follow.

EPILOGUE.

Two hundred crowns? and twenty pound a year
For three good lives? Cargo! ha Trincalo!*
My wife's extremely busy, dressing the supper
For these great marriages, and I not idle,
So that I cannot entertain you here
As I would elsewhere. But if you come to Totnam
Some four days hence, and ask for Trincalo,
At th' sign o' th' Hogshead, I'll mortgage all my lives
To bid you welcome. You that love Trincalo,
And mean to meet, clap hands, and make 't a bargain.†

* *Cargo!*] A corruption of *coraggio!* Ital. courage! a hortatory exclamation. S.

A cant word, meaning a good round sum of money. Canting Dictionary, *in voce.* S. P.

† Thus in *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness*, the first scene we have, on a wager being laid,

——"What, *clap ye hands*,
Or is't no bargain?" C.

EDITIONS.

(1.) Albumazar; a Comedy. Presented before the King's Majestie at Cambridge, the ninth of March, 1614. By the Gentlemen of Trinitie Colledge. London: printed by Nicholas Okes, for Walter Burre, and are to be sold at his shop, in Paul's Church Yard, 1615. 4to.

(2.) Albumazar; a Comedy. Presented before the King's Majesty at Cambridge. By the Gentlemen of Trinity Colledge. Newly revised and corrected by a speciall hand. London: printed by Nicholas Okes, 1634, 4to.

A

WOMAN

KILL'D WITH KINDNESS.

THOMAS HEYWOOD*, an author, who, from the number of his performances, must have contributed greatly to the support of the stage during his life-time, was, as Cartwright says†, Fellow of Peter House, in Cambridge. He afterwards became a player, and, besides a number of other works, wrote, either in part or the whole‡, no less than two hundred and twenty dramatic pieces, of which only twenty-six§ appear to have been

* From Heywood's "Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas," printed in 8vo. 1637, we learn that he was born in Lincolnshire, for on p. 252, we find "A Funerall Elegie upon the death of the thrice "noble gentleman Sir George Saint Poole of Lincolnshire, *my* "*Country-man.*" C.

† Dedication of *The Actors Vindication*, quarto N. D. republished by W. C. *i. e.* William Cartwright, who was both a bookseller and actor, according to Oldys. He gave to Dulwich College a fine collection of old plays, none of which now remain there.

The majority of plays and romances given by W. Cartwright to Dulwich College, were long ago exchanged for pondrous tomes of controversial divinity, &c. at the repeated solicitations of our most early modern collectors of dramatic entertainments. The few remaining pieces relative to the theatre have, by degrees, been fetched away, under pretence of borrowing, by members of the same conscientious fraternity. A complete list of these dissipated curiosities was, however, visible in the collegiate library no later than the year 1778. It appears likewise, from another ancient catalogue in the same place, that Mr. Alleyn's pictures have been preserved with as little fidelity, most of them being carried away, and their places supplied with such as would disgrace the walls of an ale-house. Nay, even his only manuscript (his Diary, often quoted in the Biographia Brittannica) has been lost through the carelessness of the society, which his beneficence had founded. So injudicious is it to entrust any article allied to taste and literature, under the guardianship of mere mechanicks; who prefer quantity in books to quality, glare of colours to propriety of design, and the news-paper of the day to the most curious memoir of a remoter age. T. B.

‡ Address to the reader, prefixed to *The English Traveller.*

§ To account for this small number only being printed, he assigns these reasons: "That many of them, by shifting and change of "companies, have beene negligently lost; others of them are still "retained in the hands of some actors, who thinke it against their "peculiar profit to have them come in print; and a third, that it

published*. The times of his birth and death are both unknown †. A testimony of his industry is given by Kirkman, which may serve to confirm our author's own assertion of the number of his works ‡: that writer says §, he had been informed that "he (Heywood) was "very laborious; for he not only acted almost every

"never was any great ambition in me, to bee, in this kind, volu-"minously read." And in the preface to *The Rape of Lucrece*, he gives another reason, which is, that he used to sell his copies to the players, and therefore supposed he had no right to print them without their consent.

* In fact only 23 plays can be decisively said to be his, three in the ensuing list made out by Mr. Reed, not being his for reasons assigned in the notes. C.

† Heywood had written for the stage as early as 1596. This fact appears from Henslowe's MSS. who was proprietor of the Rose theatre; one of his entries is as follows:

"Oct. 14th, 1596, Lent unto them (the Lord Admirals Servants) "for Hawoode's book xxxs."

The subsequent document was also found among Henslowe's papers in Dulwich College.

"Memorandum, that this 25th of Marche, 1598, Thomas "Hawoode came and hiered himselfe with me as a covenanted "servante for ij yeares, by the receiving of ij syngell pence accord-"ing to the statute of Winchester, and to beginne at the day above "written, and not to play any wher publicke about London, not "while these ij yeares bee expired, but in my howse: yf he do "these he doth forfett to me by the receiving of the ij d fortie "pounds. And witness to this Anthony Munday, William Borne, "Gabriel Spencer, Thomas Dowton, Robert Shawe, Richard "Jones, Richard Alleyn."

It appears from another entry that the stipend of a hireling, by which name all the players who were not sharers were called, was five shillings per week for one year, and vi s viij d for the second year. O. G.

In the dedication to the Earl of Worcester, of his *Nine Books, &c. concerning Women*, 1624, Heywood notices that he had been one of that nobleman's players and that his Lordship afterwards "be-"stowed him upon the excellent Princess Queen Anne," the wife of James I. After her death he seems to have returned to his former patron. C.

‡ As one proof of the rapidity of his composition, it may be mentioned that at the end of his "Nine Books of Various History "concerning Women," a folio work of 466 pages, printed in 1624, are the following words, *Opus excogitatum, inchoatum, explicitum et typographo excusum inter septemdecem septimanas.* C.

§ Advertisement to the reader, at the end of the second edition of his catalogue of plays.

" day, but also obliged himself to write a sheet every " day for several years together; but many of his " playes being composed loosely in taverns, occasions " them to be so mean, that, except his *Love's Mistress*, " and, next to that, his *Ages*, I have but small esteem " for any others. I could say somewhat more of him, " and of all the old poets, having taken pleasure to " converse with those that were acquainted with them." Mr. Kirkman has not shewn much judgment in selecting his favourite pieces; but it is much to be lamented, that he did not communicate to the world that information which he boasts of being able to give concerning the old poets, whose memory, for want of such intelligence, is now almost wholly lost to the world *.

Thomas Heywood was the author of the following dramatick pieces:

1 and 2. " The death of Robert Earle of Hunting- " ton, otherwise called Robin Hood of Merrie Sher- " wodde: with the lamentable tragedie of chaste Ma- " tilda, his faire maid Marian, poysoned at Dunmowe, " by King John. Acted by the Earl of Nottingham's " servants. Two parts." B. L. 4to, 1601 †.

* Heywood was at one time preparing a work of poetical biography that, considering who were his contemporaries, would have been extremely curious. He entertained this design as early as 1614, for in that year Richard Brathwaite in his *Scholler's Medley*, mentions that his judicious friend, Maister Thomas Heywood, hath taken in hand by his great industry to make a generall though summary description of all Poets lives. " In his *Nine Books of* " *Various History concerning Women*, 1624, Heywood tells us that he " is about a work to be called The Lives of all the Poets, moderne " and forreign." It was not completed in 1635, for on p. 245 of his *Hierarchie of the blessed Angels* printed in that year, he observes; " in proceeding further, I might have forestalled a worke which " hereafter, (I hope) by God's assistance to commit to the publick " view; namely, the Lives of all the Poets, Forreine and Moderne, " from the first before Homer, to the *Novissimi* and last of what " nation or language soever." Nothing of the kind has descended to posterity whether in print or in manuscript. C.

† One part of the two pieces here coupled, is called *Robert Earl of Huntington's Downfall*, and the other, *Robert Earl of Huntington's Death*, but neither was written by Heywood, if we may believe Henslowe, who assigns the first to Anthony Mundy, and the last to Anthony Mundy and Henry Chettle. C.

3 and 4. " The first and second parts of King Ed-
" ward the Fourth. Containing his merry pastime
" with the tanner of Tamworth; as also his love to
" fair mistress Shore, her great promotion, fall and
" misery; and lastly, the lamentable death both of her
" and her husband. Likewise the besieging of Lon-
" don, by the bastard Falconbridge, and the valiant
" defence of the same by the Lord Mayor and the
" citizens." 4to. B. L. N. D. 4to. 1626. 4th impres-
sion.

5. " If you know not me you know nobody, or The
" Troubles of Queen Elizabeth." 4to. 1606. 4to. 1608.
4to. 1613. 4to. 1632.

6. " If you know not me you know nobody. The
" second part, with the building of the Royall Ex-
" change, and the famous victory of Queen Elizabeth,
" anno 1588." 4to. 1606. 4to. 1623. 4to. 1633*.

The last editions of both these pieces are consider-
ably enlarged.

7. " The Fayre Mayde of the Exchange, with the
" Humours of the Cripple of Fanchurch: very delect-
" able and full of mirth." 4to. 1607. 4to. 1635. 4to.
1637.

8. " The Golden Age, or The Lives of Jupiter and
" Saturne, with the defining of the Heathen Gods.
" Acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen's servants."
4to. 1611.

9. " The Silver Age: Including the Love of Jupiter
" to Alcmena; the Birth of Hercules; and the Rape
" of Proserpine: concluding with the Arraignment of
" the Moon." 4to. 1613.

10. " The Brazen Age. The first act containing,
" The Death of the Centaur Nessus. The second, The
" Tragedy of Meleager. The third, The Tragedy of

* In Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, we find " A Prologue to the Play of Queene Elizabeth as it was last re-
" vived at the Cock-pit, in which the Author taxeth the most
" corrupted copy now imprinted, which was published without his
" consent." He there says

——" that some by Stenography drew
" The plot, put it in print, scarce one word trew." C.

" Jason and Medea. The fourth, Vulcan's Net. The " fifth, The Labours and Death of Hercules. 4to. 1613.

11. " The Four Prentises of London, with the Con- " quest of Jerusalem : as it was acted at the Red Bull." 4to. 1615. 4to. 1632.

12. " A Woman Kilde with Kindnesse : acted by " the Queen's servants. 3d Edition." 4to. 1617.

This had been acted before the year 1604, being mentioned in *The Black Book*, printed in that year.

13. " The Rape of Lucrece : a true Roman Tragedy ; " with the several songs in their apt places, by Valerius " the merry lord amongst the Roman peers. Acted by " her Majesties servants, at the Red Bull. 4th impres- " sion." 4to. 1630. 4to. 1638. *

14. " The Life of the Dutches of Suffolke, as it hath " beene divers and sundry times acted with good ap- " plause." 4to. 1631. †

15. " The Fair Maid of the West, ‡ or a Girl worth " Gold. The first part. Acted before the King and " Queen, by the Queen's comedians." 4to. 1631.

16. " The Fair Maid of the West, or a Girl worth " Gold. The second part. Acted before the King and " Queen, by the Queen's comedians." 4to. 1631.

17. " The Iron Age : contayning the Rape of Hel- " len : The Siege of Troy : The Combate betwixt " Hector and Ajax : Hector and Troilus slaine by " Achilles : Achilles slaine by Paris ; Ajax and Ulisses " contend for the Armour of Achilles : The Death of " Ajax, &c." 4to. 1632.

18. " The second part of the Iron age : which con- " tayneth the death of Penthiselea, Paris, Priam, and " Hecuba : The burning of Troy : The deaths of Aga-

* There are various other editions of this play besides those mentioned. Mr. Rodd, of Newport-street, had a copy in his possession, dated as early as 1608. C.

† This is not the production of Heywood, but of Thomas Drue, as appears by the entry of it in the books of the Stationer's Company. The error of assigning it to Heywood originated with Langbaine, whom Mr. Reed followed. C.

‡ Her name Bess Bridges ; she lived at an inn in Plymouth, when the Earl of Essex went the island voyage in 1597. Oldys's MSS.

" memnon, Menelaus, Clitemnestra, Hellena, Orestes, " Egistus, Pillades, King Diomed, Pyrhus, Cethus, " Synon, Thersites, &c." 4to. 1632.

19. " The English Traveller, as it hath been pub- " lickly acted at the Cock-pit, Drury Lane." 4to. 1633.

20. " A pleasant comedy, called a Mayden-head " well lost: acted at the Cock-pit, Drury Lane, by her Majesties servants." 4to. 1634.

21. " The late Lancashire Witches, a well received " comedy: acted at the Globe, on the Bankside, by the " the King's servants." 4to. 1634. Richard Broome joined in this play.

22. Love's Mistress, or the Queen's Masque; as it " was three times presented before their Majesties, " within the space of eight days, in the presence of sun- " dry foreign ambassadors, by the Queen's comedians, " at the Phœnix, Drury Lane." 4to. 1636. 4to. 1640.*

23. " A Challenge for Beauty: acted at Black " Fryers, and at the Globe, on the Bankside." 4to. 1636.

24. " The Royall King, and the Loyall Subject: " acted by the Queen's servants." 4to. 1637.

25. " The Wise Woman of Hogsdon, C.: acted with " applause." 4to. 1638.

26. " Fortune by Land and Sea. T. C.: acted by " the Queen's servants." 4to. 1655. William Rowley joined in this play.†

* Among the Prologues and Epilogues in Heywoods' *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, is one " spoken to the King and Queene at the second time of the Author's Play, cald Cupid's Mistresse, or Cupid and Physche, presented before them." C.

† The following dramatic pieces not now known to exist, have also been assigned to Heywood:

Joan as good as my Lady, 1598.
War without blows, 1598.
The Blind eat many a Fly, 1602.
Marshal Osrick, 1602.
The last edition of the Biographia Dramatica likewise mentions,
Love's Masterpiece, 1640, and
Cupid and Psyche;
which probably are only one piece, which Heywood himself calls *Love's Mistres, or Cupid and Psyche.* C.

He also published "Pleasant Dialogues and Dramma's selected out of Lucian, Erasmus, Textor, Ovid," &c. 1637.

He was also the author or translator of many other works, and amongst the rest the following:

"The Pageants on the Elections of Lord Mayors, in the years 1632, 1627, 1629, and 1639."

"A Translation of Sallust." Folio, 1608.

"Great Britain's Troy, a Poem." Folio, 1609.

"An Apology for Actors: containing three briefe "Treatises. 1. Their Antiquity. 2. Their Ancient Dig- "nity. 3. The true use of their quality." 4to. 1612.

"A Funerall Elegie, upon the Death of the late "most hopefull and illustrious Prince Henry, Prince of "Wales." 4to. 1613.*

"England's Elizabeth." 8vo. 1631.

"Eromena, or Love and Revenge." Folio, 1632.

"The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels, with Notes." Folio, 1635.†

"A true Description of his Majesty's Royal Ship, "built this Year, 1637, at Woolwich in Kent, to the "great glory of the English Nation, and not parellelled "in the whole Christian World. Published by autho- "rity." 4to. 1637. See Gough's Anecdotes of British Topography, vol. i. p. 471.

"The Exemplary Lives and Acts of Nine Women "Worthies: three Jews, three Gentiles, and three "Christians." 4to. 1640.

"The Life of Merlin." 4to. 1641.

"The General History of Women; of the most Holy

* It consists of 22 pp. and is dedicated "to the Right Honourable Edward, Earl of Worcester, Lord of Chepstoll, Ragland and Gower."

† The following tribute is extracted from Wit's Recreations, 1641:

"To Mr. Thomas Heywood.

"Thou hast writ much, and art admired by those
Who love the easie rambling of thy prose;
But yet thy pleasing'st flight was somewhat high
When thou didst touch the Angels Hierarchie.
Fly that way still, it will become thy age,
And better please than groveling on the stage." O. G.

" and Profane, the most Famous and Infamous, in all " Ages." 8vo. 1657.*

In the Address to the reader, prefixed to *The Brazen Age*, he says: " What imperfection soever it have, " having a brazen face, it cannot blush: much like a " pedant about this towne, who, when all trades fail'd, " turn'd pedagogue, and once insinuating with me, bor- " rowed from me certaine Translations of Ovid, as his " three books *De Arte Amandi*, and two *De Remedio* " *Amoris*, which since, his most brazen face hath most " impudently challenged as his own; wherefore, I must " needs proclaim it as far as Ham, where he now keeps " school, *Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores;* " they were things which, out of my juniority and want " of judgment, I committed to the view of some private " friends, but with no purpose of publishing or further " communicating them. Therefore I would entreate " that *Austin*, for so his name is, to acknowledge his " wrong to me, in shewing them, and his owne impu- " dence and ignorance in challenging them."†

* This work was originally printed in folio, in 1624, under the title of " Γυναικειον, or Nine Bookes of various History concerning Women." C.

† Heywood was also a contributor to the " *Annalia Dubrensia*," 4to. 1636, and he has commendatory verses prefixed to

Peachum's " Minerva Britannia," 4to. 1612.

Jordan's " Poetical Varieties," 4to. 1637.

Humphrey Mill's " Night Search," 8vo. 1640. O. G.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR FRANCIS ACTON.
SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD.
MR. FRANKFORD
MR. MALBY.
MR. WENDOLL.
MR. CRANWELL.
ROGER BRICKBAT.
JACK SLIME.
NICHOLAS.
JENKIN.
SHERIFF, *with* OFFICERS.
A BUTLER.
ROGER.
TYDY.
SANDY.
RODER.
OLD MOUNTFORD.
SHAFTON.
SPIGOT, *Musicians, Falconer, Huntsman, Serjeant, Keeper, Coachman, Carters, Servants, &c.*

WOMEN.

MRS. FRANKFORD.
MRS. ANNE.
SUSAN.
SISLY.

THE PROLOGUE.

I come but as a harbinger, being sent
To tell you what these preparations mean:
Look for no glorious state, our Muse is bent
Upon a barren subject, a bare scene.
We could afford this twig a timber tree,
Whose strength might boldly on your favours build,
Our russet, tissue; drone, a honey-bee;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field;
Our coarse fare, banquets; our thin water, wine;
Our brook, a sea; our bats eyes, eagles sight;
Our poet's dull and earthy Muse, divine;
Our ravens, doves; our crows black feathers, white:
But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,
Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

A

WOMAN

KILL'D WITH KINDNESS*.

Enter Mr. JOHN FRANKFORD, *Mistress* ANNE, *Sir* FRANCIS ACTON, *Sir* CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *Master* MALBY, *Master* WENDOLL, *and Mr.* CRANWELL.

Sir Francis. SOME musick there: none lead the bride a dance?

Sir Charles. Yes, would she dance the shaking of the sheets[1]:

But that's the dance her husband means to lead her.

Wendoll. That's not the dance that every man must dance,

According to the ballad.

Sir Francis. Musick, ho!

By your leave, sister; by your husband's leave,
I should have said: the hand that but this day
Was given you in the church I'll borrow: sound!
This marriage musick hoists me from the ground.

Frankford. Aye, you may caper, you are light and free:

Marriage hath yok'd my heels; pray pardon me.

* Of this play I have seen no earlier edition than that of 1617, although it certainly appeared before the year 1604, being mentioned in *The Black Book.* Soon after the republication of it, in the former edition of the present collection, Mr. Victor being, as he says, struck with the beauties of it, made it the subject of a play called *The Fatal Error*, which was published in the second volume of his Miscellanies, printed in 8vo. 1776.

[1] *the shaking of the sheets.*] This was the name of a dance, frequently mentioned in ancient plays, and generally, as here, with a *double entendre.*

Sir Francis. I'll have you dance too, brother.
Sir Charles. Master Frankford,
You are a happy man, sir; and much joy
Succeed your marriage mirth: you have a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments
Both of the mind and body. First, her birth
Is noble, and her education such
As might become the daughter of a prince:
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand
Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace,
From the shrill'st treble to the hoarsest base.
To end her many praises in one word,
She's beauty and perfection's eldest daughter,
Only found by your's, though many a heart hath sought her.
Frankford. But that I know your virtues and chaste thoughts,
I should be jealous of your praise, Sir Charles.
Cranwell. He speaks no more than you approve.
Malby. Nor flatter he that gives to her her due.
Mrs. Anne. I would your praise could find a fitter theme
Than my imperfect beauties* to speak on:
Such as they be, if they my husband please,
They suffice me now I am married:
His sweet content is like a flatt'ring glass,
To make my face seem fairer to mine eye:
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow
Will blast the roses in my cheeks that grow.
Sir Francis. A perfect wife already, meek and patient:
How strangely the word Husband fits your mouth,
Not married three hours since! Sister, 'tis good;
You that begin betimes thus, must needs prove
Pliant and duteous in your husband's love.
Gramercies brother, wrought her to't already:
Sweet husband, and a curt'sy, the first day!

* The quarto of 1617 reads *beauty*, in the singular, but what follows shews that it ought to be in the plural; and for this reason, probably, it was changed by Mr. Reed. C.

Mark this, mark this, you that are batchelors,
And never took the grace of honest man;
Mark this, against you marry, this one phrase;
In a good time[2] that man both wins and wooes,
That takes his wife down in her wedding shoes.

Frankford. Your sister takes not after you, Sir Francis;
All his wild blood your father spent on you:
He got her in his age, when he grew civil;
All his mad tricks were to his land entail'd,
And you are heir to all: your sister, she
Hath to her dower her mother's modesty.

Sir Charles. Lord, sir, in what a happy state live you!
This morning, which (to many) seems a burden, too
Heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure.
This lady is no clog, as many are:
She doth become you like a well-made suit,
In which the tailor hath us'd all his art;
Not like a thick coat of unseason'd frize,
Forc'd on your back in summer. She's no chain
To tie your neck, and curb ye to the yoke;
But she's a chain of gold to adorn your neck.
You both adorn each other, and your hands,
Methinks, are matches: there's equality
In this fair combination; you are both
Scholars, both young, both being descended nobly.
There's musick in this sympathy, it carries
Consort, and expectation of much joy,
Which God bestow on you, from this first day
Until your dissolution; that's for aye.

Sir Francis. We keep you here too long, good brother Frankford.
Into the hall; away! go chear your guests.
What, bride and bridegroom both withdrawn at once?
If you be miss'd, the guests will doubt their welcome,
And charge you with unkindness.

Frankford. To prevent it,
I'll leave you here, to see the dance within.

[2] *In a good time,* &c.] This is still a proverb in common

Mrs. Anne. And so will I. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Francis. To part you, it were sin.
Now, gallants, while the town-musicians
Finger their frets within; and the mad lads
And country-lasses, every mother's child,
With nosegays and bridelaces in their hats,
Dance all their country measures, rounds, and jigs,
What shall we do? Hark, they're all on the hoigh;
They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round,
Marry, not on the toe. I, and they caper,
But not without cutting; you shall see, to-morrow,
The hall-floor peck'd and dinted like a mill-stone,
Made with their high shoes: though their skill be small,
Yet they tread heavy where their hob-nails fall.

Sir Charles. Well, leave them to their sports. Sir Francis Acton,
I'll make a match with you; meet to-morrow,
At Chevy-chase, I'll fly my hawk with your's.

Sir Francis. For what? For what?

Sir Charles. Why, for a hundred pound.

Sir Francis. Pawn me some gold of that.

Sir Charles. Here are ten angels;
I'll make them good a hundred pound to-morrow
Upon my hawk's wing.

Sir Francis. 'Tis a match, 'tis done:
Another hundred pound upon your dogs.
Dare ye, Sir Charles?

Sir Charles. I dare: were I sure to lose,
I durst do more than that: here is my hand,
The first course, for a hundred pound.

Sir Francis. A match.

Wendoll. Ten angels on Sir Francis Acton's hawk;
As much upon his dogs.

Cranwell. I am for Sir Charles Mountford; I have seen
His hawk and dog both tried. What, clap ye hands?
Or is't no bargain?

Wendoll. Yes, and stake them down:
Were they five hundred, they were all my own.

Sir Francis. Be stirring early with the lark to-morrow;*
I'll rise into my saddle ere the sun
Rise from his bed.

Sir Charles. If there you miss me, say
I am no gentleman: I'll hold my day.

Sir Francis. It holds on all sides. Come, to-night let's dance,
Early to-morrow let's prepare to ride,
We had need be three hours up before the bride.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter NICHOLAS *and* JENKIN, JACK SLIME, ROGER BRICKBAT, *with country wenches, and two or three musicians.*

Jenkin. Come, Nick, take you Joan Miniver to trace withal: Jack Slime, traverse you with Sisly Milk-pail: I will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat shall have Isabel Motley; and now that they are busy in the parlour, come, strike up; we'll have a crash here in the yard[3].

Nicholas. My humour is not compendious; dancing I possess not, tho' I can foot it: yet, since I am fallen into the hands of Sisly Milk-pail, I consent.

* "Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk."—*Richard III.* A. 5. S. 3. C.

[3] *we'll have a* crash *here in the yard.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer says, that *a crash* in some counties is used for a merry bout. So in *Erasmus's Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. N 2. speaking of Fryers, he says, "Thei are maisters of mens secrettes, by vertue of that thei call "confession: whiche secrets thei compt it great sinne to discover, "unlesse at some tymes, having tasted a little of the ale, thei "thinke good to recreate theimselves with sportyng tales *a crashe* "onely by conjectures and lykelihoods, to poincte you to the thyng, "suppressing yet mens names of their modestie."

Nash's Lenten Stuff, 1599.

"These rubs removed, on with our game as fast as we may, and, "to the gain of the Red Herring again, another *crush.*"

I think *a crush* is a musical term, employed to express the noise made when all the instruments in a concert exert themselves together. S.

From the manner it is used in G. A. Stevens's Burletta of *The Court of Alexander*, it seems to be a cant term in musick. The meaning of it agreeable to the above conjecture.

Jack Slime. Truly Nick, tho' we were never brought up like serving courtiers, yet we have been brought up with serving creatures, I, and God's creatures too; for we have been brought up to serve sheep, oxen, horses, hogs, and such like: and tho' we be but country fellows, it may be in the way of dancing we can do the horse-trick as well as the serving-men.

Roger Brickbat. Aye, and the cross-point too.

Jenkin. O Slime, O Brickbat, do not you know that comparisons are odious? now we are odious ourselves too, therefore there are no comparisons to be made betwixt us.

Nicholas. I am sudden, and not superfluous;
I am quarrelsome, and not seditious;
I am peaceable, and not contentious;
I am brief, and not compendious.

Jack Slime. Foot it quickly: if the musick overcome not my melancholy, I shall quarrel; and if they do not suddenly strike up, I shall presently strike them down.

Jenkin. No quarrelling, for God's sake: truly, if you do, I shall set a knave between ye.

Jack Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrel: come, what shall it be? Rogero?[4]

Jenkin. Rogero, no; we will dance The beginning of the world.

Sisly. I love no dance so well, as John come kiss me now.

Nicholas. I have ere now deserv'd a cushion; call for the Cushion-dance.

Roger Brickbat. For my part I like nothing so well as Tom Tyler.

Jenkin. No; we'll have The hunting of the fox.

Jack Slime. The hay, The hay; there's nothing like The hay.

Nicholas. I have said, do say, and will say again.

Jenkin. Every man agree to have it, as Nick says.

All. Content.

Nicholas. It hath been, it now is, and it shall be.

[4] *Rogero.*] Nash mentions this among several other ballads. See Note on *Twelfth Night*, vol. 4. p. 195. edition 1778. S.

Sisly. What? Mr. Nicholas, What?

Nicholas. Put on your smock a Monday.

Jenkin. So, the dance will come cleanly off: come, for God's sake agree of something: if you like not that, put it to the musicians; or let me speak for all, and we'll have Sellenger's round[5].

All. That, that, that.

Nicholas. No, I am resolv'd, thus it shall be:
First take hands, then take ye to your heels.

Jenkin. Why, would ye have us run away?

Nicholas. No; but I would have you shake your heels.

Musick, strike up.

They dance. Nick dancing, speaks stately and scurvily, the rest after the country fashion.

Jenkin. Hey; lively, my lasses; here's a turn for thee. [*Exeunt.*

Wind horns. Enter SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, SIR FRANCIS ACTON, MALBY, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, FALCONER, *and* HUNTSMEN.

Sir Charles. So; well cast off: aloft, aloft! well flown.
O, now she takes her at the sowse,[6] and strikes her down
To th' earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

Wendoll. She hath struck ten angels out of my way.

Sir Francis. A hundred pound from me.

Sir Charles. What, falc'ner?

Falconer. At hand, sir.

Sir Charles. Now she hath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her,
Rebeck her not: rather stand still and check her.
So, seize her gets, her jesses, and her bells:
Away.

Sir Francis. My hawk kill'd too!

Sir Charles. Aye, but 'twas at the querre,

[5] *Sellenger's round.*] See note 66 to *Lingua*, vol. V.

[6] *O, now she takes her at the sowse.*] The phrases here, and in the following part of this scene, are wholly taken from falconry.

Not at the mount, like mine.
Sir Francis. Judgment, my masters.
Cranwell. Your's miss'd her at the ferre.
Wendoll. Aye, but our Merlin first had plum'd the fowl,
And twice renew'd her from the river too:
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semi-tune above the other:
Methinks these Milain bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.
Sir Charles. 'Tis lost.
Sir Francis. I grant it not. Mine likewise seiz'd a fowl
Within her talons; and you saw her paws
Full of the feathers: both her petty singles,
And her long singles grip'd her more than other;
The terrials of her legs were stain'd with blood:
Not of the fowl only, she did discomfit
Some of her feathers; but she brake away.
Come, come, your hawk is but a rifler.
Sir Charles. How!
Sir Francis. Aye, and your dogs are trindle-trails and curs.
Sir Charles. You stir my blood.
You keep not one good hound in all your kennel,
Nor one good hawk upon your perch.
Sir Francis. How! knight?
Sir Charles. So, knight: you will not swagger, sir?
Sir Francis. Why, say I did?
Sir Charles. Why sir,
I say you would gain as much by swagg'ring,
As you have got by wagers on your dogs:
You will come short in all things.
Sir Francis. Not in this: now I'll strike home.
Sir Charles. Thou shalt to thy long home, or I will want my will.
Sir Francis. All they that love Sir Francis, follow me.
Sir Charles. All that affect Sir Charles, draw on my part.
Cranwell. On this side heaves my hand.

Wendoll. Here goes my heart.

[*They divide themselves.*

Sir Charles Mountford, Cranwell, Falconer, and Huntsman, fight against Sir Francis Acton, Wendoll, his Falconer, and Huntsman; and Sir Charles' hath the better, and beats them away, killing both of Sir Francis's men.

Sir Charles. My God! what have I done? what have I done?

My rage hath plung'd into a sea of blood,
In which my soul lies drown'd. Poor innocents,
For whom we are to answer! Well, 'tis done,
And I remain the victor. A great conquest,
When I would give this right hand, nay, this head,
To breathe in them new life whom I have slain!
Forgive me, God, 'twas in the heat of blood,
And anger quite removes me from myself!
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.
Sir Francis Acton he is fled the field;
With him all those that did partake his quarrel,
And I am left alone with sorrow dumb,
And in my height of conquest overcome.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Oh God! my brother wounded 'mong the dead!

Unhappy jest, that in such earnest ends:
The rumour of this fear stretch'd to my ears,
And I am come to know if you be wounded.

Sir Charles. Oh! sister, sister, wounded at the heart.

Susan. My God forbid.

Sir Charles. In doing that thing which he forbad,
I am wounded, sister.

Susan. I hope not at the heart.

Sir Charles. Yes, at the heart.

Susan. O God! a surgeon there.

Sir Charles. Call me a surgeon, sister, for my soul;
The sin of murder it hath pierc'd my heart,
And made a wide wound there: but for these scratches,
They are nothing, nothing.

Susan. Charles, what have you done?

Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue you
Unto the utmost danger of the law.
Sir Charles. My conscience is become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more than Acton can.
Susan. O fly, sweet brother.
Sir Charles. Shall I fly from thee?
Why, Sue, art weary of my company?
Susan. Fly from your foe.
Sir Charles. You, sister, are my friend;
And, flying you, I shall pursue my end.
Susan. Your company is as my eye-ball dear;
Being far from you, no comfort can be near;
Yet fly to save your life: what would I care
To spend my future age in black despair,
So you were safe? and yet to live one week
Without my brother Charles, thro' every * cheek
My streaming tears would downwards run so rank,
Till they would set on either side a bank,
And in the midst a channel; so my face
For two salt-water brooks shall still find place.
Sir Charles. Thou shalt not weep so much, for I will stay
In spight of danger's teeth; I'll live with thee,
Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell
My country and my father's patrimony,
Nor thy sweet sight for a vain hope of life.
Enter SHERIFF, *with Officers.*
Sheriff. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling instrument
Of your attach and apprehension:
I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you exacted[7]. It was told me,
That you were guarded with a troop of friends,
And therefore came thus arm'd.
Sir Charles. O, Master sheriff,
I came into the field with many friends,

* Mr. Reed altered *every* to *either*, and it may be an improvement; but the change was made without notice, and the original, though perhaps not so good, is to be preferred, because the poet wrote it. C.

7 *exacted.*] The quarto reads *enacted.*

But see, they all have left me: only one
Clings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister.
I know you for an honest gentleman,
I yield my weapons, and submit to you;
Convey me where you please.
Sheriff. To prison then,
To answer for the lives of these dead men.
Susan. Oh God! oh God!
Sir Charles. Sweet sister, every strain
Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain;
Your grief abounds, and hits against my breast.
Sheriff. Sir, will you go?
Sir Charles. Even where it likes you best. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. FRANKFORD *in a study.*

Frankford. How happy am I amongst other men,
That in my mean estate embrace content!
I am a gentleman, and by my birth,
Companion with a king; a king's no more.
I am possess'd of many fair revenues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman.
Touching my mind, I am studied in all arts;
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,
Have been a good proficient; but the chief
Of all the sweet felicities on earth,
I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife;
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament:
If man on earth may truly happy be,
Of these at once possest, sure I am he.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nicholas. Sir, there's a gentleman attends without
To speak with you.
Frankford. On horse-back?
Nicholas. Yes, on horse-back.
Frankford. Intreat him to alight, and I'll attend him.
Know'st thou him, Nick?
Nicholas. Know him! yes, his name's Wendoll:
It seems he comes in haste: his horse is booted
Up to the flank in mire, himself all spotted
And stain'd with plashing. Sure he rid in fear,
Or for a wager; horse and man both sweat,

I ne'er saw two in such a smoaking heat.
Frankford. Entreat him in: about it instantly.
[*Exit Nicholas.*
This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage
Hath pleas'd me much: by observation
I have noted many good deserts in him:
He's affable, and seen in many things[8],
Discourses well, a good companion;
And tho' of small means, yet a gentleman
Of a good house, somewhat press'd by want:
I have preferr'd him to a second place
In my opinion, and my best regard.
Enter WENDOLL, *Mrs.* FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.
Mrs. Anne. O Mr. Frankford, Mr. Wendoll here
Brings you the strangest news that e'er you heard.
Frankford. What news, sweet wife? What news, good Mr. Wendoll?
Wendoll. You knew the match made 'twixt sir Francis Acton
And Sir Charles Mountford.
Frankford. True, with their hounds and hawks.
Wendoll. The matches were both play'd.
Frankford. Ha! and who won?
Wendoll. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had the worst,
And lost the wager.
Frankford. Why, the worse his chance:
Perhaps the fortune of some other day
Will change his luck.
Mrs. Anne. Oh, but you hear not all.
Sir Francis lost, and yet was loath to yield:
At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blows, and so to banding sides;
Where valourous Sir Charles slew in his spleen
Two of your brother's men; his falc'ner,
And his good huntsman, whom he lov'd so well;
More men were wounded, no more slain outright.
Frankford. Now trust me, I am sorry for the knight;

[8] *seen in many things.*] *i. e.* instructed. In ancient language, to be *well seen* in any thing, is to understand it perfectly.

But is my brother safe?
Wendoll. All whole and sound,
His body not being blemish'd with one wound:
But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,
To answer at th' assize for them that's dead.
Frankford. I thank your pains, sir; had the news been better
Your will was to have brought it, Mr. Wendoll.
Sir Charles will find hard friends: his case is heinous,
And will be most severely censur'd on [9]:
I'm sorry for him. Sir, a word with you;
I know you, sir, to be a gentleman
In all things; your possibility but mean:
Please you to use my table and my purse,
They are your's.
Wendoll. O lord, sir, I shall never deserve it.
Frankford. O sir, disparage not your worth too much:
You are full of quality, and fair desert:
Choose of my men which shall attend you, sir,
And he is your's. I will allow you, sir,
Your man, your gelding, and your table,
All at my own charge; be my companion.
Wendoll. Mr. Frankford, I have oft been bound to you
By many favours: this exceeds them all,
That I shall never merit your least favour.
But when your last remembrance I forget,
Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt.
Frankford. There needs no protestation: for I know you
Virtuous, and therefore grateful. Pr'ythee, Nan,
Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy.
Mrs. Anne. As far as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.

[9] *censur'd on.*] *To censure*, in ancient language, signifies to pass a legal sentence. So in Othello, A. 5. S. 2.

" —— to you, Lord Governor,
" Remains the *censure* of this hellish villain."

See note on this passage, vol. X. p. 628. edition 1778. S.

Frankford. To dinner: come, sir, from this present day,
Welcome to me for ever: come, away.

[*Exeunt Frankford, Mrs. Frankford, and Wendoll.*

Nicholas. I do not like this fellow by no means:
I never see him but my heart still yearns:
Zounds I could fight with him, yet know not why:
The devil and he are all one in mine eye.

Enter JENKIN.

Jenkin. O Nick, what gentleman is that that comes to lie at our house? my master allows him one to wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot.

Nicholas. I love my master; by these hilts I do,
But rather than I'll evercome to serve him,
I'll turn away my master.

Enter SISLY.

Sisly. Nich'las, where are you, Nich'las? you must come in, Nich'las, and help the gentleman off with his boots.

Nicholas. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the spurs,
And they shall stick fast in my throat like burs.

Sisly. Then, Jenkin, come you.

Jenkin. Nay, 'tis no boot for me to deny it. My master hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himself to brush it once or twice a day, with a holly-wand.

Sisly. Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve in dinner.

Jenkin. You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, 'tis but early days with us, for we have not din'd yet: stay a little, I'll but go in and help to bear up the first course, and come to you again presently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MALBY *and* CRANWELL.

Malby. This is the sessions-day; pray can you tell me
How young Sir Charles hath sped? Is he acquit,
Or must he try the law's strict penalty?

Cranwell. He's clear'd of all, spight of his enemies,
Whose earnest labour was to take his life:
But in this suit of pardon he hath spent

All the revenues that his father left him;
And he is now turn'd a plain countryman,
Reform'd in all things. See, sir, here he comes.

Enter SIR CHARLES, *and his* KEEPER.

Keeper. Discharge your fees, and you are then at freedom.

Sir Charles. Here, Mr. Keeper, take the poor remainder
Of all the wealth I have: my heavy foes
Have made my purse light; but, alas! to me
'Tis wealth enough that you have set me free.

Malby. God give you joy of your delivery.
I am glad to see you abroad, Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. The poorest knight in England, Mr. Malby:
My life hath cost me all my patrimony
My father left his son: well, God forgive them
That are the authors of my penury.

Enter SHAFTON.

Shafton. Sir Charles! a hand, a hand! at liberty?
Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.
What want you? wherein may I pleasure you?

Sir Charles. O me! O most unhappy gentleman!
I am not worthy to have friends stirr'd up,
Whose hands may help me in this plunge of want.
I would I were in heaven, to inherit there
Th' immortal birth-right which my Saviour keeps,
And by no unthrift can be bought and sold;
For here on earth what pleasures should we trust?

Shafton. To rid you from these contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me;
Nay five for fail: Come, sir; the sight of gold
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
And will revive your spirits. You shall hold law
With your proud adversaries. Tush, let Frank Acton
Wage his knighthood-like expence with me,
And a' will sink, he will. Nay, good Sir Charles,
Applaud your fortune, and your fair escape
From all these perils.

Sir Charles. O sir, they have undone me.

Two thousand and five hundred pound a year
My father, at his death, possest me of;
All which the envious Acton made me spend.
And, notwithstanding all this large expence,
I had much ado to gain my liberty:
And I have only now a house of pleasure,
With some five hundred pounds, reserved
Both to maintain me and my loving sister.
Shafton. That must I have, it lies convenient for me:
If I can fasten but one finger on him,
With my full hand I'll gripe him to the heart.
'Tis not for love I proffer'd him this coin,
But for my gain and pleasure.—Come, Sir Charles,
I know you have need of money; take my offer.
Sir Charles. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted
Even to the best of my unable power.
Come, gentlemen, and see it tender'd down. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WENDOLL *melancholy.*

Wendoll. I am a villain if I apprehend
But such a thought: then to attempt the deed,
Slave, thou art damn'd without redemption.
I'll drive away this passion with a song.
A song! ha, ha: a song! as if, fond man,
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soul
Lies drench'd and drowned in red tears of blood.
I'll pray, and see if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are meditations;
And when I meditate (O God forgive me!)
It is on her divine perfections.
I will forget her; I will arm myself
Not t' entertain a thought of love to her:
And, when I come by chance into her presence,
I'll hale these balls until my eye-strings crack,
From being pull'd and drawn to look that way.

Enter over the stage, FRANKFORD, *his wife, and* NICHOLAS.

O God! O God! with what a violence
I'm hurried to mine own destruction.
There goest thou, the most perfect man
That ever England bred a gentleman;

And shall I wrong his bed? Thou God of thunder!
Stay in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand
From speedy execution on a villain:
A villain, and a traitor to his friend.

Enter JENKIN.

Jenkin. Did your worship call?

Wendoll. He doth maintain me, he allows me largely
Money to spend—

Jenkin. By my faith so do not you me; I cannot get a cross of you.

Wendoll. My gelding, and my man.—

Jenkin. That's Sorrell and I.

Wendoll. This kindness grows of no alliance 'twixt us—

Jenkin. Nor is my service of any great acquaintance.

Wendoll. I never bound him to me by desert:
Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman;
A man by whom in no kind he could gain:
And he hath plac'd me in his highest thoughts,
Made me companion with the best and chiefest
In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me,
Nor laugh without me: I am to his body
As necessary as his digestion,
And equally do make him whole or sick:
And shall I wrong this man? Base man! ingrate!
Hast thou the power straight with thy gory hands
To rip thy image from his bleeding heart?
To scratch thy name from out the holy book
Of his remembrance; and to wound his name
That holds thy name so dear? or rend his heart
To whom thy heart was knit and join'd together?
And yet I must: Then, Wendoll, be content.
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.

Jenkin. What a strange humour is my new master in! pray God he be not mad: if he should be so, I should never have any mind to serve him in Bedlam. It may be he's mad for missing of me.

Wendoll. What, Jenkin, where's your mistress?

Jenkin. Is your worship married?

Wendoll. Why dost thou ask?

Jenkin. Because you are my master; and if I have a mistress, I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my duty to her.

Wendoll. I mean Mistress Frankford.

Jenkin. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of town, and she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse[10].

Do you see, sir? here she comes, and here I go.

Wendoll. Vanish. [*Exit Jenkin.*

Enter Mrs. ANNE.

Mrs. Anne. Y' are well met, sir; now in troth, my husband,
Before he took horse, had a great desire
To speak with you: we sought about the house,
Hollow'd into the fields, sent every way,
But could not meet you: therefore he enjoin'd me
To do unto you his most kind commends.
Nay more; he wills you, as you prize his love,
Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command
Even as himself were present in the house:
For you must keep his table, use his servants,
And be a present Frankford in his absence.

Wendoll. I thank him for his love.
Give me a name, you whose infectious tongues
Are tipp'd with gall and poison: as you would
Think on a man that had your father slain,
Murdered your children, made your wives base strumpets,
So call me, call me so: print in my face
The most stigmatick title of a villain,
For hatching treason to so true a friend.

Mrs. Anne. Sir, you are much beholden to my husband;
You are a man most dear in his regard.

Wendoll. I am bound unto your husband, and you too.

[10] *bring him on his way to horse.*] *i. e.* accompany him. A phrase very common in our ancient writers.

I will not speak to wrong a gentleman •
Of that good estimation, my kind friend:
I will not; zounds, I will not. I may chuse,
And I will chuse. Shall I be so misled?
Or shall I purchase to my father's crest
The motto of a villain? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can inforce me?
What can compel me? What sad destiny
Hath such command upon my yielding thoughts?
I will not—Ha! some fury pricks me on,
The swift fates drag me at their chariot-wheel,
And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must;
Injure myself! wrong her! deceive his trust!

Mrs. Anne. Are you not well, sir, that you seem thus troubled?

There is sedition in your countenance.

Wendoll. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise;
I love you: start not, speak not, answer not.
I love you: nay, let me speak the rest:
Bid me to swear, and I will call to record
The host of heaven.

Mrs. Anne, The host of heaven forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought.

Wendoll. Such is my fate; to this suit I was born,
To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's scorn.

Mrs. Anne. My husband loves you.

Wendoll. I know it.

Mrs. Anne. He esteems you,
Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.

Wendoll. I have tried it.

Mrs. Anne. His purse is your exchequer, and his table
Doth freely serve you.

Wendoll. So I have found it.

Mrs. Anne. O! with what face of brass, what brow of steel,
Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face,
Of the espous'd wife of so dear a friend?
It is my husband that maintains your state,

Will you dishonour him? I am his wife,
That in your power hath left his whole affairs:
It is to me you speak.

Wendoll. O speak no more!
For more than this I know, and have recorded
Within the red-leav'd table of my heart.
Fair, and of all belov'd, I was not fearful
Bluntly to give my life into your hand;
And at one hazard all my earthly means.
Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off,
And I am then undone. I care not, I,
'Twas for your sake. Perchance in rage he'll kill me:
I care not, 'twas for you. Say I incur
The general name of villain through the world,
Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I.
Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and reproach,
For you I'll hazard all: why, what care I?
For you I'll love, and in your love I'll die.

Mrs. Anne. You move me, sir, to passion and to pity
The love I bear my husband, is as precious
As my soul's health.

Wendoll. I love your husband too,
And for his love I will engage my life:
Mistake me not, the augmentation
Of my sincere affection borne to you
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.
I will be secret, lady, close as night;
And not the light of one small glorious star
Shall shine here in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.

Mrs. Anne. What shall I say?
My soul is wand'ring, and hath lost her way.
Oh, Master Wendoll! Oh!

Wendoll. Sigh not, sweet saint;
For every sigh you breathe, draws from my heart
A drop of blood.

Mrs. Anne. I ne'er offended yet:
My fault (I fear) will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face:

I blush and am asham'd. Oh, Master Wendoll,
Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue,
That hath inchanted me. This maze I am in,
I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Wendoll. The path of pleasure, and the gate to bliss;
Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss.

Nicholas. I'll kill the rogue.

Wendoll. Your husband is from home, your bed's no blab.
Nay look not down and blush.

[*Exeunt Wendoll and Mrs. Anne.*

Nicholas. Zounds, I'll stab.
Aye Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the nick?
I love my master, and I hate that slave:
I love my mistress; but these tricks I like not.
My master shall not pocket up this wrong;
I'll eat my fingers first. What say'st thou, metal?
Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs
That thou must cut off? Hath he not ham-strings
That thou must hough[11]? Nay, metal, thou shall stand
To all I say. I'll henceforth turn a spy,
And watch them in their close conveyances.
I never look'd for better of that rascal,
Since he came miching first into our house:
It is that Satan hath corrupted her;
For she was fair and chaste: I'll have an eye
In all their gestures. Thus I think of them,
(If they proceed as they have done before)
Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a —— [*Exit.*

Enter SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD *and* SUSAN.

Sir Charles. Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,
To keep this poor house we have left unsold;
I am now inforc'd to follow husbandry,
And you to milk; and do we not live well?
Well, I thank God.

[11] *That thou must hough.*] *To hough* is the term for cutting the ham-strings. S.

Susan. O brother, here's a change
Since old Sir Charles died in our father's house!
Sir Charles. All things on earth thus change, some up, some down;
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.
Enter SHAFTON *with a Serjeant.*
Shafton. Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles: what, with your sister,
Plying your husbandry?—Serjeant, stand off—
You have a pretty house here, and a garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a lordship that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you——
Sir Charles. O, pardon me: this house successively
Hath 'long'd to me and my pregenitors
Three hundred years. My great-great-grandfather,
He in whom first our gentle stile began,
Dwelt here; and in this ground, increas'd this mole-hill
Unto that mountain which my father left me.
Where he the first of all our house begun,
I now the last will end, and keep this house:
This virgin title, never yet deflower'd
By any unthrift of the Mountfords' line.
In brief, I will not sell it for more gold
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.
Shafton. Ha, ha; a proud mind and a beggar's purse!
Where's my three hundred pounds, besides the use?
I have brought it to execution
By course of law: what, is my monies ready?
Sir Charles. An execution, sir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suit! you deal extremely.
Shafton. Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you straight.
Sir Charles. Alas, alas! 'tis all trouble hath left me
To cherish me and my poor sister's life.
If this were sold, our names should then be quite
Raz'd from the bed-roll [12] of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keep it

[12] *the bed-roll.*] See note 12 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

Allied still to our own name. This palm, you see,
Labour hath glow'd within: her silver brow,
That never tasted a rough winter's blast
Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.
Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard,
We lie uneasy, to reserve to us
And our succession this small plot of ground.
Sir Charles. I have so bent my thoughts to husbandry,
That I protest I scarcely can remember
What a new fashion is; how silk or sattin
Feels in my hand: why pride is grown to us
A mere, mere stranger. I have quite forgot
The names of all that ever waited on me.
I cannot name ye any of my hounds,
Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all musick
That e'er my heart desired. What should I say?
To keep this place I have chang'd myself away.
Shafton. Arrest him at my suit. Actions and actions
Shall keep thee in continual bondage fast:
Nay more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,
And call thy former life in question.
The keeper is my friend, thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as I'll deny to dogs: Away with him!
Sir Charles. Ye are too timorous: but trouble is my master,
And I will serve him truly.—My kind sister,
Thy tears are of no force to mollify
This flinty man. Go to my father's brother,
My kinsmen and allies; intreat them for me,
To ransom me from this injurious man,
That seeks my ruin.
Shafton. Come, irons, irons! come away,
I'll see thee lodg'd far from the sight of day. [*Exeunt.*
Susan. My heart's so harden'd with the frost of grief,
Death cannot pierce it through. Tyrant too fell!
So lead the fiends' condemned souls to hell.

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON *and* MALBY.

Sir Francis. Again to prison? Malby, hast thou seen

A poor slave better tortur'd? Shall we hear
The musick of his voice cry from the grate,
Meat for the Lord's sake? No, no, yet I am not
Thoroughly reveng'd. They say he hath a pretty wench
To his sister: Shall I, in my mercy-sake
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
To shame herself by lewd dishonest lust?
I'll proffer largely; but, the deed being done,
I'll smile to see her base confusion.

Malby. Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full reveng'd
For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.
See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands.

Sir Francis. Ha, ha; now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate;
My very soul the name of Mountford hates.
But stay, my heart! oh what a look did fly
To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye!
I am inchanted; all my spirits are fled,
And with one glance my envious spleen struck dead.

Susan. Acton! that seeks our blood. [*Runs away.*

Sir Francis. O chaste and fair!

Malby. Sir Francis, why, Sir Francis, in a trance?
Sir Francis, what cheer man? Come, come, how is't?

Sir Francis. Was she not fair? Or else this judging eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.

Malby. She was fair.

Sir Francis. She was an angel in a mortal's shape,
And ne'er descended from old Mountford's line.
But soft, soft, let me call my wits together.
A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary
Sister, whose very souls denounce stern war
Each against other. How now, Frank, turn'd fool
Or madman, whether? But no; master of
My perfect senses and directest wits.
Then why should I be in this violent humour
Of passion and of love? and with a person
So different every way, and so oppos'd
In all constructions, and still-warring actions?

Fie, fie; how I dispute against my soul!
Come, come, I'll gain her, or in her fair quest
Purchase my soul free and immortal rest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three or four serving-men, one with a voider and a wooden knife, to take away[13]*; another the salt and bread; another the table-cloth and napkins; another the carpet:* JENKIN *with two lights after them.*

Jenkin. So, march in order, and retire in battle array. My master and the guests have supp'd already, all's taken away: here, now spread for the serving-men in the hall. Butler, it belongs to your office.

Butler. I know it, Jenkin.
What d' ye call the gentleman that supp'd here to-night?

Jenkin. Who, my master?

Butler. No, no, Master Wendoll, he's a daily guest: I mean the gentleman that came but this afternoon.

Jenkin. His name's Mr. Cranwell. God's light, hark, within there, my master calls to lay more billets upon the fire. Come, come: Lord, how we that are in office here in the house are troubled! One spread the carpet in the parlour, and stand ready to snuff the lights: the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs. More lights in the hall there. Come, Nic'las.

[*Exeunt all but Nicholas.*

Nicholas. I cannot eat, but had I Wendoll's heart
I would eat that; the rogue grows impudent.
Oh, I have seen such vile notorious tricks,
Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.
I'll tell my master, by this air I will;
Fall what may fall, I'll tell him. Here he comes.

Enter Master FRANKFORD, *as it were brushing the crumbs from his cloaths with a napkin, as newly risen from supper.*

Frankford. Nic'las, what makes you here? why are not you
At supper in the hall among your fellows?

Nicholas. Master, I stay'd your rising from the board,

[13] *a voider and a wooden knife to take away.*] The *wooden knife* was anciently used to sweep the broken meat from the table into the voider. S.

To speak with you.

Frankford. Be brief then, gentle Nic'las,
My wife and guests attend me in the parlour.
Why dost thou pause? Now, Nic'las you want money,
And, unthrift-like, would eat into your wages
Ere you have earn'd it: here, sir's half a crown;
Play the good husband, and away to supper.

Nicholas. By this hand, an honourable gentleman! I will not see him wrong'd.—Sir, I have serv'd you long; you entertained me seven years before your beard. You knew me, sir, before you knew my mistress.

Frankford. What of this, good Nic'las?

Nicholas. I never was a make-bate[14], or a knave;
I have no fault but one; I'm given to quarrel,
But not with women. I will tell you, master,
That which will make your heart leap from your breast,
Your hair to startle from your head, your ears to tingle.

Frankford. What preparation's this to dismal news?

Nicholas. 'Sblood, sir, I love you better than your wife.
I'll make it good.

Frankford. You are a knave, and I have much ado,
With wonted patience to contain my rage,
And not to break thy pate. Thou art a knave:
I'll turn you, with your base comparisons,
Out of my doors.

Nicholas. Do, do.
There is not room for Wendoll and me too
Both in one house. Oh master, master,
That Wendoll is a villain.

Frankford. Aye, saucy!

Nicholas. Strike, strike, do strike; yet hear me, I am no fool,
I know a villain, when I see him act
Deeds of a villain. Master, master, that base slave
Enjoys my mistress, and dishonours you.

[14] *make-bate,*] one who promotes quarrels. See Mr. Steevens's note to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 4.

Frankford. Thou hast kill'd me with a weapon, whose sharp point
Hath prick'd quite through and through my shiv'ring heart.
Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my hairs,
Like morning's dew upon the golden flowers;
And I am plung'd into strange agonies.
What didst thou say? If any word that touch'd
His credit, or her reputation,
It is as hard to enter my belief,
As Dives into heaven.

Nicholas. I can gain nothing; they are two
That never wrong'd me. I knew before
'Twas but a thankless office, and perhaps
As much as is my service, or my life is worth.
All this I know; but this and more,
More by a thousand dangers, could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you.
I saw, and I have said.

Frankford. 'Tis probable: though blunt, yet he is honest;
Tho' I durst pawn my life, and on their faith
Hazard the dear salvation of my soul,
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true? O, may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder possible?
Man, woman, what thing mortal can we trust,
When friends and bosom wives prove so unjust?—
What instance hast thou of this strange report?

Nicholas. Eyes, master, eyes.

Frankford. Thy eyes may be deceiv'd, I tell thee:
For, should an angel from the heavens drop down,
And preach this to me that thyself hast told,
He should have much ado to win belief;
In both their loves I am so confident.

Nicholas. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance?

Frankford. No more! to supper, and command your fellows
To attend us and the strangers. Not a word,
I charge thee on thy life: be secret then,

For I know nothing.

Nicholas. I am dumb; and, now that I have eas'd my stomach,
I will go fill my stomach. [*Exit.*

Frankford. Away; be gone.
She is well born, descended nobly;
Virtuous her education, her repute
Is in the general voice of all the country
Honest and fair; her carriage, her demeanour,
In all her actions that concern the love
To me her husband, modest, chaste, and godly.
Is all this seeming gold plain copper?
But he, that Judas that hath borne my purse,
Hath sold me for a sin. Oh God, Oh God,
Shall I put up these wrongs? No. Shall I trust
The bare report of this suspicious groom,
Before the double-gilt, the well-hatch ore
Of their two hearts? No, I will lose these thoughts:
Distraction I will banish from my brow,
And from my looks exile sad discontent,
Their wonted favours in my tongue shall flow;
Till I know all, I'll nothing seem to know.
Lights and a table there! Wife, Mr. Wendoll, and gentle
Master Cranwell.

Enter Mistress FRANKFORD, *Master* WENDOLL, *Master* CRANWELL, NICHOLAS, *and* JENKIN, *with cards, carpets, stools, and other necessaries.*

Frankford. O Master Cranwell, you are a stranger here,
And often baulk my house; faith, y' are a churl:
Now we have supp'd, a table, and to cards.

Jenkin. A pair of cards,[15] Nic'las, and a carpet to cover the table. Where's Sisly with her counters and her box? Candles and candlesticks there. Fie, we have such a household of serving creatures! unless it be Nick and I, there's not one amongst them all can say bo to a goose. Well said, Nick.

[*The spread a carpet, set down lights and cards.*

[15] *A pair of cards.*] The old term for *a pack of cards.*

Mrs. Anne. Come, Mr. Frankford, who shall take my part?

Frankford. Marry that will I, sweet wife.

Wendoll. No, by my faith, when you are together I sit out: it must be Mistress Frankford and I, or else it is no match.

Frankford. I do not like that match.

Nicholas. You have no reason, marry, knowing all. [*Aside.*

Frankford. 'Tis no great matter neither. Come, Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?

Cranwell. At your pleasure, sir.

Frankford. I must look to you, Master Wendoll, for you'll be playing false; nay, so will my wife too.

Nicholas. I will be sworn she will. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Anne. Let them that are taken false, forfeit the set.

Frankford. Content; it shall go hard but I'll take you.

Cranwell. Gentlemen, what shall our game be?

Wendoll. Master Frankford, you play best at noddy.[16]

Frankford. You shall not find it so; indeed you shall not.

Mrs. Anne. I can play at nothing so well as double ruff.[17]

Frankford. If Master Wendoll and my wife be together, there's no playing against them at double hand.

Nicholas. I can tell you, sir, the game that Master Wendoll is best at.

Wendoll. What game is that, Nick?

Nicholas. Marry, sir, knave out of doors.

[16] *noddy.*] This I believe to have been the same game we now call *cribbage*. It appears from the *Complete Gamester*, 1680, 2d edition, p. 76. that *knave noddy*, were words used to denote the knave in playing that game.

[17] *double ruff.*] From *The Complete Gamester*, p. 81, we learn that in the last century there were two games much played at, one called *English Ruff and Honours*, the other *French Ruff*. They differed very little from *Whist*, and are probably the games here mentioned by the names of *double ruff*, and *wide ruff with honours*.

Wendoll. She and I will take you at lodam.[18]
Anne. Husband, shall we play at saint?[19]
Frankfort. My saint's turn'd devil. No, we'll none of saint:
You are best at new-cut, wife; you'll play at that.
Wendoll. If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hitter of any here, for a wager.
Frankford. 'Tis me they play on. Well, you may draw out.
For all your cunning; 'twill be to your shame;
I'll teach you at your new-cut, a new game.
Come, come.
Cranwell. If you cannot agree upon the game, to post and pair.[20]
Wendoll. We shall be soonest pairs; and my good host,
When he comes late home,* he must kiss the post.
Frankford. Whoever wins, it shall be thy cost,
Cranwell. Faith, let it be wide-ruff,† and let's make honours.
Frankford. If you make honours, one thing let me crave,
Honour the king and queen; except the knave.
Wendoll. Well, as you please for that. Lift who shall deal.
Mrs Anne. The least in sight: what are you, master Wendoll?
Wendoll. I am a knave.
Nicholas. I'll swear it.
Mrs. Anne. I am queen.

[18] *lodam,*] a game not yet entirely disused.
[19] *saint,*] See note 12 to *The Wits*, vol. VIII. and note 80 to *The Dumb Knight*, vol. IV.
[20] *post and pair,*] "a game on the cards, very much play'd in the "west of England, as All Fours is play'd in Kent, and Fives in Ire-"land," *Complete Gamester*, p. 106. It appears in a great measure to resemble *Brag*.

* *Home* was omitted, the metre spoiled, and the sense injured. C.
† The quarto reads "*vide* ruff" which may be the true name of the game. C.

Frankford. A queen thou should'st say. Well, the cards are mine;
They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt.
Mrs. Anne. Shuffle, I'll cut: would I had never dealt.
Frankford. I have lost my dealing.
Wendoll. Sir, the fault's in me;
This queen I have more than mine own, you see.
Give me the stock.
Frankford. My mind's not on my game.
Many a deal I have lost; the more's your shame.
You have served me a bad trick, Master Wendoll.
Wendoll. Sir, you must take your lot. To end this strife,
I know I have dealt better with your wife.
Frankford. Thou hast dealt falsely then.
Mrs. Anne. What's trumps?
Wendoll. Hearts: partner, I rub.
Frankford. Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her chaste love;
In thy false dealing thou hast robb'd my heart.
Booty you play, I like a loser stand,
Having no heart, or here, or in my hand.
I will give o'er the set, I am not well.
Come, who will hold my cards?
Mrs. Anne. Not well, sweet Mr. Frankford!
Alas, what ail you? 'Tis some sudden qualm.
Wendoll. How long have you been so, Master Frankford?
Frankford. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health,
But I grew ill when you began to deal.
Take hence this table. Gentle Master Cranwell,
Y'are welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure.
I'm sorry that this meagrim takes me so;
I cannot sit and bear you company.
Jenkin, some lights, and shew him to his chamber.
Mrs. Anne. A night-gown for my husband; quickly there:
It is some rheum or cold.
Wendoll. Now, in good faith, this illness you have got

By sitting late without your gown.
Frankford. I know it, Mr. Wendoll.
Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me.
Wife, pr'ythee wife, into my bed-chamber,
The night is cold and raw, and rheumatick:
Leave me my gown and light; I'll walk away my fit.
Wendoll. Sweet sir, good night.
Frankford. Myself, good night. [*Exit Wendoll.*
Mrs. Anne. Shall I attend you, husband?
Frankford. No, gentle wife, thou'lt catch cold in thy head;
Pr'ythee be gone, sweet, I'll make haste to bed.
Mrs. Anne. No sleep will fasten on mine eyes, you know,
Until you come. [*Exit.*
Frankford. Sweet Nan, I pr'ythee go—
I have bethought me: get me, by degrees,
The keys of all my doors; which I will mould
In wax, and take their fair impression,
To have by them new keys. This being compast,
At a set hour a letter shall be brought me,
And when they think they may securely play,
They nearest are to danger. Nick, I must rely
Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy.
Nicholas. Build on my faith.
Frankford. To bed then, not to rest.
Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Sir CHARLES'S SISTER, OLD MOUNTFORD, SANDY, RODER, *and* TYDY.
Old Mountford. You say my nephew is in great distress:
Who brought it to him, but his own lewd life?
I cannot spare a cross. I must confess
He was my brother's son: why niece, what then?
This is no world in which to pity men.
Susan. I was not born a beggar, tho' his extremes
Enforce this language from me: I protest
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue
To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,
For the name's sake, for christianity,

Nay, for God's sake, to pity his distress:
He is deny'd the freedom of the prison,
And in the hole is laid with men condemn'd;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.

Old Mountford. Money I cannot spare; men should take heed;
He lost my kindred when he fell to need. [*Exit.*

Susan. Gold is but earth, thou earth enough shalt have,
When thou hast once took measure of thy grave.
You know me, Master Sandy, and my suit.

Sandy. I knew you, lady, when the old man liv'd,
I knew you ere your brother sold his land;
Then you were Mistress Sue, trick'd up in jewels:
Then you sung well, play'd sweetly on the lute;
But now I neither know you nor your suit. [*Exit.*

Susan. You, Master Roder, was my brother's tenant,
Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farm,
Of which you are possest.

Roder. True, he did;
And have I not there dwelt still for his sake?
I have some business now; but, without doubt,
They that have hurl'd him in, will help him out. [*Exit.*

Susan. Cold comfort still: what say you, cousin Tydy?

Tydy. I say this comes of roysting, swaggering.
Call me not cousin: each man for himself.
Some men are born to mirth, and some to sorrow,
I am no cousin unto them that borrow. [*Exit.*

Susan. Oh charity! why art thou fled to heaven,
And left all things upon this earth uneven?
Their scoffing answers I will ne'er return;
But to myself his grief in silence mourn.

Enter Sir FRANCIS *and* MALBY.

Sir Francis. She is poor, I'll therefore tempt her with this gold.
Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,
And I will stay thy answer.

Malby. Fair mistress, as I understand, your grief

Doth grow from want, so I have here in store
A means to furnish you, a bag of gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you.
Susan. I thank you, Heavens! I thank you, gentle sir:
God make me able to requite this favour.
Malby. This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by me,
And prays you—
Susan. Acton! O God! that name I'm born to curse:
Hence, bawd; hence, broker: see, I spurn his gold.
My honour never shall for gain be sold.
Sir Francis. Stay, lady, stay.
Susan. From you I'll posting hie,
Even as the doves from feather'd eagles fly. [*Exit.*
Sir Francis. She hates my name, my face, how should I woo?
I am disgrac'd in every thing I do.
The more she hates me, and disdains my love,
The more I am wrapt in admiration
Of her divine and chaste perfections.
Woo her with gifts I cannot, for all gifts
Sent in my name she spurns: with looks I cannot,
For she abhors my sight; nor yet with letters,
For none she will receive. How then, how then?
Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her,
As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.
Sir Charles, her brother, lies in execution
For a great sum of money; and, besides,
The appeal is sued still for my huntsmen's death,
Which only I have power to reverse:
In her I'll bury all my hate of him.
Go seek the Keeper, Malby, bring him to me:
To save his body, I his debts will pay;
To save his life, I his appeal will stay. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD *in prison, with irons, his feet bare, his garments all ragged and torn.*
Sir Charles. Of all on the earth's face most miserable,
Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments.
Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon gyv'd,

That hurls thee headlong to this base estate.
Oh unkind uncle! Oh my friends ingrate!
Unthankful kinsmen! Mountford's all too base,
To let the name be fetter'd in disgrace.
A thousand deaths here in this grave I die:
Fear, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,
And join together to deprive my breath.
But that which most torments me, my dear sister
Hath left to visit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopeful answer: therefore I
Divine they will not help my misery.
If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt
Attend their covetous thoughts; need make their graves:
Usurers they live, and may they die like slaves.

Enter KEEPER.

Keeper. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom
From all thy troubles.

Sir Charles. Then I am doom'd to die;
Death is the end of all calamity.

Keeper. Live: your appeal is stay'd; the execution
Of all your debts discharg'd; your creditors
Even to the utmost penny satisfied.
In sign whereof, your shackles I knock off;
You are not left so much indebted to us
As for your fees; all is discharg'd, all paid.
Go freely to your house, or where you please;
After long miseries, embrace your ease.

Sir Charles. Thou grumblest out the sweetest musick to me
That ever organ play'd. Is this a dream?
Or do my waking senses apprehend
The pleasing taste of these applausive news?
Slave that I was, to wrong such honest friends;
My loving kinsmen, and my near allies.
Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal breath
Against such faithful kinsmen: they are all
Compos'd of pity and compassion,
Of melting charity, and of moving ruth.

That which I spake before was in my rage;
They are my friends, the mirrors of this age:
Bounteous and free. The noble Mountford's race,
Ne'er bred a covetous thought, or humour base.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. I cannot longer stay from visiting
My woeful brother: while I could, I kept
My hapless tidings from his hopeful ear.

Sir Charles. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee,
And to thy travel?

Susan. What! at liberty!

Sir Charles. Thou seest I am; thanks to thy industry:
Oh! unto which of all my courteous friends
Am I thus bound? My uncle Mountford, he
Even from an infant lov'd me: was it he?
So did my cousin Tydy; was it he?
So Master Roder, Master Sandy too:
Which of all these did this high kindness do?

Susan. Charles, can you mock me in your poverty,
Knowing your friends deride your misery?
Now I protest I stand so much amaz'd
To see your bonds free, and your irons knock'd off,
That I am wrapp'd into a maze of wonder:
The rather, for I know not by what means
This happiness hath chanc'd.

Sir Charles. Why, by my uncle,
My cousins, and my friends: who else, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay?

Susan. O brother, they are men all of flint,
Pictures of marble, and as void of pity
As chased bears. I begg'd, I sued, I kneel'd,
Laid open all your griefs and miseries;
Which they derided. More than that, deny'd us
A part in their alliance; but, in pride,
Said that our kindred with our plenty dy'd.

Sir Charles. Drudges! too much; what did they?
oh known evil!
Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil:
Whence should my freedom come? of whom alive,
Saving of those, have I deserv'd so well?

Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me;
These I have rais'd, they follow the world's guise;
Whom rich in honour, they in woe despise.
Susan. My wits have lost themselves, let's ask the keeper.
Sir Charles. Jailor!
Keeper. At hand, sir.
Sir Charles. Of courtesy resolve me one demand.
What was he took the burthen of my debts
From off my back, staid my appeal to death,
Discharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty?
Keeper. A courteous knight, and call'd Sir Francis Acton.
Sir Charles. Ha! Acton! Oh me, more distrest in this
Than all my troubles! hale me back,
Double my irons, and my sparing meals
Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon
More deep, more dark, more cold, more comfortless.
By Acton freed! not all thy manacles
Could fetter so my heels, as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart; and it must now lie bound
In more strict prison than thy stony jail.
I am not free; I go but under bail.
Keeper. My charge is done, sir, now I have my fees;
As we get little, we will nothing leese.
Sir Charles. By Acton freed, my dangerous opposite!
Why, to what end? or what occasion? ha!
Let me forget the name of enemy,
And with indifference balance this high favour: ha!
Susan. His love to me? upon my soul 'tis so:
That is the root from whence these strange things grow.
[*Aside.*
Sir Charles. Had this proceeded from my father, he
That by the law of nature is most bound
In offices of love, it had deserv'd
My best employment to requite that grace.
Had it proceeded from my friends or him*

* Mr. Reed altered *him* to *allies* but it is not easy to find a reason

From them this action had deserv'd my life:
And from a stranger more; because from such
There is less expectation of good deeds.
But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,
More than a stranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart oppos'd my enemy:
That this high bounty should proceed from him,
O there I lose myself! What should I say,
What think, what do, his bounty to repay?

Susan. You, wonder, I am sure, whence this strange kindness
Proceeds in Acton. I will tell you, brother:
He doats on me, and oft hath sent me gifts,
Letters and tokens: I refus'd them all.

Sir Charles. I have enough, tho' poor; my heart is set,
In one rich gift to pay back all my debt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS *with keys and a letter in his hand.*

Frankford. This is the night that I must play my part
To try two seeming angels. Where's my keys?

Nicholas. They are made according to your mould in wax:
I bade the smith be secret, gave him money,
And here they are. The letter, sir.

Frankford. True, take it, there it is;
And when thou seest me in my pleasant'st vein,
Ready to sit to supper, bring it me

Nicholas. I'll do't, make no more question but I'll do't. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. FRANKFORD, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, *and* JENKIN.

Mrs. Anne. Sirrah, 'tis six o'clock already struck;
Go bid them spread the cloth and serve in supper.

Jenkin. It shall be done, forsooth. Mistress, where's Spiggot, the butler, to give us our salt and trenchers?

for it: the old copy has it as it now stands, and as has been before remarked if it were right to alter, it was not right to do it without notice. C.

Wendoll. We that have been a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared stomachs: Master Frankford,
We wish'd you at our sport.
Frankford. My heart was with you, and my mind was on you.
Fie, Mr. Cranwell, you are still thus sad.
A stool, a stool. Where's Jenkin, and where's Nick?
'Tis supper-time at least an hour ago.
What's the best news abroad?
Wendoll. I know none good.
Frankford. But I know too much bad.
Enter BUTLER *and* JENKIN *with a table-cloth, bread, trenchers, and salt.*
Cranwell. Methinks, sir, you might have that interest
In your wife's brother, to be more remiss
In his hard dealing against poor Sir Charles,
Who, as I hear, lies in York castle, needy,
And in great want.
Frankford. Did not more weighty business of mine own
Hold me away, I would have labour'd peace
Betwixt them, with all care; indeed I would, sir.
Mrs. Anne. I'll write unto my brother earnestly
In that behalf.
Wendoll. A charitable deed,
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that love you, Mrs. Frankford.
Frankford. That's you for one; I know you love Sir Charles,
And my wife too, well.
Wendoll. He deserves the love
Of all true gentlemen; be yourselves judge.
Frankford. But supper, ho. Now as thou lov'st me, Wendoll,
Which I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant,
And frolick it to-night: sweet Mr. Cranwell,
Do you the like. Wife, I protest my heart
Was ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity.
Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper?

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nicholas. Here's a letter, sir.

Frankford. Whence comes it? and who brought it?

Nicholas. A stripling that below attends your answer,
And, as he tells me, it is sent from York.

Frankford. Have him into the cellar, let him taste
A cup of our March beer: go, make him drink.

Nicholas. I'll make him drunk, if he be a Trojan.

Frankford. My boots and spurs: where's Jenkin? God forgive me,
How I neglect my business! Wife, look here;
I have a matter to be try'd to-morrow
By eight o'clock, and my attorney writes me,
I must be there betimes with evidence,
Or it will go against me. Where's my boots?

Enter JENKIN *with boots and spurs.*

Mrs. Anne. I hope your business craves no such dispatch,
That you must ride to-night.

Wendoll. I hope it doth. [*Aside.*

Frankford. Gods me! no such dispatch!
Jenkin, my boots: where's Nick? Saddle my roan,
And the gray dapple for himself: content ye,
It much concerns me. Gentle Master Cranwell,
And Master Wendoll, in my absence use
The very ripest pleasures of my house.

Wendoll. Lord, Master Frankford, will you ride to-night?
The ways are dangerous.

Frankford. Therefore will I ride
Appointed well; and so shall Nick my man.

Mrs. Anne. I'll call you up by five o'clock to-morrow.

Frankford. No, by my faith, wife, I'll not trust to that;
'Tis not such easy rising in a morning
From one I love so dearly: no, by my faith,
I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,
But with much pain. You have made me a sluggard

Since I first knew you.

Mrs. Anne. Then, if you needs will go
This dangerous evening, Master Wendoll,
Let me entreat you bear him company.

Wendoll. With all my heart, sweet mistress. My boots there.

Frankford. Fie, fie, that for my private business
I should disease my friend, and be a trouble
To the whole house. Nick!—

Nicholas. Anon, sir.

Frankford. Bring forth my gelding—As you love me, sir,
Use no more words: a hand, good Master Cranwell.

Cranwell. Sir, God be your good speed.

Frankford. Good night, sweet Nan; nay, nay, a kiss and part.
Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart.
[*Aside. Exit.*

Wendoll. How business, time, and hours, all gracious prove,
And are the furtherers to my new-born love!
I am husband now in Master Frankford's place,
And must command the house. My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publickly,
But in your private chamber, Mistress Frankford.

Mrs. Anne. O, sir, you are too publick in your love,
And Master Frankford's wife.

Cranwell. Might I crave favour,
I would entreat you I might see my chamber;
I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill,
And would be spar'd from supper.

Wendoll. Light there, ho.
See you want nothing, sir: for if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.

Cranwell. I will make bold: good night. [*Exit.*

Wendoll. How all conspire
To make our bosom sweet, and full entire!
Come, Nan, I pr'ythee let us sup within,

Mrs. Anne. O! what a clog unto the soul is sin.
We pale offenders are still full of fear!

Every suspicious eye brings danger near:
When they whose clear hearts from offence are free,
Despise report, base scandals do outface,
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.

Wendoll. Fie, fie; you talk too like a puritan.

Mrs. Anne. You have tempted me to mischief, Mr. Wendoll:
I have done I know not what. Well, you plead custom;
That which for want of wit I granted erst,
I now must yield through fear. Come, come, let's in;
Once o'er shoes, we are straight o'er head in sin.

Wendoll. My jocund soul is joyful above measure,
I'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treasure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SISLY, JENKIN, *and* BUTLER.

Jenkin. My mistress and Mr. Wendoll, my master, sup in her chamber to-night. Sisly, you are preferr'd from being the cook, to be chambermaid: of all the loves[21] betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou think'st of this?

Sisly. Mum; there's an old proverb, when the cat's away, the mouse may play.

Jenkin. Now you talk of a cat, Sisly, I smell a rat.

Sisly. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be call'd to answer them.

Jenkin. Why, God make my mistress an honest woman: are not these good words? Pray God my new master play not the knave with my old master: is there any hurt in this? God send no villainy intended; and if they do sup together, pray God they do not lie together. God make my mistress chaste, and make us all his servants: what harm is there in all this? nay more; here is my hand, thou shalt never have my heart unless thou say Amen.

Sisly Amen, I pray God, I say.

Enter SERVING-MEN.

Serving-man. My mistress sends that you should make less noise, to lock up the doors, and see the household all got to-bed: you, Jenkin, for this night are made the porter to see the gates shut in.

[21] *of all the loves.*] See Note 95 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

Jenkin. Thus, by little and little, I creep into offi ce
Come, to kennel, my masters, to kennel; 'tis eleven
o'clock, already.

Serving-man. When you have lock'd the gates in,
you must send up the keys to my mistress.

Sisly. Quickly, for God's sake, Jenkin, for I must
carry them. I am neither pillow nor bolster, but I
know more than them both.

Jenkin. To bed, good Spiggot, to bed, good honest
serving-creatures; and let us sleep as snug as pigs in
pease-straw. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANKFORD *and* NICHOLAS.

Frankford. Soft, soft; we have tied your * geldings
to a tree, two flight shot off[a], lest by their thundering
hoofs they blab our coming. Hear'st thou no noise?

Nicholas. I hear nothing but the owl and you.

Frankford. So: now my watch's hand points upon
twelve,
And it is just midnight. Where are my keys?

Nicholas. Here, sir.

Frankford. This is the key that opes my outward
gate;
This is the hall-door; this the withdrawing chamber;
But this, that door that's bawd unto my shame;
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallowed order and true knot
Of nuptial sanctity hath been profan'd:
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my terrestrial heaven, now my earth's hell;
The place where sins in all their ripeness dwell.

* Perhaps we ought to read "*our* geldings:" it is a piece of information for the audience, as it could not be necessary to tell Nicholas. C.

[a] *two flight shot off,*] *i. e* the distance of two shots with *a flight* arrow. Mr. Malone says, "the *flight*, which, in the Latin of the "middle ages, was called *flecta*, was a fleet arrow, with narrow fea- "thers, usually employed against rovers." See *Blount's Ancient Tenures*, 1679. This species of arrow is mentioned in *Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels*, A. 5. S. 10. "O, yes, here be of all sorts, *flights*, "rovers, and but shafts. But I can wound with a brandish, and ne- "ver draw bow for the matter." See also Dr. Farmer's note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, A. 1. S. 1.

But I forget myself: now to my gate.

Nicholas. It must ope with far less noise than Cripple-gate,

Or your plot's dash'd.

Frankford. So, reach me my dark lanthorn to the rest;

Tread softly, softly.

Nicholas. I will walk on eggs this pace.

Frankford. A general silence hath surpris'd the house,
And this is the last door. Astonishment,
Fear, and amazement, beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.
O keep my eyes, you heavens, before I enter,
From any sight that may transfix my soul:
Or, if there be so black a spectacle,
Oh strike mine eyes stark blind; or if not so,
Lend me such patience to digest my grief,
That I may keep this white and virgin hand
From any violent outrage, or red murder;
And with that prayer I enter. [*Exit.*

Nicholas. Here's a circumstance indeed; a man may be made a cuckold in the time he's about it. And the case were mine, as 'tis my master's, ('sblood, that he makes me swear,) I would have plac'd his action, enter'd there; I would, I would.

Re-enter FRANKFORD.

Frankford. Oh! oh!

Nicholas. Master, 'sblood! master! master!

Frankford. Oh me unhappy! I have found them lying
Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.
But that I would not damn two precious souls,
Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them, laden
With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives
Had met upon my rapier.

Nicholas. Master, what have ye left them sleeping still?
Let me go wake 'em.

Frankford. Stay, let me pause a while.

O God! O God! that it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday!
That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!
Or that the sun
Could, rising from the west, draw his coach backward;
Take from th' account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons call'd again,
Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
Even from her first offence; that I might take her
As spotless as an angel in my arms!
But, oh! I talk of things impossible,
And cast beyond the moon.[23] God give me patience,
For I will in and wake them. [*Exit.*

Nicholas. Here's patience per force,[24]
He needs must trot afoot that tires his horse.

Enter WENDOLL *running over the stage in a night-gown,* FRANKFORD *after him with a sword drawn, the maid in her smock stays his hand, and clasps hold on him. He pauses for a while.*

Frankford. I thank thee, maid; thou, like an angel's band,
Hast stay'd me from a bloody sacrifice.
Go, villain, and my wrongs sit on thy soul
As heavy as this grief doth upon mine.
When thou record'st my many courtesies,
And shalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,
Lay them together, weigh them equally,
'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend

[23] *But oh! I talk of things impossible,*
And cast beyond the moon.] "To *cast beyond the moon*, is an ex-"pression used in *Hinde's Elinsto Libidinoso*, 1606. Again, in *Mo-"ther Bombie*, 1594. Risio hath gone beyond himself, *in casting "beyond the moon.*" Mr. Steevens's note to *Titus Andronicus*, A. 4. S. 3.

[24] *Here's patience per force.*] This expression seems to have been proverbial. "*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog."
Ray's Proverbs, p. 145.

Again, in *Gascoigne's Fable of Jeronimi*, p. 277.
"—— to determine that if he might espie evident proofe of his "mistress frailtie, hee would stand content with *patience perforce*, "and geve his mistresse the *Bezalas manes*."

A Judas: pray, pray, lest I live to see
Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree.
Enter Mistress FRANKFORD *in her smock, night-gown, and night-attire.*
Mrs. Anne. O by what word, what title, or what name,
Shall I intreat your pardon? Pardon! oh;
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband!
(O me, most wretched!) I have lost that name,
I am no more your wife.
Nicholas. 'Sblood, sir, she swoons.
Frankford. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee:
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think, 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most asham'd; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face,
Than on the sun's clear brow. What would'st thou speak?
Mrs. Anne. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? when tread me
Under feet? when drag me by the hair?
Tho' I deserve, a thousand thousand fold,
More than you can inflict: yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament; even for his sake
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword; but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence.
Yet, as an abject, this one suit I crave,
This granted, I am ready for my grave.
Frankford. My God, with patience arm me! Rise, nay rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want

Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supply'd
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy,
Nay even beyond my calling?
Mrs. Anne. I was.
Frankford. Was it then disability in me?
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?
Mrs. Anne. O no.
Frankford. Did not I lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?
Mrs. Anne. You did.
Frankford. I did indeed, witness my tears I did.
Go bring my infants hither. O Nan, O Nan;
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love
Could have with-held thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them! lest, as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them!
Mrs. Anne. In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.
Frankford. Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing rashly.
I will retire a while into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [*Exit.*
Mrs. Anne. 'Tis welcome, be it death. O me, base strumpet;
That, having such a husband, such sweet children,
Must enjoy neither! oh to redeem mine honour,
I would have this hand cut off, these my breasts sear'd,
Be rack'd, strappado'd, put to any torment:
Nay, to wipe* but this scandal out, I would hazard

* The quarto, 1617, reads,
"Nay, to *whip* but this scandal out," &c.
but probably the right reading is as it stands in the text. The word *strappado'd*, however, in the previous line seems to countenance *whip*. C.

The rich and dear redemption of my soul.
He cannot be so base as to forgive me;
Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.
O women, women, you that yet have kept
Your holy matrimonial vow unstain'd,
Make me your instance: when you tread awry,
Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience lie.

Enter SISLY, SPIGGOT, *all the serving-men and* JENKIN, *as newly come out of bed.*

All. O mistress, mistress, what have you done, mistress?

Nicholas. What a caturwauling keep you here?

Jenkin. O lord, mistress, how comes this to pass? my master is run away in his shirt, and never so much as call'd me to bring his cloaths after him.

Mrs. Anne. See what guilt is! here stand I in this place,
Asham'd to look my servants in the face.

Enter Mr. FRANKFORD *and* CRANWELL; *whom seeing she falls on her knees.*

Frankford. My wordsare register'd in heaven already,
With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,
And kill thee even with kindness.

Cranwell. Mr. Frankford—

Frankford. Good Mr. Cranwell. Woman, hear thy judgment.
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel:
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman was.
Chuse thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven mile off:
Where live, 'tis thine; I freely give it thee.
My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains[25]

[25] *wains.*] *i. e.* waggons. See *Skinner* and *Minshieu.* So in *The Second part of King Edward the Fourth*, by *Heywood*, 1626, Sign. M 4:

To carry all thy stuff, within two hours;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Chuse which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Mrs. Anne. A mild sentence.

Frankford. But as thou hop'st for heaven, as thou believ'st
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee, never, after this sad day,
To see me, or to meet me; or to send
By word or writing, gift, or otherwise,
To move me, by thy self, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So, farewel, Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

Mrs. Anne. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Frankford. Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must along;
Servants and all make ready: all be gone,
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *gentleman-like, and his* SISTER, *gentlewoman-like.*

Susan. Brother, why have you trick'd me like a bride,
Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?
Forget you our estate, our poverty?

Sir Charles. Call me not brother, but imagine me
Some barbarous out-law, or uncivil kern;
For if thou shut'st thy eye, and only hear'st
The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me
Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles.
O sister!—

Susan. O brother, what doth this strange language mean?

Sir Charles. Dost love me, sister? would'st thou see me live

" ——then shall you returne,
" And of your best provision send to us
" Thirty *waine* loade, besides twelve tunne of wine."

A bankrupt beggar in the world's disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
Would'st thou behold me stand like a huge beam
In the world's eye, a bye-word and a scorn
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may out-strip by thee.
Susan. By me? why I have nothing, nothing left.
I owe even for the cloaths upon my back:
I am not worth———
Sir Charles. O sister, say not so;
It lies in you my down-cast state to raise;
To make me stand on even points with the world.
Come, sister, you are rich; indeed you are:
And in your power you have, without delay,
Acton's five hundred pound back to repay.
Susan. Till now I had thought y' had lov'd me. By my honour
(Which I have kept as spotless as the moon)
I ne'er was mistress of that single doit
Which I reserv'd not to supply your wants;
And d' ye think that I would hoard from you?
Now, by my hopes in heaven, knew I the means
To buy you from the slavery of your debts
(Especially from Acton, whom I hate)
I would redeem it with my life or blood.
Sir Charles. I challenge it; and, kindred set apart,
Thus (ruffian-like) I lay siege to thy heart.
What do I owe to Acton?
Susan. Why some five hundred pounds; towards which, I swear,
In all the world I have not one denier.
Sir Charles. It will not prove so. Sister, now resolve me,
What do you think (and speak your conscience)
Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed?
Susan. He would not shrink to spend a thousand pound,
To give the Mountfords' name so deep a wound.
Sir Charles. A thousand pound! I but five hundred owe;

Grant him your bed, he's pay'd with interest so.
Susan. O brother!
Sir Charles. O sister, only this one way,
With that rich jewel you my debts may pay.
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame;
Nor do I woo you in a brother's name,
But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt
To Acton, my grand foe, and you still wear
The precious jewel that he holds so dear?
Susan. My honour I esteem as dear and precious
As my redemption.
Sir Charles. I esteem you, sister,
As dear, for so dear prizing it.
Susan Will Charles
Have me cut off my hands, and send them Acton?
Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart
Present him as a token?
Sir Charles. Neither, sister:
But hear me in my strange assertion.
Thy honour and my soul are equal in my regard;
Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.
His kindness (like a burden) hath surcharg'd me,
And under his good deeds I stooping go,
Not with an upright soul. Had I remain'd
In prison still, there doubtless I had died:
Then unto him that freed me from that prison,
Still do I owe this life. What mov'd my foe
To infranchise me? 'Twas, sister, for your love.
With full five hundred pounds he bought your love,
And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight
Of all this heavy burden lean on me,
And will not you bear part? You did partake
The joy of my release, will you not stand
In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt?
Shall I be only charg'd?
Susan. But that I know
These arguments come from an honour'd mind,
As in your most extremity of need
Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate;
Nay, rather would engageyo r unstain'd honour

Than to be held ingrate, I should condemn you.
I see your resolution, and assent;
So Charles will have me, and I am content.
Sir Charles. For this I trick't you up.
Susan. But here's a knife,
To save mine honour, shall slice out my life.
Sir Charles. Aye, now thou pleasest me a thousand times
More in thy resolution than thy grant.
Observe her love; to sooth it to my suit,
Her honour she will hazard (though not lose:)
To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand
Will pierce her heart. Oh wonder! that will chuse,
Rather than stain her blood, her life to lose.
Come, you sad sister to a woeful brother,
This is the gate: I'll bear him such a present,
Such an acquittance for the knight to seal,
As will amaze his senses, and surprize
With admiration all his fantasies.

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON *and* MALBY.

Susan. Before his unchaste thoughts shall seize on me:
'Tis here, shall my imprison'd soul set free.
Sir Francis. How! Mountford with his sister, hand in hand:
What miracle's afoot?
Malby. It is a sight
Begets in me much admiration.
Sir Charles. Stand not amaz'd to see me thus attended:
Acton, I owe thee money, and being unable
To bring thee the full sum in ready coin,
Lo! for thy more assurance, here's a pawn.
My sister, my dear sister, whose chaste honour
I prize above a million: here, nay, take her;
She's worth your money, man, do not forsake her.
Sir Francis. I would he were in earnest.
Susan. Impute it not to my immodesty,
My brother being rich in nothing else
But in his interest that he hath in me,

According to his poverty hath brought you
Me, all his store; whom howsoe'er you prize
As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
And would not sell, but to acquit your debt,
For any emperor's ransom.

Sir Francis. Stern heart, relent,
Thy former cruelty at length repent.
Was ever known, in any former age,
Such honourable wrested courtesy?
Lands, honours, life, and all the world forego,
Rather than stand engag'd to such a foe.

Sir Charles. Acton, she is too poor to be thy bride,
And I too much oppos'd to be thy brother.
There, take her to thee: if thou hast the heart
To seize her as a rape, or lustful prey;
To blur our house, that never yet was stain'd;
To murder her that never meant thee harm;
To kill me now, whom once thou sav'dst from death,
Do them* at once on her: all these rely
And perish with her spotted chastity.

Sir Francis. You overcome me in your love, Sir Charles;
I cannot be so cruel to a lady
I love so dearly. Since you have not spar'd
To engage your reputation to the world,
Your sister's honour, which you prize so dear,
Nay, all the comfort which you hold on earth,
To grow out of my debt, being your foe,
Your honour'd thoughts, lo! thus I recompence.
Your metamorphos'd foe receives your gift
In satisfaction of all former wrongs.
This jewel I will wear here in my heart:
And where before I thought her for her wants
Too base to be my bride, to end all strife,
I seal you my dear brother, her my wife.

* Hitherto the reading stood---
"Do *then*, at once on her;"
which if it meant anything, was not at all what the poet intended. He would not have put anything so gross into the mouth of the brother. C.

Susan. You still exceed us: I will yield to fate,
And learn to love, where I till now did hate.
Sir Charles. With that enchantment you have charm'd my soul,
And made me rich even in those very words:
I pay no debt, but am indebted more,
Rich in your love, I never can be poor.
Sir Francis. All's mine is your's; we are alike in state,
Let's knit in love what was oppos'd in hate.
Come! for our nuptials we will straight provide,
Blest only in our brother and fair bride. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.

Cranwell. Why do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have dispatch'd your wife away?
Frankford. O sir, to see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's: I lov'd her dearly,
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell: to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato[26] wire;
Nor any thing that ever was called her's
Left me, by which I might remember her.
Seek round about.
Nicholas. 'Sblood, master, here's her lute flung in a corner.

[26] *rebato,*] or rabato, "an ornament for the neck, a collar band, "or kind of ruff. Fr. *rabat.* Menage saith, it comes from *rabattre,* "to put back, because it was first nothing but the collar of the shirt "or shift, turn'd back towards the shoulders." Mr. Hawkins's note to *Much Ado about Nothing,* A. 3. S. 4.

This article of dress is often mentioned in our ancient writers; as in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels,* A. 4. S. 1. "Pray thee sit "down, Philantia, that *rebato* becomes thee singularly.

Dekkar's Satyromastrix.

"Fye upon't? what a miserable thing 'tis to be a noble bride! "there's such delays in rising, in fitting gowns, in tiring, in pin- "ning *rebatoes,* in poking, in dinner, in supper, in revels, &c.

Ibid. "——— his reason was, that a *rebato* was worn out with "pinning too often."

See also Mr. Steevens's note on *Much Ado about Nothing.*

Frankford. Her lute? Oh God! upon this instrument.
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Sweeter* than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant; that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O Master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice; which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung?
Post with it after her. Now nothing's left;
Of her and her's, I am at once bereft.

Nicholas. I'll ride and overtake her; do my message,
And come back again. [*Exit.*

Cranwell. Mean time, sir, if you please,
I'll to Sir Francis Acton, and inform him
Of what hath past betwixt you and his sister.

Frankford. Do as you please. How ill am I bested,
To be a widower ere my wife be dead! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. FRANKFORD, *with* JENKIN, *her maid* SISLY, *her Coachman, and three Carters.*

Mrs. Anne. Bid my coach stay: why should I ride in state,
Being hurl'd so low down by the hand of fate?
A seat like to my fortunes let me have;
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave.

Jenkin. Comfort, good mistress; you have watered your coach with tears already: you have but two miles now to go to your manor. A man cannot say by my old master Frankford as he may say by me, that he wants manors; for he hath three or four, of which this is one that we are going to now.

* *Sweeter* is the word in the quarto, and is doubtless the right word, though Mr. Reed changed it to swifter. Shakespeare has the same pun and the same epithet:

"Some say the lark makes *sweet division:*
"This doth not so, for she *divideth* us.

Rom. and Jul. A. 3. S. 5. C.

Sisly. Good mistress, be of good cheer; sorrow you see hurts you, but helps you not: we all mourn to see you so sad.

Carter. Mistress, I see some of my landlord's men Come riding post: 'tis like he brings some news.

Mrs. Anne. Comes he from Mr. Frankford, he is welcome;
So is his news because they come from him.

Enter NICHOLAS.*

Nicholas. There.

Mrs. Anne. I know the lute; oft have I sung to thee:
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nicholas. Would that had been the worst instrument that e'er you play'd on. My master commends him unto ye; there's all he can find that was ever yours: he hath nothing left that ever you could lay claim to but his own heart, and he could not afford you that. All that I have to deliver you is this: he prays you to forget him, and so he bids you farewel.

Mrs. Anne. I thank him: he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about, and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins: my lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.

Enter WENDOLL.

Wendoll. Pursu'd with horror of a guilty soul,
And with the sharp scourge of repentance lash'd,
I fly from mine own shadow. O my stars!
What have my parents in their lives deserv'd,
That you should lay this penance on their† son?
When I but think of Master Frankford's love,
And lay it to my treason, or compare
My murdering him for his relieving me,
It strikes a terror like a lightning's flash
To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owl,
Asham'd of day, live in these shadowy woods,

* With the lute of course. C.
† *Your*, quarto of 1617. C.

Afraid of every leaf or murmuring blast,
Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
How he hath dealt with her. Oh my sad fate,*
Here, and so far from home, and thus attended!
Oh God! I have divorc'd the truest turtles
That ever liv'd together; and, being divided
In several places, make their several moan;
She in the fields laments, and he at home.
So poets write, that Orpheus made the trees
And stones to dance to his melodious harp,
Meaning the rustick and the barbarous hinds,
That had no understanding part in them:
So she from these rude carters tears extracts,
Making their flinty hearts with grief to rise,
And draw down rivers from their rocky eyes.
Mrs. Anne. If you return unto my master, say
(Tho' not from me; for I am all unworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)
That you have seen me weep, with myself dead:
Nay, you may say too (for my vow is past)
Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
This to your master you may say and swear;
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.
Nicholas. I'll say you wept: I'll swear you made me sad.
Why how now, eyes? what now? what's here to do?
I'm gone, or I shall strait turn baby too.
Wendoll. I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire:
Curst be the fruits of my unchaste desire!
Mrs. Anne. Go, break this lute upon my coach's wheel,
As the last musick that I e'er shall make;
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewel
To all earth's joy; and so your master tell.
Nicholas. If I can for crying.
Wendoll. Grief, have done,
Or like a mad-man I shall frantick run.

* He sees Mrs. Frankford at this point, but stands out of view.
C.

Mrs. Anne. You have beheld the woefull'st wretch
onearth;
A woman made of tears: would you had words
To express but what you see. My inward grief
No tongue can utter; yet unto your power
You may describe my sorrow, and disclose
To thy sad master my abundant woes.
Nicholas. I'll do your commendations.
Mrs. Anne. O no:
I dare not so presume; nor to my children:
I am disclaim'd in both; alas, I am.
O never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother: chide their tongue,
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis naught: for when that word they name,
(Poor pretty souls) they harp on their own shame.
Wendoll. To recompense her wrongs, what can'st
thou do?
Thou hast made her husbandless and childless too.
Mrs. Anne. I have no more to say. Speak not for
me;
Yet you may tell your master what you see.
Nicholas. I'll do't. [*Exit.*
Wendoll. I'll speak to her, and comfort her in grief.
Oh! but her wound cannot be cur'd with words.
No matter tho', I'll do my best good-will
To work a cure on her whom I did kill.
Mrs. Anne. So, now unto my coach, then to my
home,
So to my death-bed; for from this sad hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates that may preserve my life:
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest;
But when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,
Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yield my sprite.
Wendoll. O Mrs. Frankford—
Mrs Anne. O for God's sake fly!
The devil doth come to tempt me ere I die.
My coach! this fiend, that with an angel's face
Conjur'd mine honour, 'till he sought my wrack,

In my repentant eye seems ugly black.

[*Exeunt all, except Wendoll and Jenkin; the Carters whistling.*

Jenkin. What, my young master that fled in his shirt! how come you by your cloaths again? You have made our house in a sweet pickle, ha' ye not, think you? What, shall I serve you still, or cleave to the old house?

Wendoll. Hence, slave away with thy unseason'd mirth:
Unless thou can'st shed tears, and sigh, and howl,
Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate,
Thou art not for my turn.

Jenkin. Marry, and you will not, another will: farewel and be hang'd. Would you had never come to have kept this coil within our doors; we shall ha' you run away like a sprite again. [*Exit.*

Wendoll. She's gone to death; I live to want and woe:
Her life, her sins, and all upon my head.
And I must now go wander, like a Cain,
In foreign countries and remoted climes,
Where the report of my ingratitude
Cannot be heard. I'll over first to France,
And so to Germany and Italy;
Where when I have recover'd, and by travel
Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumours
May in their height abate, I will return:
And I divine (however now dejected)
My worth and parts being by some great man prais'd,
At my return I may in court be rais'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Acton, Sir Charles Mountford, Cranwell, Malby, *and* Susan.

Sir Francis. Brother, and now my wife, I think these troubles
Fall on my head by justice of the heavens,
For being so strict to you in your extremities:
But we are now aton'd.* I would my sister
Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs,
As we have ours.

* See note 41 to *Vittoria Corombona*, vol. VI.

Susan. You tell us, Mr. Cranwell, wond'rous things,
Touching the patience of that gentleman,
With what strange virtue he demeans his grief.

Mr. Cranwell. I told you what I was a witness of;
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Sir Francis. O that same villain, Wendoll! 'twas his tongue
That did corrupt her; she was of herself
Chaste, and devoted well. Is this the house?

Cranwell. Yes, sir, I take it here your sister lies.

Sir Francis. My brother Frankford shew'd too mild a spirit
In the revenge of such a loathed crime;
Less than he did, no man of spirit could do:
I am so far from blaming his revenge,
That I commend it. Had it been my case,
Their souls at once had from their breasts been freed:
Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter JENKIN *and* SISLY.

Jenkin. O my mistress, mistress, my poor mistress.

Sisly. Alas! that ever I was born; what shall I do for my poor mistress?

Sir Charles. Why, what of her?

Jenkin. O lord, sir, she no sooner heard that her brother and her friends were come to see how she did, but she, for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell into such a swoon, that we had much ado to get life in her.

Susan. Alas! that she should bear so hard a fate;
Pity it is repentance comes too late.

Sir Francis. Is she so weak in body?

Jenkin. O sir, I can assure you there's no hope of life in her, for she will take no sustenance: she hath plainly starv'd herself, and now she's as lean as a lath. She ever looks for the good hour. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are come to comfort her.

Enter MRS. FRANKFORD *in her bed.*

Malby. How fare you, Mrs. Frankford?

Mrs. Anne. Sick, sick, oh sick: Give me some air.
I pray

Tell me, oh tell me, where is Mr. Frankford?
Will he not deign to see me ere I die?
Malby. Yes, Mrs. Frankford: divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have mov'd, and told him of your weak estate:
Who, tho' with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And sure he will be here immediately.
Mrs. Anne. You have half reviv'd me with the pleasing news:
Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, Sir Charles?
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? tell me, gentlemen.
Sir Charles. Alas! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.
Mrs. Anne. Then sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.
Is my husband come? My soul but tarries
His arrive, then I am fit for heaven.
Sir Francis. I came to chide you; but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you; but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.
Here's Mr. Frankford now.

Enter FRANKFORD.

Frankford. Good-morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen:
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground:
But he that made us, made us to this woe.
Mrs. Anne. And is he come? Methinks that voice I know.

Frankford. How do you, woman?
Mrs. Anne. Well, Mr. Frankford, well; but shall be better,
I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace, and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?
Frankford. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.
Mrs. Anne. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh! (good man,)
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot, but on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O pardon me!
Frankford. As freely from the low depth of my soul
As my Redeemer hath forgiven his death,
I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee; and, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.
All. So do we all.
Nicholas. So will not I;
I'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die.
Sir Francis. O Mr. Frankford, all the near alliance
I lose by her, shall be supply'd in thee:
You are my brother by the nearest way;
Her kindred hath fall'n off, but your's doth stay.
Frankford. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Tho' thy rash offence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.
Sir Charles. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford,

You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.
Susan. How is it with you?
Sir Francis. How d' ye feel yourself?
Mrs. Anne. Not of this world.
Frankford. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes!
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again:
Tho' thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.
Mrs. Anne. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free
Once more: thy wife dies thus embracing thee. [*Dies.*
Frankford. New married, and new widow'd. Oh! she's dead,
And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed.
Sir Charles. Sir, be of good comfort; and your heavy sorrow
Part equally amongst us: storms divided,
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.
Cranwell. Do, Master Frankford: he that hath least part,
Will find enough to drown one troubled heart.
Sir Francis. Peace with thee, Nan. Brothers, and gentlemen,
(All we that can plead interest in her grief)
Bestow upon her body funeral tears.
Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her heart.
Frankford. I see it had not: therefore on her grave
Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be engrav'd.
In golden letters shall these words be fill'd,
Here lies she whom her husband's kindness kill'd.

EPILOGUE.

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Come to a tavern by, and call'd for wine:
The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry)
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.
Taste it, quoth one: he did so; fie! (quoth he)
This wine was good; now 't runs too near the lee.

Another sipp'd, to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest it drunk too flat;
The third said, it was old; the fourth, too new;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you see, how in one hour,
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine we do allude our play;
Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave:
You as our guests we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us then: good wine may be disgrac'd,
When every several mouth hath sundry taste.

EDITION.

A Woman Kilde with Kindnesse: As it hath beene oftentimes acted by the Queenes Majest. Servants. Written by Tho. Heywood. The Third Edition*. London: Printed by Isaac Iaggard, 1617. 4to.

* A copy of this play, dated 1607, we are informed, was inserted by Mr. Evans in one of his catalogues of 1824 for sale: of course this rarity would have occasioned a strong competition, but previous to the auction it was found that the play had disappeared from the shelves. The earliest notice of the *Woman Kill'd with Kindness*, is to be found in the often quoted MSS. of Henslowe, under date of Feb. 1602-3.

A

MATCH AT MIDNIGHT.

WILLIAM ROWLEY flourished about the middle of James the First's reign, though he was an author of a much earlier date, supposing him to be the same, "Maister Rowley, once a rare scholar of Pembroke "hall in Cambridge," mentioned by Meres,* as one of the best writers of comedy in those days.† He appears, by the extracts which Mr. Vertue transcribed‡ from some accounts of Lord Herrington, Treasurer of the Chambers to the before-mentioned monarch, to have been one of the company of players belonging to the Prince of Wales,§ several payments being set down as made to him and his fellows, for the performance of plays at court upon public occasions. We also find, that as an actor he excelled more in comedy than in tragedy. He joined with other writers in the composition of several plays,‖ and was the author of

* Second part of Wit's Commonwealth, 1598. fo. 283.

† This might possibly be *Samuel* Rowley, who very recently has been confounded with *William* Rowley. (See "Old English "Plays," V. 283.) If so, this "rare scholar of Pembroke Hall," in the very year in which *Meres* wrote, was reduced to accept the situation of a hireling at Henslowe's theatre. The memorandum for this purpose, dated 16th Nov. 1598, may be seen in Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell, III. 326. There is no trace of any thing written by Samuel Rowley earlier than Jan. 7, 1601-2, when he assisted William Haughton and William Borne in writing a piece called *Judas*. C.

‡ Oldys's MS. Notes on Langbaine.

§ Oldys says that he was so from 1613 to 1616. C.

‖ They were the following:

1. The Travels of Three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Mr. Robert Shirley: by John Day, William Rowley, and George Wilkins, 1607.

2. A Fair Quarrel: by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, 1617.

3. The World toss'd at Tennis: by the same authors, 1620.

4. The Changeling: by the same authors, 1653.

5. The Spanish Gipsey: by the same authors, 1653.

6. The Maid of the Mill: by John Fletcher and William Rowley, 1647.

a pamphlet, intitled, "A Search for Money: or, The "lamentable Complaint for the losse of the wandring "Knight, Mounsieur l'Argent: or, Come along with "Me, I know thou lovest Money. Dedicated to all "those that lack money." 4to. 1609, and addressed *to his entire and deare esteemed friend, Maister* THOMAS HOBBS.

In the Dramatis Personæ, prefixed to his own play of *All's Lost by Lust*, the part of Jaques, a simple clownish gentleman, is said to have been personated by the poet; and in *Middleton's Inner Temple Masque*, 1619, he performed the part of Plumb-porridge.

He was the author of the following dramatick pieces:

1. "A New Wonder, A Woman never Vext. A "pleasant conceited Comedy: sundry times acted: "never before printed."* 4to. 1632.

2. "A Tragedy, called, All's Lost by Lust. Written "by William Rowley: divers times acted by the Lady "Elizabeth's servants. And now lately by her Majes- "ties servants, with great applause, at the Phœnix in "Drury Lane." 4to. 1633.

3. "A Match at Midnight. A Pleasant Comœdie: "as it hath beene acted by the children of the Revells. "Written by W. R." 4to. 1633.

4. "A Merrie and Pleasant Comedy: never before

7. The Old Law: by Philip Massinger, John Ford, and William Rowley, 1656.

8. The Birth of Merlin, or the Child hath found his Father: by William Shakespeare and William Rowley, 1662.

9. Fortune by Land and Sea: by Thomas Heywood and William Rowley, 1655.

10. The Witch of Edmonton, a known true story: by Thomas Dekkar, William Rowley, and John Ford, 1658.

11. The Cure for a Cuckold: by John Webster and William Rowley, 1661.

12. The Thracian Wonder: by the same authors, 1661.

Several of these are very doubtful, and depend solely upon the assertion of Kirkman the bookseller, who is supposed to have availed himself of popular names to assist the sale of the plays he published. C.

* This play was successfully revived, with some alterations, in the year 1824, at Covent Garden Theatre.

" printed, called A Shoo-maker a Gentleman: as it " hath beene sundry times acted at the Red Bull and " other Theatres, with a generall and good applause. " Written by W. R. Gentleman." 4to. 1638.

William Rowley wrote other plays, which were never printed. Mr. Malone* mentions the following:

1. " The Book of the four honoured Loves."
2. " The Parliament of Love."
3. " The Nonsuch, a Comedy."†

* Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays attributed to Shakspeare were written, p. 468. Edit. 1821.

† " The Fool without Book," and " A Knave in Print, or One " for Another," have been also assigned to William Rowley on the same authority. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR MARMADUKE MANY-MINDS.
SIR JANUS AMBODEXTER.
CAPTAIN CARVEGUT.
LIEUTENANT BOTTOM.
ANCIENT YOUNG.
BLOODHOUND, *a Usurer.*
ALEXANDER BLOODHOUND, } *his two Sons.*
TIM. BLOODHOUND, }
RANDALL, *a Welchman.*
EAR-LACK, *a Scrivener.*
SIM, *the Clown.*
JOHN, *Servant to the Widow.*
JARVIS, *the Widow's Husband, disguised like her servant.*
A SMITH.
BUSY, *a Constable.*
WATCH.

WOMEN.

WIDOW WAGGE.
MOLL, *Bloodhound's Daughter.*
WIDOW'S MAID.
MRS. COOTE, *a Bawd.*
SUE SHORTHEELS, *a Whore.*

MATCH AT MIDNIGHT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter, as making themselves ready, TIM. BLOODHOUND, *and* SIM *the man.*

Sim. GOOD-MORROW, Master Tim.

Tim. Morrow Sim; my father stirring, Sim?

Sim. Not yet, I think; he heard some ill news of your brother Alexander last night, that will make him lie an hour extraordinary.

Tim. Hum: I'm sorry the old man should lie by the hour; but oh, these wicked elder brothers, that swear refuse them,[1] and drink nothing but wicked sack; when we swear nothing but niggers noggers, make a meal of a bloat herring, water it with four shillings beer, and then swear we have dined as well as my lord mayor.

Sim. Here was goody Fin, the fish-woman, fetch'd home her ring last night.

[1] *refuse them.*] *Refuse me*, or *God refuse me*, appears to have been among the fashionable modes of swearing in our author's time. So in *The White Devil*, A. 1. S. 1. Flamineo says, *God refuse me.* Again, in *A Dogge of Warre*, by Taylor the water poet, folio edition, 1630, p. 229.

"Some like Dominicall Letters goe,
"In scarlet from the top to toe,
"Whose valours talke and smoake all;
"Who make (God sink em) their discourse
"*Refuse*, Renounce, or Dam that's worse:
"I wish a halter choake all."

Again in *The Gamester*, vol. IX. Wilding says, "*Refuse me*, if I "did."

Tim. You should have put her money by itself, for fear of wronging of the whole heap.

Sim. So I did, sir; and wash'd it first in two waters.

Tim. All these petty pawns, sirrah, my father commits to my managing, to instruct me in this craft, that when he dies, the commonwealth may not* want a good member.

Enter Mistress MARY

Sim. Nay, you are curst as much as he already.

Mrs. Mary. Oh, brother, 'tis well you are up.

Tim. Why, why.

Mrs. Mary. Now you shall see the dainty widow, the sweet widow, the delicate widow, that to-morrow morning must be our mother-in-law.

Tim. What, the widow Wagge?

Sim. Yes, yes, she that dwells in Black-fryars, next to the sign of the fool laughing at a feather [2].

Mrs. Mary. She, she; good brother, make yourself handsome, for my father will bring her hither presently.

Tim. Niggers noggers, I thought he had been sick, and had not been up, Sim.

Sim. Why so did I too; but it seems the widow took him at a better hand, and rais'd him so much the sooner.

Tim. While I tie my band, pr'ythee stroke up my foretop a little: niggers, an' I had but dreamed of this an hour before I wak'd, I would have put on my Sunday clothes. 'Snails, my shoes are pale as the cheek of a stew'd pander; a clout, a clout, Sim.

Sim. More haste the worse speed; here's ne'er a clout, now.

Tim. What's that lies by the books?

Sim. This? 'tis a summer's coat [3].

Tim. Pr'ythee lend's a sleeve of that; he had a noble on't last night, and never paid me my bill-money.

* *Not* is omitted in the quarto. C.

[2] *the sign of the fool laughing at a feather.*] See note 1 to *The Muse's Looking-Glass*, vol. IX.

[3] *summer's coat.*] See note 5 to *The Heir*, vol. VIII.

Enter Old BLOODHOUND, *the* WIDOW, *her* MAID, *and* MAN*.

Bloodhound. Look, look, up † and ready; all is ready, widow. He is in some deep discourse with Sim, concerning monies out to one or another.

Widow. Has he said his prayers, sir?

Bloodhound. Prayer before providence! When did ye know any thrive and swell that uses it? He's a chip o'th' old block; I exercise him in the trade of thrift, by turning him to all the petty pawns. If they come to me, I tell them I have given over brokering, moiling for muck and trash, and that I mean to live a life monastic, a praying life: pull out the tale of Crœsus from my pocket, and swear 'tis call'd Charity's looking-glass, or an exhortation to forsake the world.

Maid. Dainty hypocrite! [*Aside.*

Widow. Peace.

Bloodhound. But let a fine fool that's well-feather'd come, and withal good meat, I have a friend, it may be, that may compassionate his wants. I'll tell you an old saw[‡] for't over my chimney yonder,

A poor man seem to him that's poor,
And prays thee for to lend;
But tell the prodigal, (not quite spent)
Thou wilt procure a friend.

Widow. Trust me, a thrifty saw.

Bloodhound. Many will have virtuous admonitions on their walls, but not a piece in their coffers: give me these witty politic saws, and indeed my house is furnished with no other.

Widow. How happy shall I be to wed such wisdom!

Bloodhound. Shalt bed it, shalt bed it, wench; shalt ha't by infusion. Look, look!

Enter a SMITH.

Smith. Save ye, master Tim. * *

* Standing unseen for the present. C.

† The quarto reads, "Look, look *upon*, and ready, &c. C.

‡ *an old saw.*] A proverb or wise saying. So in *The Wife of Bath's Prol.* l. 6240.

Tim. Who's this; goodman File the blacksmith? thought it had been our old collier: Did you go to bed with that dirty face, goodman File?

Smith. And rise with it too, sir.

Tim. What have you bumming out there, goodman File?

Smith. A vice, sir, that I would fain be furnish'd with a little money upon.

Tim. Why, how will you do to work then, goodman File?

Smith. This is my spare vice, not that I live by.

Tim. Hum: you did not buy this spare vice of a lean courtier, did ye?

Smith. No, sir, of a fat cook, that 'strain'd[5] of a smith for's rent.

Sim. Oh, hard-hearted man of grease!

Tim. Nay, nay, Sim, we must do't sometimes.

Bloodhound. Ha, thrifty whoreson!

Tim. And what would serve your turn, goodman File?

Smith. A noble, sir.

Tim. What, upon a spare vice, to lend a noble?

Sim. Why, sir, for ten groats you may make yourself drunk, and so buy a vice outright for half the money.

Tim. That is a noble vice, I assure you.

Sim. How long wou'd you have it?

Smith. But a fortnight; 'tis to buy stuff, I protest, sir.

Tim. Look you, being a neighbour, and born one for another—

Bloodhound. Ha, villain, shalt have all.

Tim. There is five shillings upon't, which, at the

" But all for nought, I sette not an hawe
" Of his Proverbes, ne of his *olde sawe*."

[5] *'strain'd,*] *i. e.* distrain'd. So in *Thomas Lord Cromwell*.

" His furniture fully worth half so much,
" Which being all *strain'd* for the king,
" He frankly gave it to the Antwerp merchants."

fortnight's end, goodman File, you must make five shillings sixpence.

Smith. How, sir?

Tim. Nay, an' it were not to do you a courtesy—

Bloodhound. Ha, boy!

Tim. And then I had forgot three pence for my bill; so there is four shillings and nine pence[6], which you are to tender back five shillings six pence, goodman File, at the end of the fortnight.

Smith. Well, an' it were not for earnest necessity.—Ha, boys, I come, I come, you black rascals, let the cans go round. [*Exit Smith.*

Tim. Sim, because the man's an honest man, I pray lay up his vice, as safe as it were our own.

Sim. And if he miss his day, and forfeit, it shall be your's and your heirs for ever.

Bloodhound. What, disbursing money, boy? Here is thy mother-in-law.

Sim. Your nose drops, 'twill spoil her ruff.

Tim. Pray, forsooth—what's a clock?

Maid. Oh, fie upon him, mistress, I thought he had begun to ask you blessing.

Widow. Peace, we'll have more on't.

[*Walks towards him.*

Tim. I wonnot kiss, indeed.

Sim. An' he wonnot, here are those that will, forsooth.

Bloodhound. Get you in, you rogue. [*Exit Sim.*

Widow. I hope you will, sir: I was bred in Ireland, where the women begin the salutation.

Tim. I wonnot kiss, truly.

Widow. Indeed you must.

Tim. Wou'd my girdle may break if I do[7].

[6] *four shillings and nine pence.*] The quarto reads four *pence* and nine pence. This play, in the former editions, is very incorrectly printed.

[7] *Wou'd my girdle may break if I do.*] So in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, A. 4. S. 5. Sylli says, "The King---*break girdle, break!*" Again Falstaffe says, *First Part of King Henry IV.*

"Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father?
"Nay, an if I do, let *my girdle break.*"

Widow. I have a mind.

Tim. Niggers noggers, I wonnot.

Bloodhound. Nay, nay, now his great oath's past, there's no talk on't;
I like him ne'er the worse; there's an old saw for't.

A kiss first, next the feeling sense,
Crack say the purse-strings, out fly the pence.

But he can talk though: whose boy are you, Tim?

Tim. Your boy, forsooth, father.

Bloodhound. Can you turn and wind a penny, Tim?

Tim. Better than yourself, forsooth, father.

Bloodhound. You have look'd in the church-book of late; how old are you, Tim?

Tim. Two and twenty years, three months, three days, and three quarters of an hour, forsooth, father.

Widow. He has arithmetic.

Bloodhound And grammar too: what's Latin for your head, Tim?

Tim. *Caput.*

Widow. But what for the head of a block?

Tim. *Caput,* blockhead.

Bloodhound. Do you hear; your ear?

Tim. *Aura.*

Bloodhound. Your eye?

Tim. *Oculus.*

Bloodhound. That's for one eye; what's Latin for two?

Tim. *Oculus, Oculus.**

Widow. An admirable accidental grammarian, I protest, sir.

Bloodhound. This boy shall have all: I have an elder rogue, that sucks and draws me; a tavern academian; one that protests to whores, and shares with highway lawyers; *an arrant unclarify'd rogue, that drinks nothing but wicked sack.

To explain the phrase "*may my girdle break,*" it should be remembered that the purse was anciently worn hanging at the girdle. Hence the propriety of Trincalo's complaint, that while Ronca embraced him his "purse shook dangerously."—See *Albumazar.* A. 3. S. 7.

* The 4to. reads *Oculies, Oculies.* C.

Enter SIM, *and* ALEXANDER *drunk.*

Sim. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Bloodhound. Look, look; now he's come for more money.

Widow. A very hopeful house to match into, wench; the father a knave, one son a drunkard, and t'other a fool. [*Aside.*

Tim. O monster, father! Look, if he be not drunk; the very sight of him makes me long for a cup of six[8].

Alexander. Pray, father, pray to God to bless me. [*To Tim.*

Bloodhound. Look, look; takes his brother for his father.

Sim. Alas, sir, when the drink's in, the wit's out; and none but wise children know their own fathers.

Tim. Why, I am none of your father, brother; I am Tim, do you know Tim?

Alexander. Yes, umph---for a coxcomb.

Widow. How wild he looks! Good sir, we'll take our leaves.

Bloodhound. Shalt not go, 'faith, widow: you cheater, rogue; must I have my friends frighted out of my house by you? Look he[9] steal nothing to feast his bawds. Get you out, sirrah! there are constables, beadles, whips, and the college of extravagants, yclept Bridewell, you rogue; you rogue there is, there is---mark that.

Alexander. Can you lend me a mark upon this ring, sir? and there set it down in your book, and, umph— mark that.

Bloodhound. I'll have no stolen rings pick'd out of pockets, or taken upon the way,[9] not I.

Alexander. I'll give you an old saw for't.

Bloodhound. There's a rogue mocks his father: sirrah, get you gone. Sim, go let loose the mastiff.

Sim. Alas, sir, he'll tear and pull out your son's throat.

[8] *a cup of six.*] I suppose he means small-beer, which, among the vulgar, still goes by the cant name of *sixes.* S.

[9] " Look, *he'll* steal nothing to feast his bawds," is the reading of the old copy: C.

[9] *way,*] highway.

Bloodhound. Better pull't out, than halter stretch it. Away, out of my doors! rogue, I defy thee.

Alexander. Must you be my mother-in-law?

Widow. So your father says, sir.

Alexander. You see the worst of your eldest son; I abuse no body.

Bloodhound. The rogue will fall upon her.

Alexander. I will tell you an old saw.

Widow. Pray, let's hear it.

Alexander. *An old man is a bedful of bones,*
And who can it deny?
By whom (umph) a young wench lies*
and groans,
For better company.

Bloodhound. Did you ever hear such a rascal? Come, come, let's leavé him: I'll go buy thy wedding-ring presently. You're best be gone, sirrah: I am going for the constable, aye, and one of the church-wardens; and, now I think on't, he shall pay five shillings to the poor for being drunk, twelve pence shall go into the box, and t'other four my partner and I will share betwixt us. There's a new path to thrift, wench; we must live, we must live, girl.

Widow. And at last die for all together.

[*Exeunt Bloodhound, Widow, Maid, and Man.*

Sim. 'Tis a diamond.

Tim. You'll be at the Fountain after dinner?

Alexander. While 'twill run, boy.

Tim. Here's a noble now, and I'll bring you t'other as I come by to the tavern; but I'll make you swear I shall drink nothing but small-beer.

Alexander. Niggers noggers, thou shalt not; there's thine own oath for thee: thou shalt eat nothing, an' thou wilt, but a poach'd spider, and drive it down with syrup of toads. [*Exit.*

Tim. Ah! pr'ythee, Sim, bid the maid eat my breakfast herself. [*Exit.*

Sim. H'as turn'd his stomach, for all the world like

* These interjections probably mean to express that Alexander hiccups in the course of what he says. C.

'a puritan's at the sight of a surplice.[10] But your breakfast shall be devour'd by a stomach of a stronger constitution, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain CARVEGUT *and Lieutenant* BOTTOM.

Captain. No game abroad this morning? This Coxcomb park,[11] I think be past the best: I have known the time the bottom 'twixt those hills has been better fledg'd.

Lieutenant. Look out, Captain, there's matter of employment at foot o' th' hill.

Captain. A business?

Lieutenant. Yes, and hopeful: there's a morning bird; his flight it seems for London, he halloo's and sings sweetly: pr'ythee let's go and put him out of tune.

Captain. Thee and I have crotchets in our pates; and thou knowest two crotchets make one quaver;[12] he shall shake for't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL.

Randall. *Did hur not see hur true loves,*
As hur came from London?
Oh, if hur saw not hur fine prave loves,
Randall is quite undone.

Well, was never mortal man in Wales cou'd have wag'd praver, finers, and nimblers, than Randalls have done, to get service in Londons: whoope, where was hur now? just upon a pridge of stone, between the legs of a couple of pretty hills, but no more near mountains in Wales, than Clim of the Clough's bowe, to hur cozen David's harp. And now hur prattle of Davie, I think yonder come prancing down the hills from Kingston, a couple of hur t'other cozens, Saint Nicholas'-

[10] *like a puritan's at the sight of a surplice.*] The aversion of the *puritans* to a *surplice*, is alluded to in many of the old comedies. See several instances in Mr. Steevens's note to *All's well that ends well*, A. 1. S. 3.

[11] *Coxcomb park,*] The park belonging to Coomb house.

[12] *two crotchets make one quaver;*] But two quavers making one crotchet, this seems to be false wit, having no foundation in truth. S. P.

clerks,[13] the morning was so red as an egg, and the place fery full of dangers, perils, and bloody businesses by reports: augh! her swords was trawn; Cod pless us and hur cozen Hercules was not stand against two; which shall hur take? If they take Randalls, will rip Randalls cuts out; and then Randalls shall see Paul's steeples no more; therefore hur will go directly under the pridge, here was but standing to knees in little fine cool fair waters; and by cat, if hur have Randalls out, hur shall come and fetch Randalls and hur will, were hur nineteen Nicholas' clerks. [*Exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN *and* LIEUTENANT.

Lieutenant. Which way took he?

Captain. On straight, I think.

Lieutenant. Then we should see him, man; he was just in mine eye when we were at foot o' th' hill, and, to my thinking, stood here looking towards us upon the bridge.

Captain. So thought I; but with the cloud of dust we raised about us, with the speed our horses made, it seems we lost him. Now I could stamp, and bite my horse's ears off.

Lieutenant. Let's spur towards Coomb-house,[14] he struck that way; sure he's not upon the road.

Captain. 'Sfoot, if we miss him, how shall we keep our word with Saunder Bloodhound in Fleetstreet, after dinner, at the Fountain? he's out of cash; and thou

[13] *Saint Nicholas' clerks.*] Highwaymen, or Robbers, were formerly called *Saint Nicholas' clerks.* See notes by Bishop Warburton and Mr. Steevens, on the *First Part of King Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 1.

Again in *Dekker's Belman of London*, 1616.

"The theefe that commits the robery, and is chiefe *clarke to Saint Nicholas*, is called the high lawyer."

Looke on me London, 1613. Sign. C.

"Here closely lie *Saint Nicholas Clearkes*, that, with a good northerne gelding, will gaine more by a halter, than an honest yeoman with a teame of good horses."

[14] *Coomb-house.*] This ancient fabrick, which is now destroy'd, was the seat of the *Nevils*, Earls of Warwick. It stood about a mile from Kingston upon Thames, near Wolsey's Aqueducts, which convey water to Hampton court. S.

know'st, by Cutter's law,[15] we are bound to relieve one another.

Lieutenant. Let's scour towards Coomb-house; but if we miss him?

Captain. No matter; do'st see yonder barn o' th' left hand?

Lieutenant. What of that?

Captain. At the west end, I tore a piece of board out,
And stuft in close amongst the straw, a bag
Of a hundred pound at least, all in round shillings:
Which I made my last night's purchase from a lawyer.

Lieutenant. Dost know the place, to fetch it again?

Captain. The torn board is my land mark; if we miss this,
We make for that; and, whilst that lasts—oh London,
Thou labyrinth that puzzlest strictest search,
Convenient inns of court, for highway lawyers,
How with rich wine, tobacco, and sweet wenches,
We'll canvass thy dark case!

Lieutenant. Away, let's spur. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL.

Randall. Spur, did hur call hur? have made Randalls stand without poots, in fery pittiful pickles; but hur will run as nimbles to Londons, as creyhound after rabbits. And yet, now hur remember what hur cozens talkt, was some wiser and some too. Randalls heard talk of parn upon left hand, and a prave bag with hundred pounds in round shillings, Cod pless us; and yonder was parns, and upon left hands too: now here was questions and demands to be made, why Randalls should not rob them would rob Randalls? hur will go to parns, pluck away pords, pull out paggs, and shew

[15] *Cutter's law.*] A cutter was, about the beginning of the last century, a cant-word for a swaggering fellow. This appears in the old black letter play, intitled *The Faire Maid of Bristow*, Sign. iij. where Sir Godfrey says of Challener:

"He was *a cutter* and a swaggerer."

He is elsewhere called a swaggering fellow. Sign. A 4. MS. note in Oldys's Langbaine.

hur cozen a round pair of heels, with all hur round shillings; mark hur now. [*Exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN *and* LIEUTENANT.

Lieutenant. The rogue rise right, and has outstript us. This was staying in Kingston with our unlucky hostess, that must be dandled, and made drunk next her heart; she made us slip the very cream o' th' morning: if any thing stand aukward, a woman's at one end on't.

Captain. Come, we 've a hundred pieces good yet in the barn; they shall last us and Saunder[16] a month's mirth at least.

Lieutenant. Oh these sweet hundred pieces! how I will kiss you, and hug you! with the zeal a usurer does his bastard money, when he comes from church. Wer't not for them, where were our hopes? But come, they shall be sure to thunder in the taverns. I but now, just now, see pottle pots thrown down the stairs, just like serjeants and yeomen, one i' th' neck of another.

Captain. Delicate vision! [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL.

Randall. Hur have got hur pag and all by the hand, and hur had ferily thought in conscience, had not been so many round sillings in whole worlds, but in Wales: 'twas time to supply hur store, hur had but thirteenpence halfpenny in all the worlds, and that hur have left in hur little white purse, with a rope hur found py the parn, just in the place hur had this. Randalls will be no serving-mans now; hur will buy hur prave parrels, prave swords, prave taggers, and prave feathers, and go a wooing to prave comely pretty maids. Rob Randalls! becat, and hur were ten dozen of couzens, Randalls rob hur; mark hur now. [*Exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN *and* LIEUTENANT.

Lieutenant. A plague of Friday mornings! the most unfortunate day in the whole week.

Captain. Was ever the like fate? 'sfoot, when I put it in, I was so wary, though it were midnight, that I

[16] *Saunder.*] *i. e.* Alexander Bloodhound. S. P.

watch'd till a cloud had mask'd the moon, for fear she should have seen 't.

Lieutenant. O luck!

Captain. A gale of wind did but creep o'er the bottom, and, because I heard things stir, I stayed; 'twas twelve score past me.

Lieutenant. The pottle pots will sleep in peace to-night.

Captain. And the sweet clinks.

Lieutenant. The clattering of pipes.

Captain. The Spanish fumes.

Lieutenant. The more wine, boy, the nimble Anon, anon, sir[17].

Captain. All to-night will be nothing; come, we must shift, 'Sfoot, what a witty rogue 'twas, to leave this fair thirteen pence halfpenny, and this old halter; intimating aptly,

Had the hangman met us there, by these presages,
Here had been his work, and here his wages.

Lieutenant. Come, come, we must make friends.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BLOODHOUND, TIM, *and* SIM.

Bloodhound. There, sirrah, there's his bond: run into the Strand, 'tis six weeks since the tallow-chandler fetch'd my hundred marks, I lent him to set him up, and to buy grease; this is his day, I'll have his bones for't else, so pray tell him.

Tim. But are a chandler's bones worth so much, father?

Bloodhound. Out, coxcomb!

Sim. Worth so much! I know my master will make dice of them; then 'tis but letting Master Alexander carry them next Christmas to the Temple[18], he'll make a hundred marks a night of them.

[17] *the nimble Anon, anon, sir.*] i. e. the reply of drawers, when they are called.

[18] *carry them next Christmas to the Temple,*] It was formerly usual to celebrate Christmas, at the several inns of court, with extraordinary festivity. Sometimes plays or masques were performed; and, when, these were omitted, a greater degree of licence appears to have been allowed to the students than at other times. In

Tim. 'Mass, that's true.

Bloodhound. And run to Master Ear-lack's the informer, in Thieving-lane, and ask him what he has

societies, where so many young men, possessed of high spirits, and abounding with superfluous sums of money, were assembled, it will not seem wonderful to find the liberty granted at this season should be productive of many irregularities. Among others, gaming, in the reign of James the First, when this play was probably written, had been carried to such an extravagant height, as to demand the interposition of the heads of some of the societies, to prevent the evil consequences attending it. In the 12th of James I. orders for reformation and better government of the Inns of Court and Chancery were made, by the readers and benchers of the four houses of court; among which is the following. "For "that disorders in the *Christmas*-time, may both infect the minds, "and prejudice the estates and fortunes, of the young gentlemen "in the same societies: it is therefore ordered, that there shall be "commons of the house kept, in every house of court, during the "*Christmas;* and that none shall play in their several halls at the "dice, except he be a gentleman of the same society, and in commons; and the benefits of the boxes to go to the butlers of every "house respectively." *Dugdale's Orig. Jurid.* p. 318. In the 4th of Car. I. (Nov. 17.) the society of Gray's Inn direct, "that all "playing at dice, cards, or otherwise, in the hall, buttry, or butler's chamber, should be thenceforth barred and forbidden, at all "times of the year, the twenty days in *Christmas* only excepted." Ibid. p. 286. And in the 7th of Car. I. (7 Nov.) the society of the *Inner Temple* made several regulations for keeping good rule in *Christmas-time*, two of which will shew how much gaming had been practised there before that time. "8. That there shall not be any "knocking with boxes, or calling aloud for gamesters. 9. That "no play be continued within the house upon any Saturday night, "or upon Christmas-eve at night, after twelve of the clock."

Sir Simon D'ewes also, in the MS. life of himself, in the British Museum, takes notice of the Christmas irregularities about this period, p. 52. *Dec. 1620.* "At the saied Temple was a lieu"tenant chosen, and much gaming, and other excesses during these "festivall dayes, by his residing and keeping a standing table ther; "and, when sometimes I turned in thither to behold ther sportes, "and saw the many oaths, execrations, and quarrels, that accom"panied ther dicing, I began seriously to loath it, though at that "time I conceived the sporte of itselfe to bee lawfull." P. 67. "The first day of Januarie [*i. e.* 1622-23] at night, I came into "commons at the Temple, wheere ther was a lieftenant choosen, "and all manner of gaming and vanitie practiced, as if the church "had not at all groaned under those heavie desolations which it "did. Wherefore I was verie gladd, when, on the Tuesday fol"lowing, being the seventh day of the same moneth, the howse

done in my business. He gets abundance; and if he carry my cause with one false oath, he shall have Moll; he will take her with a little. Are you gone, sir?

Tim. No, forsooth.

Bloodhound. As you come by Temple-bar, make a step to th' Devil.

Tim. To the Devil, father?

Sim. My master means the sign of the Devil[19]; and he cannot hurt you, fool; there's a saint holds him by the nose.

Tim. Sniggers, what does the devil and a saint both in a sign?

Sim. What a question's that? what does my master and his prayer-book o' Sunday, both in a pew?

*Bloodhound.** Well, well, ye gipsy, what do we both in a pew?

Sim. Why, make a fair shew; and the devil and the saint does no more.

Bloodhound. You 're witty, you 're witty. Call to the man o' th' house, bid him send in the bottles of wine to-night, they will be at hand i' th' morning.--- Will you run, sir?

Tim. To the devil as fast as I can, sir; the world shall know whose son I am. [*Exit.*

Bloodhound. Let me see now, for a poesy for the ring: never an end of an old saw? 'Tis a quick widow, Sim, and wou'd have a witty poesy.

Sim. If she be quick, she's with child; whosoever got it, you must father it; so that

You come o' th' nick,
For the widow's quick.

" broake upp ther Christmas, and added an end to those ex-
" cesses."

To what excess gaming was carried on in the Inns of Court at this period may be judged from the following circumstance; that in taking up the floor of one of the Temple halls about 1764, near 100 pair of dice were found, which had dropt at times through the clinks or joints of the boards. They were very small, scarce more than two thirds as large as our modern ones. The hall was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

[19] *the sign of the devil.*] This tavern, with the same sign as above described, still remains.

* This question is improperly given to Sim in the 4to. C.

There's a witty poesy for your quick widow.

Bloodhound. No, no; I'll have one shall savour of a saw.

Sim. Why then, 'twill smell of the painted cloth [20].

Bloodhound. Let me see, a widow witty—

Sim. Is pastime pretty:---put in that for the sport's sake.

Bloodhound. No, no, I can make the sport. Then an old man---

Sim. Then will she answer, If you cannot, a younger can. And look, look, sir, now I talk of the younger, yonder's Ancient Young come over again, that mortgag'd sixty pound *per annum* before he went; I'm deceiv'd if he come not a day after the fair.

Bloodhound. Mine almanack.

Sim. A prayer-book, sir?

Bloodhound. A prayer-book; for devout beggars I hate; look I beseech thee. Fortune now befriend me, and I will call the plaguy whore in. Let me see, six months.

Enter ANCIENT YOUNG.

Ancient. Yes, 'tis he certain: this is a business must not be slackened, sir.

Sim. Look, I beseech thee; we shall have oatmeal in our pottage six weeks after.

Bloodhound. Four days too late, Sim; four days too late, Sim.

Sim. Plumbs in our pudding a Sunday, plumbs in our pudding.

Ancient. Master Bloodhound, as I take it.

Bloodhound. You 're a stranger, sir, you shall be witness, I sh..ll be rail'd at else, they will call me devil. I pray you how many months from the first of May to the sixth of November following?

Ancient. Six months and four days, just.

Bloodhound. I ask, because the first of May last, a noble gentleman, one Ancient Young——

Ancient. I am the man, sir.

[20] *painted cloth.*] See Note 67 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Bloodhound. My spectacles, Sim: look, Sim, is this Ancient Young?

Sim. 'Twas Ancient Young, sir.

Bloodhound. And is 't not Ancient Young?

Sim. No sir, you have made him a young ancient.

Bloodhound. Oh Sim, a chair. I know him now, but I shall not live to tell him.

Ancient. How fare you, sir.

Sim. The better for you; he thanks you, sir.

Bloodhound. Sick, sick, exceeding sick.

Ancient. O' th' sudden? strange!

Sim. A qualm of threescore years come over his stomach, nothing else.* [*Aside.*

Bloodhound. That you, beloved you! who, of all men i' th' world, my poor heart doated on! whom I' loved better than father, mother, brother, sister, uncles, aunts; what would you have? that you should stay four days too late!

Ancient. I have your money ready;
And, sir, I hope your old love to my father——

Bloodhound. Nay, nay, I am noble, fellow, very noble, a very rock of friendship; but, but, I had a house and barn burnt down to the ground, since you were here.

Ancient. How?

Bloodhound. How, burn'd! ask Sim.

Sim. By fire, sir; by fire.

Bloodhound. To build up which, for I am a poor man, a poor man, I was forced by course of law to enter upon your land, and so, for less money than you had of me, I was fain to sell it to another. That by four days stay, a man should lose his blood! our livings! our blood! O my heart! O my head!

Ancient. Pray take it not so heinous, we'll go to him: I'll buy it again of him, he won't be too cruel.

Bloodhound. A dog, a very dog; there's more mercy

* This is the reading of the quarto, but Mr. Reed without necessity or notice changed it thus:—
"A qualm of threescore *pounds a year* came over his stomach."
Sim refers to the age and infirmity of *Bloodhound*. C.

in a pair of unbrib'd bailiffs. To shun all such solicitings, he's rid to York; a very cut-throat rogue! But I'll send to him.

Ancient. An honest old man, how it moves him! This was my negligence. Good Sim, convey him into some warmer room; and I pray, however Fortune, she that gives ever with the dexterity she takes, shall please to fashion out my sufferings, yet for his sake, my deceas'd father, the long friend of your heart, in your health keep me happy.

Bloodhound. Oh right honest young man! Sim.

Sim. Sir.

Bloodhound. Have I done 't well?

Sim. The devil himself could not have done't better.

Bloodhound. I tell thee an old saw, sirrah:

He that dissembles in wealth shall not want;

They say dooms-day's coming, but think you not on't.

This will make the pot seethe, Sim.

*Ancient**. Good sir, talk no more, my mouth runs over. [*Exeunt. Bloodhound and Sim.*] Sleep, awake, worthy beggar, worthy indeed to be one, and am one worthily—How fine it is to wanton without affliction! I must look out for fortunes over again: no, I have money here, and 'tis the curse of merit, not to work when she has money. There was a handsome widow, whose wild, mad, jealous husband died at sea; let me see, I am near Black-friars, I'll have one start at her, or else——

Enter Bloodhound's daughter MOLL, *with a bowl of beer.*

Moll. By my troth, 'tis he! Captain Young's son. I have loved him even with languishings, ever since I was a girl: but should he know it, I should run mad, sure. What handsome gentlemen travel and manners make! my father begun to you, sir, in a cup of small beer.

Ancient. How does he, pray?

Moll. Pretty well now, sir.

* All that follows to the entrance of Moll in the quarto, is made a continuation of what is said by Bloodhound. C.

Ancient. 'Mass, 'tis small indeed—you'll pledge me?

Moll. Yes, sir.

Ancient. Pray will you tell me one thing?

Moll. What is't?

Ancient. Which is smaller, this beer or your maidenhead?

Moll. The beer a great deal, sir.

Ancient. Aye, in quality.

Moll. But not in quantity?

Ancient. No.

Moll. Why?

Ancient. Let me try, and I'll tell you.

Moll. Will you tell me one thing before you try?

Ancient. Yes.

Moll. Which is smaller, this beer or your wit?

Ancient. O, the beer, the beer.

Moll. In quality?

Ancient. Yes, and in the quantity.

Moll. Why then, I pray keep the quantity of your wit, from the quality of my maidenhead, and you shall find my maidenhead more than your wit.

Ancient. A witty maidenhead, by this hand.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A table set out. Enter two servants, JARVIS *and* JOHN *as to cover it for dinner.*

John. Is my mistress ready for dinner?

Jarvis. Yes, if dinner be ready for my mistress.

John. Half an hour ago, man.

Jarvis. But pr'ythee, sir, is't for certain? for yet it cannot sink into my head, that she is to be married tomorrow.

John. Troth, she makes little preparation; but it may be, she wou'd be wedded, as she wou'd be bedded, privately.

Jarvis. Bedded, call you it? and she be bedded no better than he'll bed her, she may lie tantaliz'd, and eat wishes.

John. Pox on him, they say he's the arrantest miser: we shall never live a good day with him.

Jarvis. Well, and she be snipt by three score and ten, may she live six score and eleven, and repent twelve times a day, that's once an hour. [*Exit.*

Enter WIDOW.

Widow. Set meat o'th' board.

John. Yes.

Widow. Why do's your fellow grumble so?

John. I do not know.

They say you're to marry one that will feed us
With horse-plumbs, instead of beef and cabbage.

Widow. And are you griev'd at that?

John. No, but my friends are.

Widow. What friends are griev'd?

John. My guts.

Widow. So it seems, you begun clown—

John. Yes, and shall conclude coxcomb, and I be fed with herring-bones. 'Sfoot, I say no more; but if we do want as much bread of our daily allowance, as wou'd dine a sparrow, or as much drink as wou'd fox a fly [21], I know what I know.

Widow. And what do you know, sir?

John. Why, that there goes but a pair of sheers [22] between a promoter and a knave; if you know more, take your choice of either.

Widow. 'Tis well; set on dinner.

Enter JARVIS *with a rabbit in one hand, and a dish of eggs in another, and the* MAID.

Jarvis. O mistress, yonder's the mad gallant, Master Alexander Bloodhound, entered into the hall.

Widow. You should have kept him out.

Maid. Alas, ne'er a wench in town could do't, he's so nimble: I had no sooner opened the door, but he thrust in ere I was aware.

Enter ALEXANDER.

Alexander. And how does my little, handsome,

[21] *fox a fly,*] *i. e.* intoxicate a fly.

[22] *a pair of sheers.*] The 4to reads *a pair of sheets*, but evidently wrong. See *Malcontent*, A. 4. S. 5.

dainty, delicate, well-favour'd, straight and comely, delicious, bewitching widow?

Jarvis. 'Sfoot, here's one runs division before the fidlers.

Widow. Sir, this is no seasonable time of visit.

Alexander. 'Tis pudding-time, wench, pudding-time; and a dainty-time, dinner-time, my nimble-ey'd witty one. Woot be married to-morrow, sirrah?

[*Sits to table.*

Jarvis. She'll be mad to-morrow, sirrah.

Alexander. What, art thou a fortune-teller?

Jarvis. A chip of the same block, a fool, sir.

Alexander. Good fool, give me a cup of cool beer.

Jarvis. Fill your master a cup of cool beer.

Alexander. Pish, I spoke to the fool.

Jarvis. I thought you'd brought the fool with you, sir.

Alexander. Fool, 'tis my man: shalt sit i'faith, wench.

Widow. For once, I'll be as merry as you are mad, and learn fashions. I am set, you see, sir, but you must pardon, sir, our rudeness; Friday's fare for myself, a dish of eggs and a rabbit; I look'd for no strange faces.

Alexander. Strange! mine's a good face, i'faith; pr'ythee buss.

Jarvis. Why, here's one comes to the business now.

Alexander. Sirrah. woot have the old fellow?

Widow. Your father? Yes.

Alexander. I tell thee thou shalt not; no, no, I have such—this rabbit's raw too.

Jarvis. There's but one raw bit, sir.

Alexander. Thy jester sure shall have a coat[23].

Widow. Let it be of your own cut sir.

Alexander. Nay, nay, nay; two to one is extremity—but, as I was telling thee, I have such a husband for thee: so knowing, so discreet, so sprightly:—fill a cup

[23] *a coat,*] *i. e.* a fool's coat, such as the jesters or fools anciently wore. See notes to *Tempest*, A. 3. S. 2. by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens.

of claret:—so admirable in desires, so excellently deserving, that an old man;—fie, fie, pr'ythee.—Here's to thee.

Widow. The man's mad, sure.

Jarvis. Mad! by this hand, a witty gallant.

John. Pr'ythee peace, shalt hear a song.

Enter ANCIENT YOUNG.

Widow. What cope's-mate's[24] this, trow? who let him in?

Jarvis. By this light, a fellow of an excellent breeding.
He came unbidden, and brought his stool with him.

John. Look mistress, how they stare one at another?

Jarvis. Yes, and swell like a couple of gibb'd cats[25], met both by chance i' th' dark in an old garret.

Widow. Look, look; now there's no fear of the wild beasts: they have forgot their spleens, and look prettily; they fall to their pasture. I thought they had been angry, and they are hungry.

Jarvis. Are they none of Duke Humphrey's[26] furies? do you think that they devis'd this plot in Paul's to get a dinner?

[24] *cope's-mate.*] *copesmate*, Dr. Johnson conjectures to be the same as *copsmate*, a companion in drinking, or one that dwells under the same *cope*, for house. I find the word used in *The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 31, but not according to either of the above explanations. "Hee that trusts a tradesman on his word, a usurer "with his bond, a phisitian with his body, and the divell with his "soule, needes not care who he trusts afterwards, nor what *copes-* "*mate* encounters him next."

Copesmate, I believe, means only *companion*, a word which was used both in a bad and good sense by our ancestors. To *cope* is to meet with, to encounter. Thus Hamlet,

"As e'er my conversation *cop'd* withall." S.

Again in Wither's *Abuses stript and whipt*, B. II. S. I. 1622.

"Nay be advised (quoth his *copesmate*) harke,
"Lets stay all night, for it grows pest'lence darke."

[25] *gibb'd cats.*] See note to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. and also the notes of Dr. Percy, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Tollet, to *The First Part of King Henry* IV. A. 1. S. 2.

[26] *Duke Humphrey.*] In the ancient church of St. Paul's, one of the aisles was called *Duke Humphrey's Walk*, in which those who had no means of procuring a dinner, affected to loiter. See Mr. Steevens's note on *King Richard* III. A. 4. S. 4.

Widow. Time may produce as strange a truth. Let's note them.

Enter RANDALL.

Randall. Hur loved hur once, hur loved hur no more,
Saint Tavie so well as hur loved hur then.

Widow. Another bur! this is the cook-maid's leaving ope the door; and this is the daintiest dish she has sent in, a widgeon in Welch sauce—pray let's make a merry day on't.

Randall. What! do hur keep open house? Had heard hur was widows that dwelt here: are you widows, good womans?

Widow. I want a husband, sir.*

Randall. Augh, Randalls comes in very good times: you keep ordinaries hur think. What have you set a cat before gallants there?

Jarvis. They will eat him for the second course. [*Aside.*] These are suitors to my mistress sure; things that she slights. Set your feet boldly in; widows are not caught as maids kiss, faintly, but as mastiffs fight, valiantly.

Randall. Is hur so: I pray bid hur mistress observe Randalls for valours, and prave adventures?

Ancient. Some beer.

Widow. Let them want nothing.

Ancient. Here, widow:

Widow. I thank you, sir.

Alexander. Some wine.

Jarvis. Here is wine for you, sir.

Randall. Randalls will not be outprav'd, I warrant hur.

Alexander. Here, widow.

Widow. I thank you too, sir.

Randall. Sounds, some metheglings here.

Widow. What does he call for?

Jarvis. Here are some eggs for you, sir.

* This reply, and the preceding question of Randall were omitted until the present edition. C.

Randall. Eggs, man! some metheglings, the wine of Wales.

Jarvis. Troth, sir, here's none i' th' house: pray make a virtue of necessity, and drink to her in this glass of claret.

Randall. Well, because hur will make a great deals of necessities of virtues, mark with what a grace Randalls will drink to hur mistress.

Maid. He makes at you, forsooth.

Widow. Let him come, I have ever an English virtue to put by a Welsh.

Randall. O noble widows, hur heart was full of woes.

Alexander. No, noble Welchman, hur heart was in hur hose. [*Takes away his cup.*

Randall. 'Sounds, was that hur manners, to take away Randalls cups?

Ancient. No, it shewed scurvy.

Alexander. Take't you at worst, then.

Ancient. Whelp of the devil, thou shalt see thy sire for't.

John, Jarvis. Gentlemen, what mean you?

Randall. Let hur come, let hur come; Randalls will redeem reputations, hur warrant hur.

Widow. Redeem your wit, sir. First for you, sir, you are a stranger;---but you; fie, Master Bloodhound!

Ancient. Ha! Bloodhound! good, sir, let me speak with you.

Randall. 'Sounds, what does Randalls amongst ploodhounds? Good widows, lend hur an ear.

Alexander. Ancient Young! how false our memories have play'd through long discontinuance!* But, why met here, man? Is Mars so bad a pay-master, that our ancients fight under Cupid's banner?

Ancient. Faith, this was but a sudden start, begotten from distraction of some fortunes: I pursue this widow but for want of wiser work.

Jarvis. The Welchman labours at it.

Randall. A pair of a hundred of seeps, thirty prave cows, and twelve dozen of runts.

* *i. e. disuse:* Mr. Reed allowed it to stand *continuance*, instead of discontinuance, which made nonsense of the passage. C.

Widow. Twelve dozen of goose.

Randall. Give hur but another hark?

Alexander. He has the mortgage still, and I have a handsome sister: do but meet at the Fountain in Fleet-street, after dinner; O, I will read thee a history of happiness, and thou shalt thank me.

Ancient. Aye, read all's well, or weapons.

Alexander. A word, Jarvis.

Randall. Oh prave widows, hur will meet hur there, hur knows hur times and hur seasons, hur warrant hur. Randalls will make these prave gallants hang hurselfs in those garters of willow garlands apout hur pates; mark hur now, and remember. [*Exit.*

Ancient. Adieu, sweet widow; for my ordinary—

[*Kisses her.*

Widow. 'Twas not so much worth, sir.

Ancient. You mean, 'twas worth more then; and that's another handsomely begg'd.

Widow. You conclude women cunning beggars, then.

Ancient. Yes, and men good benefactors. My best wishes wait on so sweet a mistress.—Will you walk?

[*Exit.*

Alexander. I'll follow you. Woo't think on't soon at night, or not at all?

Jarvis. I wou'd not have my wishes wrong'd; if I should bring it about handsomely, you can be honest?

Alexander. Can! dost conclude me a sattin cheat?

Jarvis. No, a smooth gallant, sir. Do not you fail to be here soon at nine, still provided you will be honest: if I convey you not under her bed, throw me a top o' th' tester, and lay me out o' th' way like a rusty bilbo.

Alexander. Enough; drink that. Farewel, widow; Fate, the Destinies, and the three ill-favoured Sisters have concluded the means, and when I am thy husband—

Widow. I shall be your wife.

Alexander. Do but remember these cross capers then, you bitter sweet one[27]. [*Exit.*

[27] *bitter sweet one.*] See note to *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 3. vol. 10. edit. 1778. S.

Widow. 'Till then adieu, you bitter sweet one.
[*Exit.*

Jarvis. This dinner would have shew'd better in bed-lane; and she at the other side, holdeth her whole nest of suitors play. What art decks the dark labyrinth of a woman's heart! [*Exit.*

Enter MARY BLOODHOUND *and* SIM.

Moll. Marry old Ear-lack! is my father mad?

Sim. They 're both a concluding on't yonder; to-morrow's the day; one wedding-dinner must serve both marriages.

Moll. Oh Sim! the Ancient, the delicate Ancient; there's a man, and thou talk'st of a man; a good face, a sparkling eye, a straight body, a delicate hand, a clean leg and foot. Ah sweet Sim! there's a man worth a maidenhead.

Enter BLOODHOUND *and* EAR-LACK.

Sim. But I say, Master Ear-lack, the old man; a foot like a bear, a leg like a bed-staff, a hand like a hatchet, an eye like a pig, and a face like a winter pigmie; there's a man for a maidenhead.

Moll. Oh look, look. Oh alas, what shall I do with him.

Sim. What? why, what shall fifteen do with sixty and twelve? make a screen of him; stand next the fire, whilst you sit behind him, and keep a friend's lips warm. Many a wench would be glad of such a fortune.

Bloodhound. Your oath struck it dead then, o' my side?

Ear-lack. Five hundred deep of your side, i'faith, father.

Bloodhound. Moll, come hither, Moll; I hope Sim has discover'd the project.

Ear-lack. And to-morrow must be the day, Moll; both of a day, one dinner shall serve: we may have store of little ones; we must save for our family.

Moll. Good sir, what rashness was parent to this madness? marry an old man!—Ear-lack the informer!

Bloodhound. Madness!—You're a whore.

Ear-lack. Is she a whore, Sim?

Sim. She must be your wife, I tell—

Bloodhound. An arrant whore, to refuse Master Innocent Ear-lack of Rogue-land!—that for his dwelling: next, that he doth inform now and then against enormities, and hath been blanketed, it may be, pump'd in 's time; yet the world knows he does it not out of need: he's of mighty means, but takes delight now and then to trot up and down, to avoid idleness, you whore.

Sim. Good, sir!

Ear-lack. Pray, father!

Moll. This wound wants oil. Good sir, in all my paths,
I will make you my guide; I was only startled
With the suddenness of the marriage,
In that I knew, that this deserving gentleman
And I had never so much conference,
Whereby this coal of Paphos, by the rhetoric
Of his love-stealing, heart-captivating language,
Might be blown into a flame.

Ear-lack. Does she take tobacco, father?

Bloodhound. No, no, man; these are out of ballads;
She has all the Garland of Good-will[98] by heart.

Ear-lack. 'Snails, she may sing me asleep o' nights then, Sim.

Sim. Why, right, sir; and then 'tis but tickling you o' th' forehead with her heels, you are awake again, and ne'er the worse man.

Moll. Is he but five years older than yourself, sir?

Ear-lack. Nay, I want a week and three days of that too.

Bloodhound. I'll tell thee an old saw for't, girl,
Old say he be, old blades are best,
Young hearts are never old.

Ear-lack. Ah, ha!

[98] *Garland of Good-will,*] one of the miscellaneous collections of songs and poems, formerly published, called *Garlands.* The names of a great number of these, and, amongst the rest, *The Garland of Good-will,* by T. D. 1631, are enumerated in Dr. Percy's Reliques, vol. I. p. 77.

Bloodhound. *Gold is great glee, gold begets rest,*
What fault is found in gold?

Sim. I will answer presently, sir, with another saw.

Bloodhound. Let's ha't, let's ha't.

Ear-lack. Mark, Moll.

Sim. *Young? say she be young, young mutton's sweet,*
Content is above gold;
If, like an old cock, he with young mutton meet,
He feeds like a cuckold.

Bloodhound. A very pretty pithy one, I protest; look, an' Moll do not laugh: 'shalt have a pair of gloves for that. What leather dost love?

Sim. Calf, sir; sheep's too simple for me.

Bloodhound. Nay, 'tis a witty notable knave; he should never serve me else.

Enter JOHN *with a letter.*

John. My mistress remembers her love, and requests you would enure her so much to your patience, as to read that.

Bloodhound. Love-letters, love-lies: dost mark, Sim; these women are violent, Sim. Whilst I read the lie, do you rail to him upon the brewer: swear he has deceiv'd us, and save a cup of beer by't.

Sim. I will not save you a cup at that rate, sir.

Ear-lack. I can make thee a hundred a year jointure, wench. At the first, indeed, I began with petty businesses, wench; and here I pick'd, and there I pick'd; but now I run through none but things of value.

Moll. Sir, many thoughts trouble me; and your words carry such weight, that I will chuse a time, when I have nothing else to do, to think on 'em.

Ear-lack. By my troth, she talks the wittiliest, an' I could understand her.

Bloodhound. Oh, nimble, nimble widow! I am sorry we have no better friends; but, pray commend me, tho' in a blunt dry commendation; at the time and place appointed I wonnot fail. I know she has a nest of suitors, and would carry it close, because she fears surprisal.

Ear-lack. What news, father?

Bloodhound. Shalt lie there all night, son.

Ear-lack. Was that the first news I heard on't?

Bloodhound. I must meet a friend i' th' dark soon: let me see, we lovers are all a little mad; do you and Moll take a turn or two i' th' garden, whilst Sim and I go up into the garret and devise, till the guests come. [*Exit.*

Sim. He's a little mad. I had best hang him upon the cross beam in the garret. [*Exit.*

Ear-lack. Come, Moll, come, Molkin: we'll even to the Camomile bed, and talk of household stuff; and be sure thou rememberest a trade.

Moll. Please you go before, sir?

Ear-lack. Nay an old ape has an old eye; I shall go before, an' thou woot shew me a love-trick, and lock me into the garden. I will come discreetly behind, Moll.

Moll. Out upon him, what a suitor have I got! I am sorry you 're so bad an archer, sir.

Ear-lack. Why bird, why bird?

Moll. Why, to shoot at buts, when you shou'd use prick-shafts: short shooting will lose you the game, I assure you, sir.

Ear-lack. Her mind runs sure upon a fletcher[29] or a bowyer: howsoever I'll inform against both; the fletcher for taking whole money for pierc'd arrows, the bowyer for horning the headmen of his parish, and taking money for his pains. [*Exeunt.*

Enter in the tavern, ALEXANDER, *the* CAPTAIN, LIEUTENANT, SUE SHORT-HEELS, *and Mrs.* COOTE, *a bawd.*

Alexander. Some rich Canary, boy.

Drawer. Anon, anon, sir.

Alexander. Possible! Thus cheated of an hundred pieces! a handsome halter, and the hangman's wages popt in the place? what an acute wit we have in wickedness!

Captain. 'Tis done, and handsomely.

[29] *fletcher.*] *Flechier,* Fr. a maker of arrows. We have still the *Fletchers* company in the city of London.

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Here's a pottle of rich Canary, and a quart of neat Claret, gentlemen; and there's a gentleman below, he says he is your brother, Master Bloodhound: he appointed to meet you here.

Captain. The expected thing, that bought the Bristol stone.

Alexander. Send him up pr'ythee. Remember how it must be carry'd.

Mrs. Coote. I am her grandmother; forget not that by any means.

Alexander. And pray remember that you do not mump as if you were chewing bacon, and spoil all.

Mrs. Coote. I warrant you.

Enter ANCIENT YOUNG.

Alexander. And hark.

Drawer. Are these the company, sir?

Ancient. Yes, but those I like not; these are not they:
I'll stay i' the next room till my company come.

Drawer. Where you please, sir; pray, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Captain. I hear him coming up gingerly.

Alexander. Oh he tramples upon the bosom of a tavern with that dexterity, as your lawyers' clerks do to Westminster-hall upon a dirty day, with a pair of white silk stockings. Brother Tim, why now you're a man of your word, I see.

Enter TIM.

Tim. Nay, I love to be as good as my say. See, brother, look, there's the rest of your money upon the ring. I cannot spend a penny, for I have ne'er a penny left. What are these, what are these?

Alexander. Gallants of note and quality; he that sits taking tobacco is a captain, Captain Carvegut.

Tim. He will not make a capon of me, will he?

Alexander. Are you not my brother? He that pours out the sparkling sprightly Claret, is a lieutenant under him, Lieutenant Bottom. He was a serjeant first.

Tim. Of the Poultry, or of Wood-street?

Alexander. Of the Poultry? of a Woodcock!
A serjeant in the field, a man of blood.
Tim. I'll take my leave, brother, I am in great haste.
Alexander. That delicate sweet young gentlewoman—
Tim. Fough! this tobacco!
Alexander. That bears the blush of morning on her cheeks,
Whose eyes are like a pair of talking twins.
Tim. She looks just upon me.
Alexander. I think you are in haste.
Tim. No, no, no, pray.
Alexander. Whose lips are beds of roses, betwixt which
There steals a breath sweeter than Indian spices.
Tim. Sweeter than ginger?
Alexander. But then to touch those lips—You stay too long, sure.
Tim. Pish, I tell you I do not; I know my time. Pray, what's her name?
Alexander. But 'tis descended from the ancient stem,
The great Tributie, Lindabrides her name;
That ancient matron is her reverend grannum.
Tim. Niggers, I have read of her in the Mirror of Knighthood.[30]
Alexander. Come, they shall know you.
Tim. Nay, brother.
Alexander. I say they shall.
Tim. Let me go down and wash my face first.
Alexander. Your face is a fine face.—My brother, gentlemen.
Captain. Sir, you're victoriously welcome.

[30] *Mirror of Knighthood,*] a romance translated out of Spanish, by Margaret Tyler, who dedicates the first part to Lord Thomas Howard. 1st part, no date. 2d. part, 1599. 3d, no date. 4, 5, 1598. 6, 1598. 7, 1598. 8, 1599. 9, 1602.

It appears that Thomas Este, the printer, undertook the publication of this work, which is executed by different translators, and dedicated to different patrons. *Margaret Tyler* (*thine to use*, as she says at the conclusion of her address to the reader) having no concern with any part but the first. It is rarely met with complete.

S.

Tim. That word has e'en conquer'd me.

Lieutenant. I desire to kiss your hand, sir.

Tim. Indeed but you shall not, sir: I went out early, and forgot to wash them.

Mrs. Coote. Precious dotterel!

Captain. Sir, I shall call it a courtesy, if you shall please to vouchsafe to pledge me.

Tim. What is't, brother? Four or six?*

Captain. Four or six! 'Tis rich Canary: it came from beyond the seas.

Tim. I will do no courtesy at this time, sir; yet, for one cup I care not, because it comes from beyond the seas. I think 'tis outlandish wine.

Sue. Look, how it glides!

Mrs. Coote. Now, truly, the gentleman drinks as like one Master Widgin a kinsman of mine—

Lieutenant. Pox on you heilding.

Tim. I ha' heard of that Widgin, I ha' been taken for him; and now I think on't, a cup of this is better than our four shilling beer at home.

Lieutenant. You must drink another, sir: you drank to nobody.

Tim. Is it the law, that if a man drinks to nobody, he must drink again?

Omnes. Aye, aye, aye. Fill his glass.

Tim. Why then, I will drink to nobody once more, because I will drink again.

Alexander. Did not I tell you? More wine there, drawer.

Sue. This pageant's worth the seeing, by this hand.

Tim. Methinks this glass was better than t'other, gentlemen.

Captain. Oh, sir, the deeper the sweeter ever.

Tim. Do you think so?

Lieutenant. Ever that when you drink to nobody.

* Tim means to ask is it *four* or *six* shilling *beer*, supposing that such was the beverage, to which the Captain replies, scornfully, "*Four* or *six*! 'Tis rich Canary," &c. This was omitted by Mr. Reed. C.

Tim. Why, then, I pray give me t'other cup, that I may drink to somebody.

Mrs. Coote. I have not drank yet, sir.

Alexander. Again, ye witch! Drink to the young gentlewoman.

Tim. Mistress Lindabrides.

Sue. Thanks, most ingenious sir.

Tim. She's a little shame-fac'd. The deeper the sweeter, forsooth.

Alexander. Pox on you for a coxcomb.

Enter ANCIENT YOUNG.

Ancient. I'th' next room I have seen and heard all. Oh noble soldiers!

Tim. Here boys, give us some more wine. There's a hundred marks, gallants; 'tis your own, an'.do but let me bear an office amongst you. I know as great a matter has been done for as small a sum. Pray, let me follow the fashion.

Captain. Well, for once take up the money. Give me a cup of sack, and give me your hand, sir; and, because our Flemish corporal was lately choak'd at Delph with a flap-dragon[31], bear you his name and place, and be henceforth call'd Corporal Cod's-head. Let the health go round!

Tim. Round! An' this go not round!—Some wine there, tapster. Is there ne'er a tapster i'th' house?

[*Ancient shews himself.*

Alexander. My worthy friend, thou'rt master of thy word. Gentlemen, 'tis Ancient Young; you're soldiers, come, come, save cap, compliment in cup. Pr'ythee, sit down.

Ancient. Are you a captain, sir?

Captain. Yes.

Ancient. And you a lieutenant?

Lieutenant. Yes.

Ancient. I pray where serv'd you last?

Captain. Why, at the battle of Prague[32].

[31] *flap-dragon.*] See note 75, to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

[32] *at the battle of Prague.*] This battle was fought at Weisenberg, near Prague, 18th November, 1620, and was fatally decisive

Ancient. Under what colonel? In what regiment?
Captain. Why, let me see:—but come, in company? Let's sit, sir: true soldiers scorn unnecessary discourse, especially in taverns.
Ancient. 'Tis true, true soldiers do; but you are tavern-rats.
Captain. How?
Alexander. Pr'ythee!
Ancient. Foul food, that lies all day undigested,
Upon the queasy stomach of some tavern,
And are spew'd out at midnight.
Tim. Corporal Cod's-head's health, sir.
Ancient. In thy face, fool.
Alexander. This is cruel, Ancient.
Ancient. You are but
The worms of worth, the sons of shame and baseness,
That in a tavern dare out-sit the sun,
And, rather than a whore shall part unpledg'd,
You'll pawn your souls for a superfluous cup,
Though you cast it into the reckoning.
The true soldier is all o'er a history of man,
Noble and valiant; wisdom is the mould,
In which he casts his actions. Such a discreet temperance
Doth daily deck his doings, that by his modesty
He's guess'd the son of merit, and by his mildness
Is believed valiant. Go, and build no more
These airy castles of hatch'd fame, which fools
Only admire and fear you for: the wise man
Derides and jeers you, as puffs really of
Virtue and valour (those fair twins
That are born, breathe, and die together!) then
You'll no more be call'd butterflies, but men:
Think on't, and pay your reckoning. [*Exit.*
Captain. Shall we suffer this, Saunder?
Alexander. I must go after him.

against the Elector Palatine, who, in consequence of it, not only lost his new kingdom of Bohemia, but also was deprived by the Emperor of his hereditary dominions.

Sue. Kill him, an' there be no more men in Christendom.

Alexander. I know my sister loves him, and he swears he loves her,—and, by this hand, it shall go hard if he have her not, smock and all. Brave, excellent man! With what a strength of zeal we admire that goodness in another which we cannot call our own! [*Exit.*

Lieutenant. He's a dead man, I warrant him.

Captain. But where's our corporal? corporal, corporal!

Tim. Well, here's your corporal, an' you can be quiet. [*Looks out.**

Sue. Look, an' he have not insconst[33] himself in a wooden castle.

Tim. Is he gone that call'd us butterflies?

Mrs. Coote. Yes, yes, h'as taken wing; and your brother's gone after him, to fight with him.

Tim. That's well; he cannot in conscience but do us the courtesy to kill him for us. Come, gallants, what shall we do? I'll never go home to go to bed with my guts full of four shillings beer, when I may replenish them with sack.—Ha, now am I as lusty: methinks we two have blue beards.—Is there ne'er a wench to be had? Drawer, bring us up impossibilities, an honest whore, and a conscionable reckoning.

Lieutenant. Why, here's all fire wit, where (33) he will or no.

Sue. A whore! O tempting handsome sir, think of a rich wife rather.

Tim. Tempting handsome sir!—she's not married, is she, gentlemen?

* Tim, who has hidden or *insconst* himself, looks out, and not the Captain, as Mr. Reed made it, by misplacing the stage direction. C.

[33] *insconst.*] A *sconce* is a petty fortification. The verb *to insconce*, occurs more than once in Shakespeare. See note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2. S.

(33) *where,*] *i. e.* whether. It is frequently so written in ancient writers. See *Ben Jonson's New Inn*, A. 5. S. 2. and Mr. Whalley's note.

Captain. A woodcock spring'd! let us but keep him in this bacchanalian mist till morning, and 'tis done.

Tim. Tempting handsome sir! I've known a woman of handsome tempting fortunes, throw herself away upon a handsome tempting sir.

Lieutenant. Hark you, sir; if she had, and cou'd be tempted to't, have you a mind to marry: wou'd you marry her?

Tim. Oh, and a man were so worthy, tempting sir.

Lieutenant. Give me but a piece from you.

Tim. And when will you give it me again?

Lieutenant. Pray give me but a piece from you. I'll pay this reckoning into the bargain; and if I have not a trick to make it your own, I'll give you ten for't—here's my witness.

Tim. There 'tis; send thee good luck with 't, and go drunk to bed.

Lieutenant. Do not you be too rash, for she observes you, and is infinitely affected to good-breeding.

Tim. I wonnot speak, I tell you, till you hold up your finger, or fall a whistling.

Captain. Come, we'll pay at bar, and to the Mitre in Bread-street;[34] we'll make a mad night on't. Please you, sweet ladies, but to walk into Bread-street, this gentleman has a foolish slight supper, and he most ingenuously professes, it would appear to him the meridian altitude of his desired happiness, but to have the table deck'd with a pair of perfections so exquisitely refulgent.

Tim. He talks all sack, and he will drink no small-beer.

Mrs. Coote. Pray lead, and he shall follow.

Sue. Bless mine eyes, my heart is full of changes. [*Exit.*

Tim. Oh, is it so; I have heard there may be more changes in a woman's heart in an hour, than can be

[34] *the Mitre in Bread-street;*] From this passage, compared with another in *Ram Alley*, vol. V. p. 402, it appears there were two taverns at this time with the same sign.

rung upon six bells in seven days. Well, go thy ways; little dost thou think how thou shalt be betrayed; within this four and twenty hours, thou shalt be mine own wife, flesh and blood, by father and mother; O tempting handsome sir! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter JOHN *and the* MAID.

John. But, sirrah, canst tell what my mistress means to do with her suitors?

Maid. Nay, nay, I know not; but there is one of them, I am sure, worth looking after.

John. Which is he, I pr'ythee?

Maid. Oh, John, Master Randall, John.

John. The Welchman?

Maid. The witty man, the pretty man, the singing man: he has the daintiest ditty, so full of pith, so full of spirit, as they say.

John. Ditties! they are the ends of old ballads.

Maid. Old ends! I am sure they are new beginnings with me.

John. Here comes my mistress.

Enter WIDOW *and* JARVIS.

Widow. Who was that knock'd at the gate?

Jarvis. Why, your Welch wooer.

Maid. Alas, the sight on's eyes is enough to singe my little maidenhead; I shall never be able to endure him. [*Exit Maid.*

Enter RANDALL.

Randall. *When high King Henry rul'd this land,*[35]
the couple of her name,
Besides hur Queen was tearly lov'd,
a fair and princely———widows.

[35] *When high King Henry,* &c.] a stanza, with some alterations, of the old ballad of *Fair Rosamond.* See Percy's Reliques, vol. 2. p. 147.

Hark you, widows; Randalls was disturb'd in cogitations, about lands, ploughs, and cheese-presses in Wales; and by cat hur have forgot where hur and hur meet soon at pright dark evenings.

Widow. Why on the Change, in the Dutch walks.

Randall. Oh haw, have hur—but Randalls was talk no Dutch; pray meet her in the Welch walk: was no Welch walk there?

Widow. Fie, no; there are no Welch merchants there.

Randall. 'Mass, was fery true, was all shentlemen in Wales. Hur never saw hur shamber-maid; pray where was hur shamber-maid?

Jarvis. Taken up i' th' kitchen, sir.

Randall. Can hur make wedding-ped pravely for Randalls, and widows?

Widow. Pray tell him, Jarvis, where* she can or no.

Jarvis. Sir, not to delay, but to debilitate the strength of your active apprehension of my mistress's favour—

Randall. Was fery good words.

Jarvis. Hark in your ear, she will have her nest feather'd with no British breed.

Randall. Sounds, was not British so good as English?

Jarvis. Yes, where there's wisdom, wit, and valour; but as amongst our English, we may have one fool, a knave, a coxcomb, and a coward, she bid me tell you, she has seen such wonders come out of Wales. In one word,† you 're an ass, and she'll have none of you.

Randall. Augh, Saint Tavie, Owen Morgan, and all hur cusins! was widow herself say so?

Widow. Good sir, let every circumstance make up one answer, take it with you.

Jarvis. And the Roman answer is, the English goose, sir.[36]

Randall. Sounds! hur was kill now, Gog, and Gogma-

* See note (33) to this play.

† The quarto reads, "in one *skirt*." C.

[36] *And the Roman answer is, the English goose, sir.*] A pun on the Latin word *anser*, which signifies *a goose*.

gog, a whole dozen of shiants. Make fool of Randalls! Randalls was wisht to as prave match as widows; was know one Mary Bloodhound, was ha all when hur father kick up heels; and by cat, though hur never saw hur, hur will send hur love-letters presently, get hur good wills, and go to shurch and marry, and hur were eight and thirty, two hundred and nine and fifty widows; mark hur now. [*Exit Randall.*

Jarvis. He pelts as he goes, pitifully.

Widow. Where's Mary?

John. Mary!

Enter MAID.

Widow. Pray go to Aldgate, to my sempstress, for my ruff; I must use it say, to-morrow. Did you bid her hollow it just in the French fashion cut?

Maid. Yes, forsooth.

Widow. 'Twas well; we have no other proof in use, that we are English, if we do not zany them. Let John go with you.

Maid. Yes, forsooth, [*Exit.*

Jarvis. But pray, forsooth, how do you mean to dispose of your suitors?

Widow. Shall I tell thee? for this, thou hast given him his cure, and he is past care; for old Bloodhound, the sawmonger, I writ to him, to meet me soon at ten in the dark, upon the Change; and if I come not by ten, he should stay till twelve: intimating something mystically, that, to avoid surprizals of other rivals, I mean to go from thence with him to lie at his house all night, and go to church with him i' th' morning; when my meaning is only knavery, to make myself merry, and let him cool his heels* there till morning.

Jarvis. And now have I a whimsey, newly jumpt into the coll of ingenious apprehension, to sauce him daintily; that for that. What think you of the gentleman that brought a stool with him out of the hall, and sat down at dinner with you in the parlour?

* *To cool his heels* is a very common expression, which for some reason, or perhaps no reason, was altered in the last edition, to "cool *himself*." C.

Widow. They say he's an Ancient, but I affect not his colours.

Jarvis. But what say you to the mad victorious Alexander?

Widow. A wild mad roarer, a trouble not worth minding.

Jarvis. He will mind you ere morning, troth, mistress. [*Aside.*] There waits a gentleman i' th' next room, that hath a long time loved you, and has watch'd for such an hour, when all was out of doors, to tell you so; and none being within but you and I, he desires you wou'd hear him speak, and there's an end on't.

Widow. What is he?

Jarvis. An honest man.

Widow. How know you?

Jarvis. Why, he told me so.

Widow. And why were you such a fool to take his own word?

Jarvis. Because all the wit I had could get nobody's else.

Widow. A knave will ever tell you he's an honest man.

Jarvis. But an honest man will never tell you he's a knave.

Widow. Well, sir, your mistress dares look upon the honest man.

Jarvis. And the honest man dares look upon my mistress. [*Exit.*

Widow. 'Tis the roughest, bluntest fellow. Yet, when I take young Bloodhound to a retired collection of scattered judgment, which often lies disjointed with the confused distraction of so many, methinks he dwells in my opinion a right ingenious[37] spirit, veil'd merely with the vanity of youth and wildness. He looks, methinks, like one that could retract himself from his mad starts, and when he pleased turn tame. His handsome wildness, methinks, becomes him, could he keep it bounded in thrift and temperance. But

[37] *ingenious*] *ingenious* and *ingenuous*, were formerly used indiscriminately for each other.

down these thoughts; my resolve rests here in private. —But from a fool, a miser, and a man too jealous for a little sweetness, Love, Cupid defend me.

Enter JARVIS *like a gentleman, very brave, with his former cloaths in's hand.**

Jarvis. And to a widow-wife,
Nobly liberal, and discreetly credulous,
Cupid hath sent me.

Widow. Pray prove you as you appear, a gentleman. Why Jarvis?

Jarvis. Look you, here's Jarvis, hangs by geometry; and here's the gentleman; for less I am not: that afar off, taken with the fainted praises of your wealthy beauty, your person, wisdom, modesty, and all that can make woman gracious, in this habit sought and obtained your service.

Widow. For Heaven's sake what's your intent?

Jarvis. I love you.

Widow. Pray keep off.

Jarvis. I wou'd keep from you. Had my desires bodies
How I cou'd beat them into better fashion,
And teach them temperance. For I rid to find you;
And, at a meeting amongst many dames,
I saw you first. Oh how your talking eyes,
Those active, sparkling, sweet, discoursing† twins,
In their strong captivating motion told me
The story of your heart! A thousand Cupids
Methought sat playing on that pair of chrystals[38],
Carrying to the swiftness of covetous fancy,
The very letters we spell love with.

Widow. Fie, fie!

Jarvis. I have struck her to the heart, through my face

* The stage direction in the old copy is not very intelligible: "Enter like a Gentleman very brave, with Jarvis's cloaths in's "hand." C.

† The quarto reads "sweet *discovered* twins." C.

[38] *pair of chrystals,*] a common expression to signify the eyes. See several instances in Mr. Steevens's note on *King Henry* V. A. 2. S. 1.

Apparelled with this field of gravity,
The neglected roughness of a soldier's dart.
These diamond-pointed eyes but hither throw,
And you will see a young spring on't; but question
Time's fair ones, they'll confess, tho' with a blush,
They have often found good wine at an old bush.
My blood is young, and full of amorous heats,
Which but branch'd out into these lusty veins,
Wou'd play, and dally, and in wanton turnings,
Wou'd teach you strange constructions.
Let time and place then, with love's old friend,
Opportunity, instruct you to be wise.

Widow. Alas, sir,
Where learned you to catch occasions thus?

Jarvis. Of a lawyer's clerk, wench, that, with six such catches, leap'd in five years from his desk to his coach, drawn with four horses.

Widow. Do you mean marriage?

Jarvis. Marriage is a cloying meat; marry who thou woot to make a shew to shroud thee from the storms, round-headed opinion, that sways all the world, may let fall on thee. Me, cousin thou shalt call. Once in a month, or so, I'll read false letters from a far distant uncle, insert his commendations to thee, hug thy believing husband into a pair of handsome horns: look upon him with one eye, and wink upon thee with the other. Would'st have any more?

Widow. The return of servants, or some friendly visit, will intercept us now: re-assume your habit, and be but Jarvis till to-morrow morning, and, by the potent truth of friendship, I will give you plenty of cause to confess I love you truly, and strongly.

Jarvis. You're in earnest?

Widow. On my life, serious; let this kiss seal it.

Jarvis. The softest wax ever seal'd bawdy business! Now for old Bloodhound: I'll meet you upon the change, sir, with a blind bargain, and then help your son to a good penny-worth. this night shall be all mirth, a mistress of delight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BLOODHOUND[39], SIM, *and* MOLL.

Bloodhound. Nay, nay, nay, mark what follows; I must bring her home i'th' dark, turn her up to bed, and here she goes to church. My cloak, sirrah.

Sim. 'Tis a very dark night, sir; you'll not have a cloak for the rain.

Bloodhound. I'm going to steal the widow from I know not how many.

Sim. Nay, then I'll let your cloak for the rain alone, and fetch you a cloak for your knavery,

Bloodhound. To-bed, to-bed, good Sim.—What Moll, I say.

Moll. Sir.

Bloodhound. I charge you, let not one be up i'th' house, but yourself, after the clock strikes ten, nor a light be stirring. Moll, trick up the green bed-chamber very daintily.

Moll. I shall, sir.

Bloodhound. And, well-remember'd, Moll; the keys of my compting-house are in the left pocket of my hose*, above i'th' wicker chair; look to them, and have a care of the black box there, I have often told thee of: look to that as to thy maidenhead.

Moll. I shall, sir.

Bloodhound. Pray for me all, pray for me all.

Sim. Have you left out any thing for supper?

Bloodhound. Out, rogue! shall not I be at infinite expense to-morrow? fast to-night, and pray for me.

Sim. An old devil in a greasy sattin doublet keep you company.

Bloodhound. Ha, what's that?

Sim. I say, the sattin doublet you will wear to-morrow, will be the best in the company, sir.

[39] *Enter Bloodhound, &c.*] The quarto has Enter Bloodhound, *Ear-lack with letters*, Sim, and Moll. But as there is no business nor speech for *Ear-lack* during the whole scene, I have expunged his name.

* Mr. Reed altered *hose* to *coat*, without any warrant whatever. C.

Bloodhound. That's true, that's true. I come, widow, I come, wench. [*Exit Bloodhound.*

Moll. Oh, sweet Sim, what shall I do to-morrow? To-morrow must be the day, the doleful day, the dismal day! alas, Sim, what dost thou think in thy conscience I shall do with an old man?

Sim. Nay, you're well enough serv'd; you know how your brother, not an hour ago, lay at you to have the Ancient, one that your teeth e'en water at: and yet you cry, I cannot love him, I wonnot have him.

Moll. I could willingly marry him, if I might do nothing but look on him all day, where he might not see me; but, to lie with him! alas, I shall be undone the first night.

Sim. That's true, how will you go to bed else? But remember, he is a man of war, an Ancient, you are his colours: now when he has nimbly display'd you, and handsomely folded you up against the next fight, then we shall have you cry, oh sweet Sim, I had been undone, if I had not been undone [40].

Moll. Nay, and then the old fellow would mumble me to bed.

Sim. Abed! a bawd with two teeth would not mumble bacon so: then he is so sparing, you shall wear nothing but from the broker's, at second-hand; when, being an Ancient's wife, you shall be sure to flourish.

Moll. Pr'ythee go in and busy the old man with a piece of Reynard the fox [41], that he may not disturb us; for at this hour I expect Ancient Young, and my brother.

Sim. Well, I leave you to the managing of Ancient Young, while I go in and flap the old man i'th' mouth with a fox tail. [*Exit.*

Enter ALEXANDER *and* ANCIENT.

Moll. Look, look, an' he have not brought him just

[40] *I had been undone if I had not been undone.*] A parody of that Latin saying, *perieram, si non periissem.* S. P.

[41] *Reynard the fox,*] *i. e.* the story-book with that name; one of the first printed books in England. S.

upon the minute. O sweet, silken Ancient, my mind gives me, thee and I shall dance the shaking of the sheets[42] together.

Alexander. Now, you Mistress Fig-tail, is the wind come about yet? I ha' brought the gentleman; do not you tell him now, you had rather have his room than his company, and so shew your breeding.

Moll. Now, fie upon you; by this light you're the wickedest fellow! My brother but abuses you: pray, sir, go over again, you've a handsome spying wit, you may send more truth over in one of your well-penn'd pamphlets, than all the weekly news we buy for our penny.

Ancient. Pox on't, I'll stay no longer.

Alexander. 'Sfoot, thou shalt stay longer; we'll stay her heart, her guts out.

Moll. Ha, ha; how will you do for a sister then?

Alexander. Pr'ythee Moll, do but look upon him.

Moll. Yes, when I ha' no better object.

Alexander. What canst thou see in him thou unhandsome hideous thing, that merits not above thee?

Moll. What would I give to kiss him! [*Aside.*

Alexander. Has he not a handsome body, straight legg'd, a good face?

Moll. Yes, but his lips look as if they were as hard as his heart.

Ancient. 'Sfoot, shall try that presently.

Moll. You're basely, sir, condition'd.—Pagh.

Alexander. Why do you spit?

Moll. You may go. By this light he kisses sweetly. [*Aside.*

Alexander. Do but stay a little, Moll: pr'ythee, Moll; thou knowest my father has wrong'd him; make him amends, and marry him.

Moll. Sweet Mr. Spendall, spare your busy breath; I must have a wise man, or else none.

Alexander. And is not he a wise man?

Moll. No.

[42] *the shaking of the sheets,*] a dance. See note 1 on *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness.*

Alexander. Why?

Moll. Because he keeps a fool company,

Alexander. Why, you are now in's company.

Moll. But birds of a feather will fly together; and you and he are seldom asunder.

Alexander. Why, you young witch, call your elder brother fool! But, go thy ways, and keep thy maidenhead till it grow more deservedly despised, than are the old base boots of a half-stew'd pander: lead a Welch morris with the apes in hell, amongst the little devils,—or, when thou shalt lie sighing by the side of some rich fool,—remember, thou thing of thread and needles, not worth three pence halfpenny.

Moll. Too late, I fear I ha' been too coy. You are to be married then, sir?

Ancient. I am, indeed, sweet mistress, to a maid
Of excellent parentage, breeding, and beauty.

Alexander. I ha' thought of such musicians for thee—

Ancient. But let it not be any way distasteful unto you, that thus I try'd you; for your brother persuaded me to pretend love to you, that he might perceive how your mind stood to marriage, in that, as I guess, he has a husband kept in store for you.

Alexander. Aye, I have provided a husband for thee, Moll.

Moll, But I'll have no husband of your providing; for alas, now I shall have the old man, whether I will or no.

Alexander. I have such a stripling for thee, he wants one eye, and is crooked legg'd; but that was broke at foot-ball.

Ancient. Alas, we cannot mould men, you know.

Alexander. He's rich, he's rich, Moll.

Moll. I hate him and his riches. Good sir, are you to be married in earnest?

Alexander. In earnest! why, do you think men marry as fencers sometimes fight, in jest? Shall I shew her Mistress Elizabeth's letter, I snatch'd from thee?

Ancient. Not and thou lovest me.

Moll. Good brother, let me see it; sweet brother, dainty brother, honey brother.

Alexander. No, indeed, you shall not see it; sweet sister, dainty sister, honey sister.

Moll. Oh, good sir, since so long time I have lov'd you, let me not die for your sake.

Alexander. The tide turns.

Ancient. Long time lov'd me!.

Moll. Long ere you went to sea I did.
I have lov'd you very long with all my heart.

Alexander. Think of Bess, think of Bess; 'tis the better match.

Moll. You wicked brother! Indeed I love you better than all the Besses in the world; and, if to-night I shift not into better fortunes, to-morrow I am made the miserablest wife, marriage and misery can produce.

Alexander. Is't possible?

Moll. Alas, sir, I am to marry an old man, a very old man, trust me. I was strange[43] in the nice timorous temper of a maid: I know 'tis against our sex to say we love; but rather than match with sixty and ten, threescore and ten times I would tell you so, and tell them ten times over too. Truth loves not virtue with more of virtuous truth, than I do you; and wonnot you love me then? [*Weeps.*

Ancient. And lie with thee too, by this hand, wench. Come, let us have fair weather; thou art mine, and I am thine, there's an end o' th' business. This was but a trick, there's the projector.

Moll. Oh, you're a sweet brother!

Alexander. And now thou'rt my sweet sister. I know the old man's gone to meet with an old wench that will meet with him,[44] or Jarvis has no juice in his brains; and while I, i'th' mean time, set another wheel

[43] *I was strange,*] *i. e.* shy, coy. See note to *Cymbeline*, A. 1. S. 7. edit 1778. S.

[44] *meet with him,*] *i. e.* be even with him. The phrase occurs in Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, A. 1. S. 1. See note thereon. S.

a-going at the widow's, do thou soon, about ten, for 'tis to be very conveniently dark, meet this gentleman at the Nag's Head corner, just against Leadenhall: we lie in Lime-street, thither he shall carry thee, accommodate thee daintily, all night with Mrs. Dorothy, and marry i'th' morning, very methodically.

Moll. But I have the charge of my father's keys, where all his writings lie.

Ancient. How all things jump in a just equivalency,
To keep thee from the thing of threescore and ten!
Didst thou not see my mortgage lately there?

Moll. Stay, stay.

Alexander. A white devil with a red fox tail, in a black box.

Moll. But yesterday my father shew'd it me, and swears, if I pleas'd him well, it should serve to jump* out my portion.

Ancient. Prove thine old dad a prophet; bring it with thee, wench.

Moll. But now at's parting, he charg'd me to have a care to that as to my maidenhead.

Ancient. Why, if he have thy maidenhead, and that into the bargain, thy charge is perform'd. Away, get thee in, forget not the hour; and you had better fight under Ancient Young's colours, than the old man's standard of sixty and ten.

Moll. Remember this, mad-brain! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter SUE, TIM, CAPTAIN, *and Mrs.* COOTE.

Tim. Ha, ha, ha, grandmother, I'll tell thee the best jest.

Sue. Pr'ythee, chick.

* *Jump* is the word in the quarto, though hitherto altered without notice to *eke*. Moll only repeats the term used by the Ancient just before

"How all things jump in just equivalency." C.

Mrs. Coote. Jest, quotha'! Here will be jesting of all sides, I think, if Jarvis keep his word.

Tim. Sirrah, whilst thou wert sent for into the next room, up came our second course; amongst others, in a dish of Blackbirds, there lay one, that I swore was a Woodcock: you were at table, captain.

Captain. That I was, and our brave mad crew, which for my sake you are pleased to make welcome.

Tim. Pish, we'll have as many more to-morrow night; but still I swore 'twas a Woodcock: she swore 'twas a Blackbird; now who shall we be try'd by but Serjeant Sliceman, Captain Carvegut's cousin here: a trifling wager, a matter of the reckoning was laid, the serjeant swore 'twas a Blackbird. I presently paid the reckoning, and she clapt o' the breast presently, and swore 'twas a Woodcock, as if any other wou'd pass after the reckoning was paid.

Mrs. Coote. This was a pretty one, I protest.

Tim. Made sure, before such a mad crew of witnesses, sirrah. Grannum, all's agreed, Sue's——

Sue. Aye, you may see, how you men can betray poor maids.

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Lieutenant. Do you hear, corporal, yonder's Serjeant Sliceman, and the brave crew that supp'd with us, have call'd for three or four gallons of wine, and are offering money.

Tim. How! pr'ythee, grannum, look to Dab: do you two but hold them in talk, whilst I steal down and pay the reckoning.

Lieutenant. Do't daintily: they'll stay all night.

Tim. That's it I wou'd have, man; we'll make them all drunk; they'll never leave us else, and still as it comes to a crown, I'll steal down and pay it in spite of their teeth. Remember, therefore, that you make them all drunk; but be sure you keep me sober to pay the reckonings.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Mrs Coote. Oh, Jarvis, Jarvis, how I long till I see thee! [*Exeunt*

Enter MOLL BLOODHOUND, *and* SIM *with a letter.*

Moll. There we must meet soon, and be married to-morrow morning, Sim: is't not a mad brother?

Sim. Yes, and I can tell you news of a mad lover.

Moll. What is he, in the name of Cupid?

Sim. Why, one Master Randalls, a Welchman: I have had such a fit with him; he says he was wish'd[45] to a very wealthy widow; but of you he has heard such histories, that he will marry you, though he never saw you; and, that the parboil'd Ætna of his bosom might be quench'd by the consequent pastime in the Prittish flames of his Prittish plood, he salutes you with that love-letter.

Moll. This is a mad lover, indeed; pr'ythee read it.

Sim. 'Mass, h'as writ it in the Welch-English; we had been spoil'd else, for want of an interpreter. But thus he begins: *Mistress Maries*—

Moll. He makes two Maries serve one mistress.

Sim. Ever while you live, 'tis your first rule in Welch Grammars.*

That hur forsake widows, and take maids, was no great wonder, for sentlemen ever love the first cut.

Moll. But not o' th' coxcomb; he should have put in that.

Sim. The coxcomb follows by consequence, mark else. *I Randall Crack, of Carmarden, do love thee Mary Ploodhounds, of Houndsditch, dwelling near Aldgate, and Pishop's-gate, just as between hawk and buzzard.*

Moll. He makes an indifferent wooing.

Sim. *And that hur loves Maries so monstrous, yet never saw her, was because hur hear hur in all societies so fery fillanously commended, but 'specially before one Master Pusy, constables of hur parish, who made hurself half fox'd by sweating by the wines, that Maries wou'd be monstrous good marriages for Randalls.*

[45] *he was wish'd,*] *i. e.* recommended. See note 47 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

* "Ever while you live, 'tis your first rule in Welch grammars," which is clearly a reply to Moll's remark, has been hitherto very absurdly made a part of Randall's letter, which begins only at, "*That hur forsake*," &c.

Moll. Master Busy, it seems was not idle.

Sim. *If Maries can love a Pritain of the plood of Cadwallader, which Cadwallader was Prute's great grandfather, Randalls was come in proper persons, pring round sillings in hur pockets, get father's good-will, and go to shurch a Sunday with a whole dozen of Welch harps before hur. So, hur rest hur constant lovers,*

Randall William ap Thomas, ap Tavy, ap Robert, ap Rice, ap Sheffery, Crack.

Moll. Fie, what shall I do with all them?

Sim. Why, he said these all rest your constant lovers, whereof, for manners-sake, he puts himself in the first place. He will call here presently; will you answer him by letter or word of mouth?

Moll. 'Troth, neither of either, so let him understand.

Sim. Will ye not answer the love-sick gentleman?

Moll. If he be sick with the love of me, pr'ythee tell him I cannot endure him: let him make a virtue of necessity, and apply my hate for's health. [*Exit.*

Sim. I, but I'll have more care of the gentleman, I warrant you: if I do not make myself merry, and startle your midnight meeting, say Sim has no more wit than his godfathers, and they were both head-men of this parish.

Enter RANDALL.

Randall. *Farewel widows prave, her sall no Randalls have.*

Widows was very full af wiles;
Mary Ploodhounds now, Randalls make a vow,
Was run for Moll a couple of miles.

Honest Simkins, what said Maries to Randall's letters?

Sim. You 're a madman.

Randall. Augh hur was very glad hur was mad.

Sim. The old man has money enough for her; and if you marry her, as, if her project take, you may, she'll make you more than a man.

Randall. More than mans! what's that?

Sim. Troth, cannot you tell that? this is the truth on't; she wou'd be married to-morrow to one Ancient

Young, a fellow she cannot endure: now, she says, if you could meet her privately to-night, between ten and eleven, just at the great cross-way by the Nag's-head tavern at Leadenhall.

Randall. Was high, high pump, there, as her turn into Graces-street?

Sim. There's the very place. Now, because you come the welcomest man in the world to hinder the match against her mind with the Ancient, there she will meet you, go with you to your lodging, lie there all night, and be married to you i' th' morning at the Tower, as soon as you shall please.

Randall. By cat hur will go and prepare priests presently. Look you, Simkins, there is a great deal of round sillings for hur, hur was very lucky sillings, for came to Randalls shust for all the world as fortune was come to fool: tell Maries hur will meet hur, hur warrant hur; make many puppy fools of Ancients, and love her very monstrously. [*Exit.*

Sim. Ha, ha, ha! so, so; this midnight match shall be mine; she told me she was to meet the Ancient there. I'll be sure the Ancient shall meet him there; so I shall lie a-bed and laugh, to think if he meet her there, how she will be startled; and if the Ancient meet him there, how he will be cudgell'd. Beware your ribs, Master Randall. [*Exit.*

Enter OLD BLOODHOUND.

Bloodhound. I wonder where this young rogue spends the day. I hear he has receiv'd my hundred marks, and my advantage with it, and it may be, he went home since I went out. Jarvis was with me but even now, and bid me watch, and narrowly, for fear of some of my rival spies, for I know she has many wealthy suitors: all love money. This Jarvis is most neat in a love-business, and, when we are married, because many mouths much meat, I will requite his courtesy, and turn him away: the widow's all I look for.—Nay, let her fling to see I have her possessions; there's a saw for't.

There's thriving in wiving : for when we bury
Wives by half dozens, the money makes merry.

Oh money, money, money, I will build thee
An altar on my heart, and offer thee
My morning longings, and my evening wishes,
And, hadst thou life, kill thee with covetous kisses.

Enter JOHN *and* JARVIS.

John. But now and she speak she spoils all; or if he call her by my mistress's name: Hast thou not tricks to enjoin them both to silence, till they come sure?

Jarvis. Phaw! that's a stale one: she shall speak to him in her own accent; he shall call her by her own name, leaving out the bawd, yet she shall violently believe he loves her, and he shall confidently believe the same which he requires, and she but presents. Fall off; she comes.

Enter MRS. COOTE.

Mrs. Coote. Jarvis!

Jarvis. Here I have discovered him, 'tis he by his coughs. Remember your instructions, and use few words; say, though till night you knew it not, you will be married early in the morning, to prevent a Vintner's widow that lays claim to him.

Bloodhound. Jarvis!

Jarvis. Good old man, I know him by his tongue.

Bloodhound. Is she come? is she come, Jarvis?

Jarvis. Ask her if she wou'd live, sir: she walks a-loof yonder.

Bloodhound. We shall cozen all her wooers.

Jarvis. Nay, amongst all of you, we'll cozen one great one, that had laid a pernicious plot this night, with a cluster of his roaring friends, to surprize her, carry her down to the water-side, pop her in at Puddle-dock[46], and carry her to Gravesend in a pair of oars.

Bloodhound. What, what is his name, I pr'ythee?

[46] *Puddle-dock,*] on the banks of the river Thames, formerly used for a laystall for the soil of the streets, and much frequented by barges and lighters for taking the same away; also for landing corn and other goods. *Stowe's Survey,* B. 3. p. 229. vol. 1. edit. 1722.

Jarvis. He's a knight abounding in deeds of charity, his name Sir Nicholas Nemo.

Bloodhound. And wou'd he pop her in at Puddle-dock?

Jarvis. And he cou'd but get her down there.

Bloodhound. By my troth, we shall pop him fairly. Where is she? where is she?

Jarvis. Ha, do you not perceive a fellow walk up and down muffled, yonder?

Bloodhound. There is something walks.

Jarvis. That fellow has dogg'd us all the way, and I fear all is frustrate.

Bloodhound. Not, I hope, man.

Mrs. Coote. This it is to be in love; if I do not dwindle.---

Jarvis. I know him now.

Bloodhound. 'Tis none of Sir Nicholas's spies, is't?

Jarvis. He serves him.

Bloodhound. He wonnot murder me, will he?

Jarvis. He shall not touch you: only, I remember this afternoon, this fellow, by what he had gathered by eaves-dropping, or by frequent observation, ask'd me privately if there were no meeting betwixt you and my mistress to-night in this place; for a widow he said he knew you were to meet.

Bloodhound. Good.

Jarvis. Now I handsomely threw dust in's eyes, and yet kept the plot swift afoot too: I told him you were here to meet a widow too, whom you long loved, but would not let her know't till this afternoon, naming to him one of my aunts[47], a widow by Fleet-ditch: her name is Mistress Gray, and keeps divers gentlewomen lodgers.

Bloodhound. Good again.

Jarvis To turn the scent then, and to cheat inquisition the more ingeniously——

Bloodhound. And to bob Sir Nicholas most neatly.

Jarvis. Be sure, all this night, in the hearing of any that you shall but suspect to be within hearing, to call her nothing but Mistress Coote.

[47] *aunts.*] See note 11 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Bloodhound. Or Widow Coote.

Jarvis. Yes, you may put her in so; but be sure you cohere in every particle, with the precedent fallacy, as that you have loved her long, tho' 'till this day---and so as I did demonstrate.

Bloodhound. But how an' she shou'd say she is not Widow Coote, and that she knows no such woman, and so spoil all?

Jarvis. Trust that with her wit, and my instructions. We suspected a spy, and therefore she will change her voice.

Bloodhound. Thou hast a delicate mistress of her.

Jarvis. One thing more, and you meet presently: mine aunt has had nine husbands; tell her you'll hazard a limb, and make the tenth.

Bloodhound. Pr'ythee let me alone; and Sir Nicholas were here himself, he shou'd swear 'twere thine aunt.

Jarvis. [*To Mrs. Coote.*] Go forwards towards him; be not too full of prattle, but make use of your instructions.

Bloodhound. Who's there, Widow Coote?

Mrs. Coote. Master Bloodhound, as I take it.

Bloodhound. She changes her voice bravely. I must tell thee, true widow, I have loved thee a long time, (look how the rogue looks,) but had never the wit to let thee know it till to-day.

Mrs. Coote. So I was given to understand, sir.

Jarvis. Is't not a fool, finely? [*Aside.*

John. Handsome, by this hand.

Bloodhound. I like thy dwelling well, upon the Fleet-ditch.

Mrs. Coote. A pretty wholesome air, sir, in the summer time.

Bloodhound. Who would think 'twere she, Jarvis?

Jarvis. I told ye she was tutor'd.

Bloodhonnd. I'll home with her presently; some stays up in the dark.

Jarvis. Fool! and he have any private discourse with her, they discover themselves one to another, and so spoil the plot. No trick! no, by no means, sir, hazard

your person with her; the bold rogue may come up close, so discover her to be my mistress, and recover her with much danger to you.

Bloodhound. He has got a dagger.

Jarvis. And a sword, six foot in length. I'll carry her home for you, therefore not a light be stirring; for I know your rivals will watch your house: Sim shall shew us the chamber, we'll conduct her up i'th' dark, shut the door to her above, and presently come down and let you in below.

Bloodhound. There was never such a Jarvis heard of. Bid Sim to be careful; by the same token, I told him he should feed to-morrow for all the week after. Good night, Widow Coote, my man stayeth up, we will bob Sir Nicholas bravely. Good night, sweet Widow Coote; I do but seem to part; we'll meet at home, wench. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Coote. Adieu, my sweet dear heart.

Jarvis. Go you with me: so, so, I'll cage this cuckoo,
And then for my young madcap; if all hit right,
This morning's mirth shall crown the craft o'th' night.
Follow me warily.

Mrs. Coote. I warrant thee, Jarvis; let me alone, to right myself into the garb of a lady: Oh strange! to see how dreams fall by contraries; I shall be coach'd to-morrow, and yet, last night dream'd I was carted. Pr'ythee keep a little state; go Jarvis. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDALL.

Randall. Was fery exceeding dark, but here is high pumps, sure here is two couple of cross ways, and there was the street where Grace dwells. One hundred pound in mornings in round shillings, and wife worth one thousand ere hur go to bed. Randalls fortunes comes tumbling in, like lawyers fees, huddle upon huddle.

Enter MOLL.

Moll. Oh sweet Ancient, keep thy word, and win my heart. They say, a moon-shine night is good to

run away with another man's wife; but I am sure a dark night is best to steal away my father's daughter.

Randall. Mary.

Moll. Oh, are you come, sir? there's a box of land and livings, I know not what you call it.

Randall. Lands and livings?

Moll. Nay, nay, and we talk, we are undone. Do you not see the watch coming up Gracechurch-street,* yonder? This cross way was the worst place we could have met at; but that is yours, and I am yours; but, good sir, do not blame me, that I so suddenly yielded to your love; alas, you know what a match on't I should have to-morrow else.

Randall. Hur means the scurvy Ancient. [*Aside.*

Moll. I' th' morning we shall be man and wife, and then.—Alas, I am undone! the watch are hard upon us: go you back through Cornhill, I'll run round about the Change, by the church corner, down Cateaton-street, and meet you at Bartholomew-lane end. [*Exit.*

Randall. Cat's-street was call hur? sure Randalls was wrapt in mother's smock. [*Exit.*

Enter CONSTABLE *and* WATCH.

Constable. Keep straight towards Bishop's-gate: I'm deceiv'd if I heard not somebody run that way.

Enter MAID *with a band-box.*†

Watch. Stay, sir; her's somebody come from Aldgate-ward?

Maid. Alas, I shall be hang'd for staying so long for this cuff.

Watch. Come before the constable here.

Maid. Let the constable come before me, and he please.

Constable. How, now! where ha' you been, pray, dame, ha?

Maid. For my mistress's ruff, at her sempstress' sir;

* She calls it *Gracious* street. C.

† In the quarto it runs "Enter Chambermaid, Hugh with a "Band-box:" probably Hugh, tho' he says nothing, carried the box for the maid. Mr. Reed made the change. C.

she must needs use it to-morrow, and that made me stay till it was done.

Constable. Pray, who's your mistress, where dwell you?

Maid. With one Mistress Wagge, in Black-friars, next to the sign of the feathers and the fool, sir.

Constable. Oh, I know her very well; make haste home, 'tis late. Come, come, let's back to Grace-church; all's well, all's well. [*Exeunt.*

Enter severally, ANCIENT *and* MOLL.

Ancient. I 'scap'd the watch at Bishopsgate with ease: there is somebody turning down the church corner towards the Exchange; it may be Mistress Mary.

Moll. Ancient!

Ancient. Yes.

Moll. Are you here again? you have nimbly followed me: what said the watch to you?

Ancient. I past them easily, the gates are but now shut in.

Moll. As we go, I'll tell you such a tale of a Welch wooer, and a lamentable love-letter.

Ancient. Yes, Sim told me of such a rat, and where he lodges: I thought I should have met him here.

Moll. Here? out upon him!—But the watches walk their station, and in few words is safety. I hope you will play fair, and lodge me with the maid you told me of.

Ancient. She stays up for us, wench: in the word of a gentleman, all shall be fair and civil.

Moll. I believe you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter at several doors, RANDALL *and* MAID.

Randall. Sounes was another fire drake[48] walk in shange, we'll run pack; was Maries have saved hur labours, and was come after Randalls. Maries was Randall that loves hur mightily Maries.

Maid. Master Randall.

Randall. How did watch let hur go to Graces-street?

[48] *fire drake.*] See note 52. to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage* vol. 5.

Maid. They knew me, and let me pass.

Randall. Well now, hur understands Maries loves Randalls so mighty deal.

Maid. If John have not told him, I'll be hang'd.

Randall. Maries shall go with Randalls to lodgings, and, that hur father work no divorcements, he will lie with hur all to-night, and marry hur betimes next morning: mean time, hur will make lands and livings fast.

Maid. How! father? this is a mistake sure; and, to fashion it fit for mine own following, I will both question and answer in ambiguities, that, if he snap me one way, I may make myself good i' th' other; and as he shall discover himself, I'll pursue the conceit accordingly. [*Aside.*] But will you not deceive me? many minds are many men's almanacks: the dates of your desires out, we serve for nothing but to light tobacco.

Randall. *If Randall false to Maries prove,*
Then let not Maries Randalls love:
For Randalls was so true as Jove,
And Maries was her joy.
If Randalls was not Pritain born,
Let Maries Randalls prow adorn,
And let her give a foul great horn
To Randalls.

Hur will love hur creat deal of much, hur warrant hur.

Maid. And 'tis but venturing a maidenhead; if the worst come to the worst, it may come back with advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, in her night-cloaths, as going to bed, WIDOW *and* MAID.

Widow. Is not Mary come home yet?

Maid. No, forsooth.

Widow. 'Tis a fine time of night, I shall thank her for't: 'tis past eleven, I am sure. Fetch the prayer-book lies within upon my bed.

Maid. Yes, forsooth. [*Exit.*

Widow. I wonder what this gentleman shou'd be that catch'd me so like Jarvis: he said he has fitted

old Bloodhound according to his quality—but I must not let him dally too long upon my daily company: lust is a hand-wolf, who with daily feeding, one time or other, takes a sudden start upon his benefactor.

Enter MAID.

Maid. Oh mistress, mistress!

Widow. What's the matter, wench?

Maid. A man, a man, under your bed, mistress.

Widow. A man! what man?

Maid. A neat man, a proper man, a well-favoured man, a handsome man.

Widow. Call up John: where's Jarvis?

Maid. Alas, I had no power to speak; his very looks are able to make a woman stand as still as a miller's horse, when he's loading. Oh, he comes, he comes! [*Exit.*

Enter ALEXANDER.

Widow. How came you hither sir? how got you in?

Alexander. As citizens' wives do into masks, whether I wou'd or no. Nay, nay, do not doubt the discretion of my constitution: I have brought ne'er a groat in my bosom; and, by this hand, I lay under thy bed, with a heart as honest, and a blood as cold, as had my sister lain at top—Will you have me yet?

Widow. You 're a very rude uncivil fellow.

Alexander. Uncivil! and lay so tame while you set up your foot upon the bed, to untie your shoe! such another word, I will uncivilize that injured civility which you so scurvily slander, and reward you with an undecency proportionable to your understandings. Will you have me? will you marry me?

Widow. You! why to-morrow morning I am to be married to your father.

Alexander. What, to sixty, and I know not how many? that will lie by your side, and divide the hours with coughs, as cocks do the night, by instinct of nature.

Widow. And provide for his family all day.

Alexander. And only wish well to a fair wife all night.

Widow. And keep's credit all day in all companies.

Alexander. And discredit himself all night in your company.

Widow. Fie, fie! pray quit my house, sir.

Alexander. Your's? 'tis my house.

Widow. Your house! since when?

Alexander. Even since I was begotten; I was born to 't. I must have thee, and I will have thee; and this house is mine, and none of thine.

Enter JARVIS.

Jarvis. Oh mistress, the saddest accident i' th' street yonder.

Widow. What accident, pr'ythee?

Jarvis. You must pardon my boldness, in coming into your bed-chamber: there is a gentleman slain in a fray at the door yonder, and the people won't be persuaded, but that he that did it took this house. There is the constable, churchwardens, and all the head men of the parish, be now searching; and they say they will come up hither to your bed-chamber, but they'll find him. I'll keep them down as long as I can; I can do no more than I can. [*Exit.*

Widow. Are not you the murderer, sir?

Alexander. I ha' been under thy bed, by this hand, this three hours.

Widow. Pray get you down then: they will all come up, and find you here and all, and what will the parish think then? Pray get you down.

Alexander. No, no, no; I will not go down, now I think on't. [*Makes himself unready.*[49]

Widow. Why, what do you mean; you will not be so uncivil to unbrace you here?

Alexander. By these buckles I will, and what will they think on't—

Widow. Alas, you will undo me.

Alexander. No, no, I will undo myself, look you.

Widow. Good sir.

[49] *unready.*] To make one's self *unready*, was the common term for undressing. See several instances in Mr. Steevens's note on the *First Part of King Henry VI.* A. 2. S. 1.

Alexander. I will off with my doublet to my very shirt.

Widow. Pray sir, have more care of a woman's reputation.

Alexander. Have a care on't thyself, woman, and marry me, then. *

Widow. Shou'd they come up and see this, what cou'd they think, but that some foul uncivil act of shame had this night stain'd my house? and as good marry him as my name lost for ever.

Alexander. Will you have me, afore t'other sleeve goes off?

Widow Do, hang yourself; I will not have you—look, look, if he have not pull'd it off quite: why you wonnot pull off your boots too, will you?

Alexander. Breeches and all, by this flesh.

Widow. What, and stand naked in a widow's chamber?

Alexander. As naked as Grantham steeple, or the Strand May-pole, by this spur: and what your grave parishioners will think on't?

Jarvis. Gentlemen, pray keep down.

Widow. Alas, they are at the stairs foot; for Heaven's sake, sir!

Alexander. Will you have me?

Widow. What shall I do? no.

Alexander. This is the last time of asking; they come up, and down go my breeches. Will you have me?

Widow. I, I, I, alas; and your breeches go down, I am undone for ever.

Alexander. Why then kiss me upon't. And yet there's no cracking your credit: Jarvis, come in, Jarvis.

Enter JARVIS.

Jarvis. I have kept my promise, sir; you've catch'd the old one.

Widow. How catch'd? is there nobody below then?

* In the old copy, the dialogue is here confused, what is said by Alexander being given to the Widow, and what is said by the Widow, to Jarvis. C.

Jarvis. Nobody but John, forsooth, recovering a tobacco snuff, that departed before supper.

Widow. And did you promise this, sir?

Jarvis. A woman cannot have a handsomer cloud, than a hair-brain'd husband: I will be your coz, he shall be my cuckold. [*Aside.*

Widow. I love you for your art. [*Aside.*

Jarvis. Come, come, put on, sir; I've acquainted you both with your father's intended marriage. I' th' morning you shall certify him very early, by letter, the quality of your fortunes, and return to your obedience; and that you and your wife, still concealing the parties, will attend him to church. John and I'll be there early, as commanded by my mistress, to discharge our attendance: about goes the plot, out comes the project, and there's a wedding dinner drest to your hands.

Alexander. As pat as a fat heir to a lean shark; we shall hunger for't: honest Jarvis, I am thy befellow to-night, and to-morrow thy master.

Widow. You 're a fine man to use a woman thus.

Alexander. Pish, come, come.
Fine men must use fine women thus, tis fit;
Plain truth takes maids, widows are won with wit.

Jarvis. You shall wear horns with wisdom; that is in your pocket. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter SIM *and* JOHN, *passing over with a bason of rosemary, and a great flaggon with wine.*[50]

Sim. Come, John, carry your hand steadily; the guests drop in apace, do not let your wine drop on't.

[50] *a bason of rosemary, and a great flaggon with wine.*] "Rosemary," as Mr. Steevens observes (note to *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5.) "was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory; and was not only "carried at funerals, but worn at weddings." See the several instances there quoted. Again, in *Dekkar's Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603. "Heere is a strange alteration; for the *rosemary* that was washt in

John. 'Tis as I told thee; Master Alexander, thy mistress' eldest son will be here.

Sim. Rose, I pray burn some pitch i' th' parlour, 'tis good against ill airs; Master Alexander will be here.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Old BLOODHOUND, *and* JARVIS.

Bloodhound. I am up before you, son Ear-lack. Will Ancient Young be here with a rich wife too? Thy mistress is not stirring yet, sirrah: I'll hold my life the baggage slipt to thy mistress, there they have e'en lock'd the door to them, aud are tricking up one another: oh, these women! But this rogue Tim, he lay out to-night too; he received my hundred mark, and I fear is murdered. Truss, truss, good Jarvis.

Jarvis. He has been a wooing, sir, and has fetch'd over the delicatest young virgin! her father died but a week since, and left her to her marriage five thousand pound in money, and a parcel of land worth three hundred *per annum.*

Bloodhound. Nay, nay, 'tis like; the boy had ever a captivating tongue to take a woman---O excellent money, excellent money, mistress of my devotions!

" sweet water to set out the bridall, is now wet in teares to furnish " her buriall."

The Old Law. A. 4. S. 1.

" ——Besides, there will be charges sav'd too; the same *rose-* " *mary* that serves for the funeral, will serve for the wedding."

The Fair Quarrell, A. 5. S. 1.

" *Phis.* —— your Maister is to bee married to-day."

" *Trim.* Else all this *rosemarie's* lost."

It appears also to have been customary to drink wine at church, immediately after the marriage ceremony was performed. So in Dekkar's *Satiro-mastrix.* " ——and, Peter, when we are at church, " bring *wine* and cakes. Again, at the marriage of the Elector Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, it is said, " In conclusion, a joy pronounced by the King and Queen, " and seconded with congratulation of the Lords there present, " which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras,* out of a great golden " bowle, as a health to the prosperitie of the marriage (began by " the Prince Palatine, and answered by the Princess) after which " were served up by six or seaven Barons, so many bowles filled " with wafers, so much of that worke was consummate." *Finetti Philoxenis,* 1656. Fo. 11.

My widow's estate is little less too; and then Saunder, he has got a monied woman too; there will be a bulk of money. Tim is puling, I may tell thee, one that by nature's course, cannot live long: t'other, a midnight surfeit cuts off: then have I a trick to cozen both their widows, and make all mine. O Jarvis, what a monied generation shall I then get upon thy mistress?

Jarvis. A very virtuous brood.

Bloodhound. Hast done?

Jarvis. I have done, sir.

Bloodhound. I'll in and get some musick for thy mistress, to quicken her this morning; and then to church in earnest. When 'tis done, where is Sir Nicholas Nemo and his words,*

That watch so for her? Ha, ha, ha; all 's mixt with honey:

I have mirth, a sweet young widow and her money.
O that sweet saint, call'd Money. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALEXANDER, WIDOW, ANCIENT, MOLL, *and* SIM.

Ancient. Joy! I, and a hundred pound a year in a black box to the bargain, given away i' th' dark last night, to we know not who, and to be heard of we know not when. 'Sfoot, an' this be joy, wou'd we had a handsome slice of sorrow to season it.

Alexander. By this light, 'twas strange.

Moll. Believe me, sir, I thought I had given it you: he that took it call'd me by my name.

Sim. Did he speak Welch or English?

Moll. Alas, I know not; I enjoin'd him silence, seeing the watch coming, who parted us.

Sim. If this were not Master Randalls of Randall-hall, that I told you of, I'll be flay'd.

Alexander. Be mask'd, and withdraw a while; here comes our dad. [*Exeunt.*

* The old copy reads "Sir Nicholas Nemo and his *words*," but the sense seems to require that it should be "Sir Nicholas Nemo and his *wards*," or watchmen or spies. C.

Enter BLOODHOUND, SIR MARMADUKE MANYMINDS, SIR JANUS AMBODEXTER, *and* MASTER BUSY.

Bloodhound. Why, Master Busy, asleep as thou stand'st, man?

Sim. Some horse taught him that; 'tis worth god-a-mercy.

Constable. I watch all night, I protest, sir; the compters pray for me: I send all in, cut and long tail [51].

[51] *cut and long tail.*] This phrase occurs in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 3. S. 4. and the explanation of it hath employed the attention of Sir John Hawkins and Mr. Steevens. The former imagines it is an allusion to a fashion which prevailed, of wearing gowns, distinguished by being of the court *cut*, with a long *train* or *tail*; and that from thence the use of the phrase arose. The latter says, the origin of it was from Forest Laws, by which the dog of a man who had no right to the privilege of chace, was obliged to be cut or lawed; and, amongst other modes of disabling him, one was by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called *a cut* or *curtail*, and, by contraction, *cur*. *Cut and long tail* therefore signified the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman. Neither of these explanations afford me complete satisfaction; and that of Mr. Steevens, which is the most probable, is not furnished with any proof of the fact upon which it is grounded. It is true, Dr. Johnson, in his note on A. 2. S. 1. of the same play, gives the same account of the manner of disabling dogs, according to the laws of the forest; but neither does he refer to any author, to justify his assertion. *Manhood*, who wrote on the Forest Laws, before they were become obsolete, is totally silent about this mode of *lawing*, or, as it was called, *expeditating* the dogs of unqualified persons. By the charter of the Forest, c. 6. it is declared, "that lawing shall be done "by the assise *commonly used*, that is to say, *that three claws of the* "*fore foot shall be cut off by the skin.* But from henceforth such "lawing of dogs shall not be, but in places where it hath been ac-"customed." And *Manhood* says, that "King Henry the Second "was the first that began to cut off the claws of the forefeet of mas-"tives; and therefore he called that manner of torment lawing of "dogs, *expeditatio mastivorum*, the expeditating of mastives, taking "that name *expeditating*, of making them lame, and unable to run "*ex pedis*, of the hurt or mayhem that they have of the foot, by the "cutting off of the three clawes of the forefoot." Edit. 1615. c. 16. I shall venture to propose a third explanation, which, however, I offer with great diffidence, and in doubt of its being the true one. *Cut* and *long tail*, I apprehend, referred originally to horses, when their tails were either docked, or left to grow their full length; and this distinction might formerly be made according to their qualities and values. A horse therefore used for drudgery, might have his tail cut, while the tails of those which served for pomp or shew,

Sir Marmaduke. What, what?

Constable. I sent twelve gentlewomen, our own neighbours, last night, for being so late but at a woman's labour.

Bloodhound. Alas, sir, a woman in that kind, you know, must have help.

Constable. What's that to me? I am to take no notice of that: they might have let her alone till morning; or she might have cry'd out some other time.

Sir Marmaduke. Nay, nay, Master Busy knows his place, I warrant you.

Enter ALEXANDER, ANCIENT YOUNG, WIDOW, *and* MOLL.*

Bloodhound. Son Alexander, welcome, and Ancient Young too: I have heard all.

Alexander. You must pardon the rudeness of the gentlewomen, sir, in not unmasking; they intreated me to inform you, there are some i' th' house to whom they wou'd by no means be laid open.

Bloodhound. They are witty, they are witty.

Alexander. But, for myself, I am now your most obedient, virtuous Alexander.

Bloodhound. Obedience! hang virtue, let her starve. Has she money? has she money?

Alexander. Two chests of silver, and two Utopian trunks [52] full of gold and jewels.

Bloodhound. They are all Alexander's women, do you mark?

might be allowed their utmost growth. A *cut* appears to have been the term used for a bad horse in many contemporary writers, and from thence to call a person *cut*, became a common opprobrious word employed by the vulgar, when they abused each other. See note 62 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. 2. p. 44. In confirmation of this idea, it may be added, that Sim says in the text, *Some horse*, taught him that; which naturally introduces the phrase, *cut and long tail*, into the constable's answer. The words *cut and long tail* occur also in *The Return to Parnassus*, A. 4. S. 1. "——— as "long as it lasts, come *cut and long tail*, we'll spend it as liberally "for his sake."

* Their entrance is not mentioned in the quarto. C.

[52] *two Utopian trunks,*] *i. e.* ideal ones, like the *Utopian* schemes of government. S.

Sim. Alexander was the conqueror, sir.

Bloodhound. Come, come, we'll to church presently. Pry'thee Jarvis, whilst the musick plays just upon the delicious close, usher in the brides, the widow, and my Moll. [*Exit Jarvis.*

Sim. I tell you true, gallants, I have seen neither of them to-day. Shall I give him the lie?

Bloodhound. They are both lock'd up, i' faith, trimming of one another. Oh, these women, they are so secret in their business, they will make very coxcombs of us men, and do't at pleasure too. 'Tis well said, friends; play, play. Where's Sim?

Ancient. How he bestirs him!

Alexander. Yes, he will sweat by and by.

Sim. Here is the sign of Sim, sir.

Bloodhoud. Have the guests rosemary without?

Sim. They have Rose the cookmaid without; but they say, you have Mistress Mary within.

Alexander. Well said, rascal.

Bloodhound. Mary's above, goodman blockhead. Call my son, Ear-lack, bid him for shame make haste.

Sim. He shall make haste for shame. [*Exit.*

Bloodhound. I am so busied, you must bear with me, gentlemen: they leave it all to me, here.

Constable. But I will go charge some of the inferior guests, in the king's name, to fill some wine.

Bloodhound. No, no, good Master Busy; we will first usher the brides.

Enter SIM.

Sim. Oh, gentlemen, where are you? Where are you? Where are you, gentlemen?

Omnes. What's the matter?

Bloodhound. Where's Moll, Sim? the widow, Sim? the dainty widow?

Sim. There's no Moll; there is no dainty young widow; bnt a damnable bawd we found a-bed, with a face like an apple half roasted.

Omnes. How's this?

Bloodhound. Why, gentlemen!

Ancient. Now it works.

Bloodhound. Jarvis, you're a rogue; a cut-purse, Jarvis. Run, Sim, call my son Ear-lack: he shall put her into the Spiritual Court for this.

Sim. Nay, he has put her in there already, for we found him a-bed with her.

Omnes. Possible!

Bloodhound. Ha, boys; the informer and the bawd; the bawd and the informer have got a devil betwixt them, gentlemen.

Sim. Nay, sir, the jest was, that they should fall asleep together, and forget themselves; for very lovingly we found them together, like the Gemini, or the two winter mornings met together. Look, look, look, where they come, sir, and Jarvis between 'em; just like the picture of knavery betwixt fraud and letchery.

Enter JARVIS, EAR-LACK, *and Mrs.* COOTE.

Jarvis. Tim is puling, sirrah, I may tell it thee, a midnight surfeit too may cut off Saunder; I'll cozen their wives, make all mine own, and then, oh Jarvis, what a monied generation shall I get upon this Widow Coote that hath two teeth.

Bloodhound. Did we bring you to musick, with a mischief? Ear-lack, thou'rt a goat; thou hast abus'd the best bed in my house; I'll set a sumner[53] upon thee.

Ear-lack. Bloodhound, thou art a usurer, and takest forty in the hundred; I'll inform against thee.

Bloodhound. Are you a bawd, huswife, ha?

Mrs Coote. Alas, sir, I was merely envied, betrayed by Jarvis; but, as I have been bawd to the flesh, you have been bawd to your money; so set the hare-pye against the goose-giblets, and you and I are as daintily match'd as can be, sir.

Bloodhound. Sim, run to the Widow Wagge's, tell her we are both abus'd; this Jarvis is a juggler, say.

Ancient. I can save Sim that labour, sir: I assure you the widow is married to your son Alexander; and, as a confirmation, she is come herself to witness it.

[*Discovers.*

[53] *sumner.*] See note 5 to *The Heir*, vol. VIII.

Alexander. Your fair young daughter is wife to this Ancient, who is come likewise to witness it.

Widow. The plain truth is, Master Bloodhound, I would entreat you to keep the kennel: the younger dog being of the better scent, has borne the game before you.

Alexander. We have clapp'd hands on't, sir; and the priest that shou'd have married you to her, is to marry her to me: so, sister, talk for yourself.

Bloodhound. Ha, brave tricks and conceits! Can you dance, Master Ear-lack?

Ear-lack. Ha, ha: the old man's a little mad. But thou art not married, Moll?

Moll. Yes, indeed, sir; and will lie with this gentleman soon at night. Do you think I would chew ram-mutton, when I might swallow venison? that's none of Venus's documents, Monsieur Dotterill.

Ear-lack. Pox of that Venus, she's a whore, I warrant her.

Bloodhound. And were not you the other juggler with Jarvis in this, hey; pass and repass?

Alexander. Good sir, be satisfied; the widow and my sister sung both one song; and what was't, but *Crabbed age and youth cannot live together*[84]. Now we persuaded them, and they could not live together, they wou'd never endure to lie together; this consequently descended, there was the antecedent: we clapt hands, sealed lips, and so fell unto the relative.

Sim. This was your bargain upon the exchange, sir; and because you have ever been addicted to old proverbs and pithy saws, pray let me seal up the mistake with one that will appear very seasonably.

Bloodhound. And I pray let's hear it, sir.

Sim. You, a new fangled fowler, came to shew your

[84] *Crabbed age and youth,* &c.] This elegant song was the production of our great poet Shakspeare. It is printed in his collection of sonnets, entitled, The Passionate Pilgrim. The reader may likewise see it in Dr. Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. I p. 259.

art i'th' dark; but take this truth, you catch'd in truth a cuckoo for't.

Enter TIM *and* SUE.

Bloodhound. Heydey, we are cheated by the rule, i'faith. Now, sirrah, they say you are to be married too.

Tim. Yes, indeed, father, I am going to the business; and, gentlemen all, I am come, whether you will or no, to invite you all to my marriage to this gentlewoman; who, though a good face needs no mask, she's mask'd, to make a man think she has a scurvy face, when I know she has a good face. This is sack to them, and out of their element.

Bloodhound. But, sirrah, setting aside marriages, where's my hundred marks you went to receive?

Tim. Hum—upon such a match of mine, talk of a hundred marks! this is to drink ignoble four shillings beer. A hundred marks! why your lawyer there can clear such a trifle in a term, and his clients ne'er the better.

Bloodhound. Such a match! I pray discover her; what is she?

Tim. What is she! here's my brother knows what she is well enough. Come hither, Dab, and be it known unto you, her name is Lindabrides, descended from the emperor Tribatio of Greece, and half niece, some six and fifty descents, to the most unvanquish'd Claridiana.

Alexander. Who's this? pox on't, what makes that bawd yonder? [*Unmasks her.*

Constable. I am very much deceived, if I did not send this gentlewoman very drunk t'other night to the Compter.

Tim. I tell thee, prattling constable, 'tis a lie: Lindabrides a drunkard!

Alexander. Harkee, brother, where lies her living?

Tim. Where? why, in Greece.

Alexander. In grease.

Sim. She looks as if she had sold kitchen-stuff.

Alexander. This is a common whore, and you a cheated

coxcomb. Come hither, you rotten hospital, hung round with greasy sattin, do not you know this vermin?

Mrs. Coote. I wink'd at you, Sue, and you could have seen me: there's one Jarvis, a rope on him, h' as juggled me into the suds too.

Constable. Now I know her name too: Do not you pass under the name of Sue Shortheels, minion?

Sue. Go look, Master Littlewit. Will not any woman thrust herself upon a good fortune, when it is offered her?

Bloodhound. Sir Marmaduke, you are a justice of peace; I charge you in the king's name, you and Master Ambodexter, to assist me with the whore and the bawd to Bridewell.

Sir Marmaduke. By my troth we will, and we shall have an excellent stomach by that time dinner's ready.

Ambodexter. I, I, away with them, away with them.

Mrs. Coote. Oh this rogue, Jarvis.

[*Exeunt Coote and Shortheels.*

Bloodhound. Now, now, you look like a melancholy dog, that had lost his dinner; where's my hundred marks now, you coxcomb?

Tim. Truly, father, I have paid some sixteen reckonings since I saw you: I was never sober since you sent me to the Devil yesterday. And for the rest of your money, I sent it to one Captain Carvegut; he swore to me, his father was my Lord Mayor's cook, and that by Easter next you should have the principal, and eggs for the use, indeed, sir.

Bloodhound. Oh rogue, rogue, I shall have eggs for my money[55]: I must hang myself.

[55] *I shall have eggs for my money.*] The same phrase occurs in Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, A. 1. S. 2. where Leontes says to Mamillius,

" ——— mine honest friend,
" *Will you take eggs for money?*"

Dr. Johnson says, that it seems to be a proverbial expression used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance; and Mr. Smith is of opinion, that it means *will you put up affronts?* In the present instance it seems intended to express the speaker's fears, that he shall receive nothing, or only trifles, in return for his money.

Sim. Not before dinner, pray sir, the pies are almost bak'd.

Enter RANDALL.

Randall. *And Maries now was won,*
And all her pusiness done,
And Randalls now was run;
Hur have made all sure, I warrant hur.

Alexander. Look, look, yonder's the conceit, the mistake happened upon last night.

Ancient. And the very box at's girdle.

Randall. Cot pless hur father Ploothounds, Randalls have robb'd Ancients hur warrant hur.

Ancient. Sir, 'tis known how you came by that box.

Randall. Augh was hur so,
Will you hear a noble Pritain,
How hur gull an English Flag?[56]

Ancient. And you ought to cry.

Randall. Oh noble Randalls, as hur meet by Nag's-head, with Maries plood, prave.

Bloodhound. Here's another mad man.

Ancient. Hearkee in your ear, you must deliver that box to me.

Randall. Hearkee in hur t'other ear, hur will not deliver hur, and hur were nine and forty Ancients, and five and fourscore Flags.

Ancient. Let my foe write mine epitaph, if I tear not my birth-right from thy bosom?

Sim. Gentlemen, there's Alegant[57] i' th' house, pray set no more abroach.

Randall. Nay let hur come with hur pack of needles, Randalls can pox and bob, as well as hur, hur warrant hur.

[56] *Will you hear a noble Pritain,*
How hur gull an English Flag?] These lines seem intended as a parody on the beginning of the old song, called *The Spanish Lady's Love.* See Dr. Percy's Reliques, vol. 2. p. 233. An English Flag means the *Ancient*; a name which was formerly used as synonymous to *Ensign.*

[57] *Alegant,*] i. e. wine of Alicant. See note 4 to *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

Bloodhound. What box is that? I shou'd know that box.

Alexander. I will resolve you, sir; keep them asunder.

Ancient. You will restore that box?

Randall. Hur will not restore hur: 'twas Mary Ploodhounds gave hur the box; Randalls have married Mary Ploodhounds, and gull'd Ancient, mark hur now.

Widow. Mark him, good sir; methinks he says he has married Mary Bloodhound.

Ancient. Hang him, he's mad.

Randall. Souns, make tog of Randalls? come out here, Maries. Look here was Mary Ploodhounds.

Enter MAID *and* HUGH.

Now I pray tumble down of hur marrow-pones, and ask hur father plessing?

Alexander. This! why this is your maid, widow.

Ear-lack. This is Mary the widow's maid, man.

Alexander. And here is Mary Bloodhound, my cholerick shred of Cadwallader, married to this gentleman, who has a hundred a year dangling at your girdle there.

Widow. I pray, mistress, are you married to this gentleman?

Maid. By six i' th' morning, forsooth: he took me for Mary Bloodhound, having, it seems, never seen either of us before, and I being something amorously affected, as they say, to his Welch ditties, answered to her name, lay with him all night, and married him this morning; so that as he took me for her, I took him as he was, forsooth.

Sim. She means for a fool; I'm fain to answer for you.

Bloodhound. Ha, ha, ha, Cupid this twenty-four hours has done nothing but cut cross capers.

Alexander. Do you hear, Sir Bartholomew Bayard[58], that leap before you look; it will handsomely become you to restore the box to that gentleman, and the mag-

[58] *Bayard.*] He calls him so from the celebrated *Bayardo*, who was blind; or from *Baiardo*, the horse of Rinaldo in Ariosto. S.

nitude of your desires, upon this dainty, that is so amorously taken with your ditties.

Randall. *Hur wail*[59] *in woe, hur plunge in pain.* And yet bycat her do not neither; Randalls will prove hurself Pritains born, and because hur understands Ancients was prave fellows, and great travellers, there is hur box for hur.

Ancient. I thank you.

Randall. And because was no remedies, before hur all, here will Randalls embrace Maries, and take a puss. [*Kisses.*

Enter JARVIS *brave.*

Jarvis. Save you, gallants, do you want any guest? Call me thy coz, and carry it handsomely.

[*To the Widow.*

Bloodhound. Who have we here, trow?

Alexander. Dost thou know the gentleman that whisper'd to thee?

Widow. Oh wond'rous well: he bid me call him coz, and carry it handsomely.

Jarvis. Widow, wou'd I were off again.

Widow. Know all, this gentleman has, to obtain his lust, and loose desires, serv'd me this seven months, under the shape and name of Jarvis.

Omnes. Possible!

Widow. Look well; do you not know him?

Bloodhound. The very face of Jarvis.

Tim. I, truly, father, and he were any thing like him, I would swear 'twere he.

Jarvis. I must cast my skin, and am catcht.—— Why coz.

Widow. Come, you 're cozen'd,
And with a noble craft. He tempted me
In mine own house, and I bid him keep 's disguise
But till this morning, and he shou'd perceive
I loved him truly; intending here before you

[59] *Hur wail*, &c.] This tune is mentioned in *Eastward hoe.* See vol. IV. p. 274. In Gascoigne's works, 1587. 278, is the following line,

"I wept for *woe*, I pin'd for deadly *paine*."

To let him know 't, especially i' th' presence
Of you, sir, that intend me for your wife.

Ancient. What should this mean?

Alexander. Some witty trick, I warrant thee: pr'ythee dispatch him presently. That we were at church!

Widow. First, then, know you for truth, sir, I mean never to marry.

Bloodhound. How, woman?

Sim. She has dispatch'd you, sir.

Widow. And for a truth, sir, know you, I never mean to be your whore.

Bloodhound. This is strange.*

Widow. But true, as she whose chaste immaculate soul
Retains the noble stamp of her integrity,
With an undefac'd perfection—perchance as these.
Nay, common fame hath scattered, you conceive me,
Because pale Jealousy (Cupid's angry fool)
Was frequent lodger at that sign of Folly,
My husband's soon suspicious heart, that I,
In a close clouded looseness, shou'd expose him
To that desperate distraction of his fortunes,
That sent him to the sea, to nourish her
With your vain hope, that the fame of frequent suitors
Was but a mask of loose 'scapes: like men at lotteries,
You thought to put in for one, sir, but believe me,
You have drawn a blank.

Randall. Bycat hur look fery blank indeed.

Widow. Oh my beloved husband,
However in thy life, thy jealousy
Sent thee so far to find death, I will be
Married to nothing but thy memory!

Alexander. But shall the pies be spoil'd then?

Jarvis. Let her alone, if her husband do not know this——

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

* Mr. Reed transferred this exclamation to Alexander; but it is just as probably what old Bloodhound says and the old copy gives it to him. C.

Bloodhound. Her husband, I told you, was a madman.

Ancient. Why her husband's dead, sir.

Jarvis. He is not dead, sir, he had it spread o' purpose: he is in England, and in your house; and look, do you not see him?

Widow. Where, where?

Jarvis. Here, here he is that hath found rash jealousy,
Love's joys, and a wife whose discreet carriage
Can intimate to all men a fair freedom,
And to one be faithful. Such a wife I prove,
Her husband's glory, worth a wealthy love.

Widow. You 're welcome to my soul, sir.

Bloodhound. By my troth, Master Wagge, this was a wag's trick indeed; but I knew I knew you, I remembered you a month ago, but that I had forgotten where I saw you.

Sim. I knew you were a crafty merchant[60], you help'd my master to such bargains upon the Exchange last night: here has been the merriest morning after it.

Alexander. My pitcher 's broke just at the wellhead; but give me leave to tell you, sir, that you have a noble wife, and indeed such a one as wou'd worthily feast the very discretion of a wise man's desire: her wit ingeniously waits upon her virtue, and her virtue advisedly gives freedom to her wit: but because my marriage shall seriously proceed, I wed myself, sir, to obedience, and filial regularity, and vow to redeem, in the duty of a son, the affection of a father.

Randall. Bycat was as well spoke as Randall hurself cou'd talk.

Bloodhound. All 's forgotten now, my best son Alexander;
And that thy wedding want no good company,
I invite you all.

Jarvis. Come, my deserving wife,
Wisdom this day re-marries us. And, gentlemen,

[60] *crafty merchant,*] See Mr. Steevens's note on *Romeo and Juliet,* A. 2 S. 4.

From all our errors we 'll extract this truth :—
Who vicious ends propose *, they stand on wheels,
And the least turn of chance throws up their heels;
But virtuous lovers ever green do last,
Like laurel, which no lightening can blast.

* The quarto has it " *Where* vicious ends *prepose*;" and in the next line but one " virtuous lovers" are call'd " *virtue's* lovers." the last may be right. C.

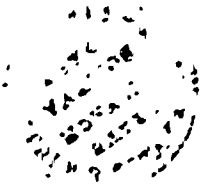
EDITION.

A Match at Mid-night. A pleasant Comœdie: As it hath beene acted by the Children of the Revells. Written by W. R. London: Printed by Aug. Mathewes, for William Sheares, and are to be sold at his Shop, in Brittaine's Bursse. 1633. 4to.

FUIMUS TROES.

THE

TRUE TROJANS.



Dr. Jasper Fisher, a gentleman's son, born in Bedfordshire, and entered a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, in 1607, is declared by Wood * to be the author of this play. He afterwards took the degrees in arts, became Divinity or Philosophy reader of Magdalen College; Rector of Wilden, Bedfordshire, about 1631; and at length Doctor of Divinity. Besides this play, he published some sermons. Oldys in his MS. notes says he was blind; at what time he died, is unknown. The title of this performance does not inform us when it was acted, nor is it spoken of as a republication†. Langbaine mentions no other edition but that of 1633, Chetwood, however, has dated it in 1603; and if any such copy can be produced, it will plainly disprove Wood's account, and shew the impossibility of its being a work of the person to whom it is here ascribed. Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that it is written by the author of Locrine; but this I apprehend, is on the supposition that an edition earlier than that from which the present is printed can be discovered.

* Ath. Oxon. I. 619.

† All the acts close with songs by the Druids; and at the end of Act III. is one in the Scottish dialect. Hence, a conjecture has been hazarded, either that the author was a Scotchman, or that the song was introduced to please King James. If so, the play must have been written and represented before 1625; but there is no evidence that James was ever present when it was performed. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MERCURY.
FUR. CAMILLUS.
BRENNUS.
} Livius, *lib.* 5.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
C. VOLUSENUS.
Q. LABERIUS, *alias* LABIENUS.
Q. ATRIUS.
COMIUS ATREBAS.
CASSIBELANUS, *imperator Britannorum.*
MANDUBRATIUS, *princeps Trinobantum.*
} Cæsar. *Com. de bell. Gall. lib.* 4. *et* 5.

CINGETORIX,
CARVILIUS,
TAXIMAGULUS,
SEGONAX,
} 4 *petty kings in Kent.*

LUD, *his sons* { ADDROGEUS. TENANTIUS.
CASSIBELANE.
NENNIUS.

BELINUS, *a chief nobleman.*
HIRILDAS, *nephew to Cassibelane.*
EULINUS, *nephew to Androgeus.*
CRIDOUS, *king of Albania.*
BRITAEL, *king of Demetia.*
GUERTHED, *king of Ordovicia.*
} Galfrid. *Monumetensis, lib.* 4.

NAMES FEIGNED.

LANTONUS,
HULACUS,
} *two druids, or priests.*

LANDORA,
CORDELLA,
} *two ladies mentioned.*

ROLLANO, *a Belgick.*

Chorus of five bards, or poets laureate.
Soldiers, Shipmen, Servants.

FUIMUS TROES.

THE

TRUE TROJANS.

Mercury conducting the ghosts of BRENNUS *and* CAMILLUS[1] *in complete armour, and with swords drawn.*

Mercury. As in the vaults of this big-bellied earth,
Are dungeons, whips, and flames for wicked ghosts;
So fair Elysian fields, where spotless souls
Do bathe themselves in bliss[2]. Amongst the rest[3],
Two pleasant groves by two sorts are possest:
One by true lovers crown'd with myrtle boughs,
Who hand in hand sing pæans of their joy:

[1] *Brennus and Camillus.*] Brennus, king or leader of the Transalpine Gauls. He won the battle of Allia against the Romans, and in consequence of it made himself master of their city, which he entered about the year 363 from its foundation, and committed every excess which wanton barbarity could dictate. After continuing there some time, he was defeated and driven out of it by Camillus, then an exile, but created dictator on the occasion.

[2] ——— *where spotless souls*
Do bathe themselves in bliss.] So Milton in Comus, l. 811.
" ——— one sip of this
" Will *bathe the drooping spirits in delight,*
" *Beyond the bliss of dreams.*"
The thought is much older than Milton, and the following from Chaucer is still more apposite;
" His herte was *bathed in a bath of bliss.*"
Wife of Bath's Tale.
Chaucer has nearly the same expression, in his *Book of Troilus*, L. 1. St. 4.
" But ye lovers that *bathen in gladnesse.*" C.

[3] *Amongst the rest,*
Two pleasant groves, &c.] See Virgil's Æneid, book VI.

Brave soldiers hold the second, clad in steel,
Whose glittering arms brighten those gloomy shades,
In lieu of starry lights. From hence I bring
A pair of martial imps [4], by Jove's decree,
As sticklers [5], in their nation's enmity.
Furious Camillus, and thou Britain bold,
Great Brennus, sheath your conquering blades, In vain
You threaten death; for ghosts may not be slain.
Brennus. From the unbounded ocean, and cold climes,
Where Charles his wain [6], circles the Northern pole.
I first led out great swarms of shaggy Gauls,
And big-bon'd Britains. The white-pated Alps,
Where snow and winter dwell, did bow their necks
To our victorious feet: Rome, proudest Rome,
We cloath'd in scarlet of patrician blood,
And 'bout your Capitol pranc'd our vaunting steeds,
Defended more by geese [7], than by your gods.
Camillus. But I cut short your fury, and my sword
Redeem'd the city, making your huge trunks
To fat our crows, and dung our Latian fields.
I turn'd your torrent to another coast;
And what you quickly won, you sooner lost.
Mercury. Leave these weak brawlings. Now swift time hath spent

[4] *A pair of martial imps.*] *Impyn*, says Mr. Steevens (note to the *Second Part of Henry IV.* A. 5. S. 5.) is a Welch word, and primitively signifies a sprout, a sucker; and by the writers of this period is almost perpetually used for progeny. So in Chaloner's Translation of *Erasmus's Praise of Folie*, 1549, sig. D 3.---"Yet truly more "pernicious was he to the common weale, in leavyng so ungracious "an *ympe* as Commodus was," &c.

[5] *Sticklers.*] A *stickler* was a sidesman to a fencer, so called because he carried a *stick*, wherewith to part the combatants. See note 72 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

[6] *Charles his wain.*] Seven stars in the constellation Ursa minor.

[7] *Defended more by geese, &c.*] After Brennus had taken the city of Rome, he besieged the Capitol, and in the night attempted to scale the ramparts: The attempt was rendered abortive by the cackling of some geese consecrated to Juno, which were kept as sacred birds, and which being heard, gave an alarm to the garrison time enough to save the place they defended.

A Pylian age, and more, since you two breath'd,
Mirrours of Britain, and of Roman valour.
Lo, now the black imperial bird doth clasp
Under her wings the continent; and Mars,
Trampling down nations with his brazen wheels,
Fights for his nephews, and hath once more made
Britains and Romans meet. To view these deeds
I, Hermes, bring you to this upper sky;
Where you may wander, and with ghastly looks
Incite your countrymen, when night and sleep
Conquer the eyes: when weary bodies rest,
And senses cease,* be furies in their breast.
Never two nations better match'd; for Jove
Loves both alike: whence then these armed bands?
Mavors[8] for Rome, Neptune for Albion stands.

Brennus. Then let war ope his jaws as wide as hell,
And fright young babes; my country-folk, more stern,
Can out-look Gorgon. Let the fates transpos'd
Hang beaten flags up in the victor's land:
Full dearly will each pace of ground be sold,
Which rated is at dearest blood, not gold.
What! are their ruin'd fanes, demolish'd walls
So soon forgot? Doth Allia yet run clear?
Or can three hundred summers slake their fear?

Camillus. Arise, thou Julian star, whose angry beams
Be heralds to the North, of war and death.
Let those black calends be reveng'd; those ghosts,
(Whose mangled sheaths, depriv'd of funeral rites,
Made the six hills promise a Cadmus' crop)

* Generally speaking, this play was more accurately reprinted by Mr. Reed than any other in the whole collection. Nevertheless, several errors crept in some of them from following the blunders of the old copy, although that is not so incorrect as many others of the same date. In a few instances, the punctuation was neglected or mistaken, and such was the case with the passage in the text: it is evident that the ghosts of Camillus are to "incite their countrymen, "when night and sleep conquer the eyes," from Scene 7, of Act 2. where they work alternately upon Nennius and Cæsar, who are in "night-robes." Till now the wrong pointing obscured the sense. See also Act 5, Scene 2. C.

[8] *Mavors,*] *i. e.* Mars.

Be expiated with a fiery deluge.
Jove rules the spheres, Rome all the world beside;
And shall this little corner be denied?
Mercury. Bandy no more these private frowns; but haste,
Fly to your parties, and enrage their minds:
Till, at the period of these broils, I call,
And back reduce you[9] to grim Pluto's hall. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

DUKE NENNIUS[10] *alone.*

Nennius. Methinks I hear Bellona's dreadful voice
Redoubled from the concave shores of Gaul:
Methinks I hear their neighing steeds, the groans
Of complimental souls taking their leave:
And all the din and clamorous rout which sounds
When falling kingdoms crack in fatal flames.
Die Belgicks, die like men. Free minds need have
Nought but the ground they fight on, for their grave:
And we are next. Think ye the smoky mist
Of sun-boil'd seas can stop the eagle's eye?[11]
Or can our watry walls keep dangers out,
Which fly aloft, that thus we snorting lie,
Feeding imposthum'd humours, to be lanc'd
By some outlandish surgeon?
As they are now, whose flaming towns, like beacons,
Give us fair warning, and even gild our spires,
Whilst merrily we warm us at their fires:
Yet we are next; who, charm'd with peace and sloth,
Dream golden dreams. Go, warlike Britain, go,

[9] *And back reduce you.*] *i, e.* bring you back. *Reduco.* Lat. S.

[10] *Duke Nennius.*] *i. e. Dux* Nennius. The leaders of armies are on this account styled Dukes by many of our ancient English translators; as Duke Æneas, Duke Hannibal, &c. S.

[11] ——— *Think ye the smoky mist*
Of sun-boil'd seas can stop the eagle's eye?] The same turn of thought occurs in Mr. Gray's celebrated ode called *The Bard.*
" ——— Think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
" Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?" S.

For olive-bough exchange thy hazel-bow:
Hang up thy rusty helmet, that the bee
May have a hive, or spider find a loom:
Instead of soldiers' fare, and lodging hard,
(The bare ground being their bed and table) lie
Smother'd in down, melting in luxury:
Instead of bellowing drum, [12] and cheerful flute,
Be lull'd in lady's lap with amorous lute.
But as for Nemius, know, I scorn this calm:
The ruddy planet at my birth bore sway;
Sanguine, adust my humour; and wild fire
My ruling element. Blood and rage, and choler,
Make up the temper of a captain's valour. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

JULIUS CÆSAR, COMIUS, VOLUSENUS, LABERIUS; *Soldiers, with ensign, a two-neck'd eagle displayed, sable, Drum, Antient Trumpet. A flourish.*

Cæsar. Welcome thus far, partners of weal and woe,
Welcome, brave bloods! Now may our weapons sleep,
Since Ariovist in cock-boat basely flies; [13]
Vast Germany stands trembling at our bridge; [14]
And Gaul lies bleeding in her mother's lap.
Once the Pellæan duke did eastward march, [15]
To rouse the drowsy sun, before he rose,
Adorn'd with Indian rubies; but the main
Bade him retire. He was my type. This day
We stand on nature's western brink; beyond,
Nothing but sea and sky. Here is *nil ultra.*
Democritus, make good thy fancy, give me
More worlds to conquer, which may be both seen
And won together. But methinks I ken

[12] *Instead of bellowing drum, &c.*] Imitated from the first speech of Gloster in *King Richard III.*

[13] *Since Ariovist in cock-boat basely flies.*] "In his fuit Ariovistus, "qui naviculam deligatam ad ripam nactus ea profugit."
Cæsar de Bello Gallico, lib. i. s. 53.

[14] *Vast Germany stands trembling at our bridge.*] See Cæsar de Bello Gallico, lib. 4. s. 17, an account of this bridge over the Rhine.

[15] *Once the Pellæan duke.*] Alexander the Great. *Pella* was a city of Macedon, where he was born.

A whitish cloud kissing the waves, or else
Some chalky rocks surmount the barking flood.
Comius, your knowledge can correct our eyes.
Comius. It is the Britain shore, which ten leagues hence
Displays her shining cliffs unto your sight.
Cæsar. I'll hit the white.[16] That sea-mark for our ships,
Invites destruction, and gives to our eye
A treacherous beck. Dare but resist, your shore
Shall paint her pale face with red crimson gore.
Comius. Thus much I know, great Cæsar, that they lent
Their secret aid unto the neighbour Gauls;
Fostering their fugitives with friendly care:
Which made your victory fly with slower wing.
Cæsar. That's cause enough. They shall not henceforth range
Abroad for war, we'll bring him to their doors:
His ugly idol shall displace their gods,
Their dear Penates, and in desolate streets
Raise trophies high of barbarous bones, whose stench
May poison all the rest. I long to stride
This Hellespont, or bridge it with a navy,
Disclosing to our empire unknown lands,
Until the arctick star for zenith stands.
Laberius. Then raise the camp, and strike a dreadful march,
And unawares pour vengeance on their heads.
Be like the winged bolt of angry Jove,
Or chiding torrent, whose late-risen stream,
From mountains bended top runs raging down,
Deflow'ring all the virgin dales.
Cæsar. First let's advise; for soon to ruin come
Rash weapons, which lack counsel grave at home.
Laberius. What need consulting, where the cause is plain?

[16] *I'll hit the white.*] A term in archery.

Cæsar. The likeliest cause, without regard, proves vain.

Laberius. Provide for battle, but of truce no* word.

Cæsar. Where peace is first refus'd should come the sword.

Laberius. But 'tis unlike, their self-presuming might
Will curbed be with terms of civil right.

Cæsar. 'Tis true: yet so, we stop the people's cry,
When we propose, and they do peace deny.
We'll therefore wise embassadors dispatch,
Parents of love, the harbingers of leagues;
Men that may speak with mildness mix'd with courage,
Having quick feet, broad eyes, short tongues, long ears,
To warn the British court.
And further view the ports, fathom the seas,
Learn their complotments, where invasion may
Be soonest entertain'd. All this shall lie
On Volusene, a legate, and a spy.

Volusenus. My care and quickness shall deserve this kindness.
Mean time unite, and range your scatter'd troops:
Imbark your legions at the Iccian shore,
And teach Erynnis swim, which crawl'd before.[17]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

CASSIBELANUS, ANDROGEUS, TENANTIUS, BELINUS, ATTENDANTS.

Cassibelanus. Although the people's voice constrains me hold
This regal staff, whose massy weight would bruise
Your age and pleasures; yet this, nephews, know,

* The quarto reads,
" Provide for battle, but of truce *of* word."
It ought to run " but of truce *no* word," which is consistent with what Laberius has said before. C.

[17] *And teach Erynnis swim, which crawl'd before.*] Erynnis is the common name of the sister furies; but is frequently used by the poets for mischief in general. S.

Your trouble less, your honour is the same,
As if you wore the diadem of this isle.
Mean while, Androgeus, hold unto your use
Our lady-city Troynovant,[18] and all
The toll and tribute of delicious Kent;
Of which each quarter can maintain a king.
Have you Tenantius, Cornwall's dukedom large,
Both rich and strong, in metals and in men.
I must to Verulam's fenc'd town repair,
And as protector, for the whole take care.

Androgeus. My heart agrees. Henceforth, ye sovereign cares,
State-mysteries, false graces, jealous fears,
The linings of a crown, forsake my brain:
These territories neither are too wide
To trouble my content, nor yet too narrow
To feed a princely train.

Tenantius. All thanks I render: your will shall guide ours;
With treble-twisted love we'll strive to make
One soul inform three bodies, keeping still
The same affections both in good and ill.
Now am I for a hunting match. Yon thickets
Shelter a boar, which spoils the ploughman's hope:
Whose jaws with double sword, whose back is arm'd
With bristled pikes; whose fume inflames the air,
And foam besnows the trampled corn This beast
I long to see come smoking to a feast.

[*Exit Tenantius.*

Enter ROLLANO.

Belinus. Here comes my Belgick friend, Landora's servant.
What news, Rollano, that thy feet so strive
To have precedence of each other? Speak!
I read disturbed passions on thy brow.

Rollano. My trembling heart quivers upon my tongue,
That scarce I can with broken sounds vent forth
These sad, strange, sudden, dreary, dismal news.

[18] *Troynovant.*] The ancient name of London.

A merchant's ship arriv'd tells, how the Roman,
Having run Gaul quite through with bloody arms,
Prepares for you: his navy rigg'd in bay,
Only expects a gale. Farther, they say,
A pinnace landed, from him brings command,
Either to lose your freedom or your land.

Cassibelanus. And dares proud Cæsar back our untam'd surges?
Dreads he not our sea-monsters, whose wild shapes
Their theatres ne'er yet in picture saw?
Come, sirs, to arms! to arms! Let speedy posts
Summon our petty kings, and muster up
Our valourous nations from the North and West.
Androgeus, haste you to the Scots and Picts,
Two names, which now Albania's kingdom share:
Entreat their aid, if not for love, yet fear!
For new foes should imprint swift-equal fear
Through all the arteries of this our isle.
Belinus, thy authority must rouse
The vulgar troops within my special charge.
Fire the beacons, strike alarums loud;
Raise all the country 'gainst this common foe.
We'll soon on front him in his full career:
This news more moves my choler, than my fear.

[*Exeunt.*

ROLLANO, *alone.*

Rollano. I am by birth a Belgick, whence I fled
To Germany, for fear of Roman arms:
But when their bridge bridled the stately Rhine,
I soon return'd, and thought to hide my head
In this soft halcyon's nest, this Britain isle.
But now, behold, Mars is a nursing here,
And 'gins to speak aloud.
Is no nook safe from Rome? do they still haunt me?
Some peaceful god transport me though the air,
Beyond cold Thule,[19] or the sun's bed-chamber,

[19] *cold Thule.*] There is no place oftener mentioned by the ancients than *Thule*, nor any one about the situation of which there has been a greater variety of opinions. Sir Robert Sibbald, in the

Where only swine or goats do live and reign.
Yet these may fight. Place me where quiet peace
Hushes all storms; where sleep and silence dwell,
Where never man nor beast did wrong the soil,
Or crop the first-fruits, or made so much noise
As with their breath. But, foolish thoughts, adieu:
Now catch I must, or stand, or fall with you. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

EULINUS, HIRILDAS.

Eulinus. The court a wardrobe is of living shapes:
And ladies are the tissue-spangled suits,
Which nature wears on festival high days.
The court a spring, each madam is a rose.
The court is heaven, fair ladies are the stars.[20]

Hirildas. I, falling stars.

Eulinus. False echo, don't blaspheme that glorious sex,
Whose beauteous rays can strike rash gazers blind.

Hirildas. Love should be blind.

Eulinus. Pray leave this cynick humour, whilst I sigh
My mistress' praise. Her beauty's past compare:
O would she were more kind, or not so fair!
Her modest smiles both curb and kindle love.
The court is dark without her: when she rises,
The morning is her hand-maid, strewing roses
About love's hemisphere. The lamps above
Eclipse themselves for shame to see her eyes

additions to Camden, has given a discourse concerning the *Thule* of the ancients, in which the sentiments of different writers on this subject are considered, and many of them refuted. Camden supposes *Shetland* to be the place so often distinguished by the name of *Thule*; and Bishop Gibson appears to agree with him in the conjecture. See *Camden's Britannia*, vol. 2. p. 411. edit. 1772.

[20] —— *fair ladies are the stars.*

I, falling stars.] So in Shakspeare's *K. Henry VIII.*

" —— These are *stars* indeed,
" And sometimes *falling ones.*" S.

Out-shine their chrysolites, and more bless the skies,
Than they the earth—
Hirildas. Give me her name.
Eulinus. Her body is a crystal cage, whose pure
Transparent mould, not of gross elements
Compacted, but the extracted quintessence
Of sweetest forms distill'd; where graces bright
Do live immur'd, but not exempt from sight.
Hirildas. I pr'ythee speak her.
Eulinus. Her model is beyond all poets' brains,
And painters' pencils: all the lively Nymphs,
Syrens, and Dryads, are but kitchen-maids,
If you compare. To frame the like Pandore,[21]
The gods repine, and nature would grow poor.
Hirildas. By love, who is't? hath she no mortal name?
Eulinus. For here you find great Juno's stately front,
Pallas' grey eye, Venus her dimpl'd chin,
Aurora's rosy fingers, the small waist
Of Ceres' daughter, and Medusa's hair,
Before it hiss'd:—
Hirildas. O love, as deaf as thou art blind! Good Eulinus,
Call home thy soul, and tell thy mistress' name.
Eulinus. O strange! what ignorant still! when as so plainly
These attributes describe her? Why, she is
A rhapsody of goddesses; the elixir
Of all their several perfections. She is
(Now bless your ears) by mortals called Landora.
Hirildas. What! Landora, the Trinobantic lady?
How grow your hopes? what metal is her breast?
Eulinus. All steel and adamant. 'Tis beauty's pride, to stain
Her lily white with blood of lovers slain,
Their groans make musick, and their scalding sighs

[21] *To frame the like Pandore.*] *Pandora* was a woman formed by Vulcan, with the joint contribution of all the gods, every one of whom bestowed on her some grace or beauty. S.

Raise a perfume, and vulture-like she gnaws
Their bleeding hearts. No gifts, no learned flattery,
No stratagems, can work Landora's battery.
As a tall rock maintains majestick state,
Tho' Boreas gallop on the tottering seas,
And tilting spit his froth out spurging waves
Upon his surly breast; so she resists,
And all my projects on her cruel heart,
Are but retorted to their author's smart.

Hirildas. Why then, let scorn succeed thy love: and bravely
Conquer thyself, if thou wilt conquer her:
Stomachs with kindness cloy'd, disdain must stir.

Eulinus. Most impious thoughts! O let me rather perish,
And loving die, than living cease to love:
And when I faint, let her but hear my cry.
Ah me! there's none which truly loves, but I.

Hirildas. O ye cross darts of Cupid! this very lady,
This lady-wasp wooes me, as thou dost her,
With glances, jewels, bracelets of her hair,
Lascivious banquets, and most eloquent eyes:
All which my heart misconstrues as immodest,
It being pointed for another pole.
But hence learn courage, cuz. Why stand you dumb?
Women are women, and may be o'ercome.

Eulinus. Your words are ear-wigs to my vexed brain;
Like hen-bane juice, or aconite diffus'd,
They strike me senseless.
My kinsman, and Hirildas, to my end;
But I'll ne'er call you counsellor, or friend.
Adieu.

Hirildas. Stay, stay. For now I mean, with gentler breath,*
To waft you to your happy landing-place.
Seeing this crocodile pursues me flying,
Flies you pursuing, we'll catch her by a trick.

* In the old copy the four last letters of *breath* have dropped out by accident, but they are no doubt rightly restored. C.

With promise feign'd, I'll 'point a Cupid's stage,
But in the night, and secret, and disguis'd,
Where thou, which art myself, shalt act my part.
In Venus' games, all cozening goes for art.
Eulinus. Blest be these means, and happy the success!
Now 'gin I rear my crest above the moon,
And in those gilded books read lectures of
The feminine sex. There moves Cassiope,
Whose garments shine with thirteen precious stones,
Types of as many virtues: Then her daughter,
Whose beauty, without Perseus, would have tam'd
The monstrous fish, glides with a starry crown:
Then just Astrea kembs her golden hair:
And my Landora can become the skies
As well as they. Oh, how my joys do swell!
He mounted not more proud, whose burning throne
Kindl'd the cedar-tops, and quaff'd whole fountains.
Fly then, ye winged hours, as swift as thought,
Or my desires: let day's bright waggoner
Fall headlong, and lie buried in the deep,
And, dormouse-like, Alcides night out-sleep:
Good Tethys, quench his beams, that he ne'er rise
To scorch the Moors, to suck up honey-dews,
Or to betray my person.
But pr'ythee tell, what mistress you adore?
Hirildas. The kind Cordella, loving, and belov'd:
Only some jar of late, about a favour,
Made me inveigh 'gainst women. Come away,
Our plots desire the night, not babbling day.
Eulinus. We must give way: here come our reverend bards
To sing in synod, as their custom is,
With former chance comparing present deeds.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Chorus of five bards laureate, four voices, and a harper; attir'd.

1. SONG.

1. *At the spring*
Birds do sing:
Now with high,
Then low cry.
Flat, acute;
And salute,
The Sun, born
Every morn.
All. *He's no bard, that cannot sing*
The praises of the flow'ry spring.

2. *Flora queen,*
All in green,
Doth delight
To paint white,
And to spread
Cruel red,
With a blue,
Colour true.
All. *He's no bard, &c.*

3. *Woods renew*
Hunter's hue.
Shepherd's grey
Crown'd with bay,
With his pipe
Care doth wipe,
Till he dream
By the stream.
All. *He's no bard, &c.*

4. *Faithful loves,*
Turtle doves,
Sit and bill,
On a hill.
Country swains,
On the plains,
Run and leap,
Turn and skip.
All. *He's no bard, &c.*

5. *Pan doth play*
Care away.
Fairies small,
Two foot tall,
With caps red
On their head,
Dance around,
On the ground,
All. *He's no bard, &c.*

6. *Phillis bright,*
Cloath'd in white,
With neck fair,
Yellow hair,
Rocks doth move.
With her love,
And make mild,
Tigers wild.
All. *He 's no bard, that cannot sing*
The praises of the flow'ry spring.

II. SONG.

Thus spend we time in laughter,
While peace and spring do smile:
But I hear a sound of slaughter,
Draw nearer to our isle.

Leave then your wonted prattle,
The oaten reed forbear:
For I hear a sound of battle,
And trumpets tear the air.

Let bag-pipes die for want of wind,
Let crowd[21] *and harp be dumb:*
Let little tabor come behind:
For I hear the dreadful drum.

Let no bird sing, no lambkins dance;
No fountains murmuring go:
Let shepherd's crook be made a lance.
For the martial horns do blow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

CASSIBELANUS, CRIDOUS, BRITAEL, GUERTHED, NENNIUS, BELINUS, EULINUS. VOLUSENUS *following.*

Cassibelanus. Heavens favour Cridous, fair Albania's king:
And Britael, deck'd with the Demetian crown:
The same to famous Guerthed, whose command
Embraces woody Ordovick's black hills.
Legate, you may your message now declare.

Volusenus. By me great Cæsar greets the Britain state:
This letter speaks the rest.

Cassibelanus. Then read the rest.

[21] *crowd.*] See note 18 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II.

Volusenus reads.

Cæsar, Proconsul of Gallia, to Cassibelane King of Britain.

Since Romulus' race, by will of Jove,
Have stretch'd their empire wide,
From Danube's banks, by Tygris swift,
Unto mount Atlas' side:
And provinces and nations strong,
With homage due obey;
We wish that you, hid in the sea,
Do likewise tribute pay.
Submitting all unto our wills,
For rashly aiding Gaul:
And noble lads for hostages
Make ready at our call.
These granted, may our friendship gain;
Deny'd shall work your woe.
Now take your choice, whether you'd find
Rome, as a friend or foe.

Cassibelanus. Bold mandates are unwelcome to free princes.
Legate withdraw; you shall be soon dispatch'd.
[*Exit Volusenus.*

Cridous. He writes more like a victor than a foe;
Whose greatness, risen from subdued nations,
Is fasten'd only with fear's slippery knot.
Nor can they fight so fierce for wealth or fame,
As we for native liberty. With answer rough
Bid him defiance. So thinks Cridous.

Guerthed. Guerthed maintains the same, and on their flesh
I'll write my answer in red characters.

Britael. Thou ravenous wolf, imperious monster, Rome,
Seven-headed Hydra, know, we scorn thy threats:
We can oppose thy hills with mounts as high,
And scourge usurpers with like cruelty.
And thus thinks Britael.

Eulinus. Let Cæsar come: our land doth rust with ease,

And wants an object, whose resisting power
May strike out valorous flashes from her veins.
So shadows give a picture life. So flames
Grow brighter by a fanning blast. Nor think
I am a courtier, and no warrior born:
Nor love object; for well my poet says[23],
Militat omnis amans, each lover is a soldier:
I can join Cupid's bow, and Mars his lance.
A pewter-coat fits me as well as silk.
It grieves me see our martial spirits trace
The idle streets, while weapons by their side
Dangle and lash their backs, as 'twere to upbraid
Their needless use. Nor is it glory small,
They set upon us last, when their proud arms
Fathom the land and seas, and reach both poles.
On then; so great a foe, so good a cause,
Shall make our name more famous. So thinks Eulinus.

Cassibelanus. Then, friends and princes, on this blade take oath[24],
First to your country, to revenge her wrongs;
And next to me, as general, to be led
With unity and courage. [*They kiss the sword.*

All. The gods bless Britain and Cassibelane.

Nennius. Now, royal friends, the heirs of mighty Brute,
You see what storm hangs hovering o'er this land,
Ready to pour down cataclysms[25] of blood:
Let ancient glory then enflame your hearts.
Beyond the craggy hills of grim-fac'd Death,
Bright Honour keeps triumphant court, and deeds
Of martial men live there in marble rolls.
Death is but Charon to the fortunate isles;
Porter to Fame.
What tho' the Roman, arm'd with foreign spoil,
Behind him lead the conquer'd world and hope

[23] *my poet says.*] *i. e.* Ovid. S.

[24] *on this blade take oath.*] See note 2 to *The Pinner of Wakefield*, vol. III.

[25] *cataclysms.*] *i. e.* deluges. S.

To sink our island with his army's weight:
Yet we have gods, and men, and horse, to fight:
And we can bravely die. But our just cause,
Your forward loves, and all our people edg'd
With Dardan spirit, and the powerful name
Of country, bid us hope for victory.
We have a world within ourselves, whose breast
No foreigner hath unrevenged press'd
These thousand years. Though Rhine and Rhone can serve,
And envy Thames his never captive stream,
Yet maugre all, if we ourselves are true,
We may despise what all the earth can do[26].
Cassibelanus. Let's then dismiss the legate with a frown;
And draw our forces toward the sea, to join
With the four kings of Kent, and so affront[27]
His first arrival. But before all, let
Our priests and druids, in their hallow'd groves,
Propitiate the gods, and scan events
By their mysterious arts. [*Exeunt.*

[26] *Yet maugre all, if we ourselves are true,*
We may despise what all the earth can do.] The same sentiment is introduced by Shakspeare into *King John*, A. 5. S. 7.

" This England never did, nor never shall,
" Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
" But when it first did help to wound itself;
" Now these her princes are come home again,
" Come the three corners of the world in arms,
" And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
" If England to itself *do rest but true.*"

Again, in the old spurious play of *King John.*

" If England's Peers and People join in one,
" Nor Pope, nor France, nor Spain can do them wrong."

The same sentiment is in Dr. Andrew Borde's Fyrst boke of the Introduction to Knowledge. B. L. Printed for Copland, Sign. A 4.

" They (i. e. the English) fare sumptuously, God is served in their Churches devoutli, but treason and deceit is used among them Craftily, y^e more pitie, *for if they were true within themselves, they nede not feare, although all nations were set against them,* specialli now, consydering our noble prince (i. e. Henry VIII.) hath and dayly doth make noble defence as castels," &c.

[27] *affrqnt.*] See note 21 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

SCENE II.

EULINUS, HIRILDAS, ROLLANO.

Hirildas. Well, so: your tongue's your own, tho' drunk or angry.

Rollano. Umh. [*Seals his mouth.*

Hirildas. Speak not a word, upon your life: be dumb.

Rollano. Umh. [*Gives him money.*

Hirildas. I'll winch up thy estate. Be Harpocrates [28].

Rollano. Umh.

Hirildas. Thy fortunes shall be double gilt. Be midnight.

Rollano. Umh.

Hirildas. An excellent instrument, to be the bawd
To his dear lady!—But, Rollano, hark;
What words, what looks did give my letter welcome?

Rollano. Umh.

Hirildas. Nay, now thy silence is antedated: speak.

Rollano. Umh.

Hirildas. I give thee leave, I say, Speak, be not foolish.

Rollano. Then—with your leave: she us'd upon receipt
No words, but silent joy purpl'd her face;
And seeing your name, straight clapp'd it to her heart,
To print there a new copy; as she'd say,
The words went by her eyes too long a way.

Hirildas. You told her my conditions, and my oath
Of silence, and that only you be used?

Rollano. All, sir,

Hirildas. And that this night——

Rollano. Aye, sir.

Hirildas. You guard the door——

Rollano. Aye, sir.

Hirildas. But I ne'er mean to come.

Rollano. No, sir? Oh wretch!

[28] *I'll winch up thy estate. Be Harpocrates.*] A metaphor, from engines by which weights are raised or *winched* up.---Harpocrates was the god of Silence.

Shall I deceive, when she remains so true?
Hirildas. No. Thou shalt be true, and she remain deceiv'd.
I'll lie, and yet I will not lie. My friend
Eulinus, in my shape, shall climb her bed.
This is the point. You'll promise all your aid?
Rollano. Your servant to command, and then reward.
Eulinus. We'll draw thee meteor-like, by our warm favour,
Unto the roof and ceiling of the court:
We'll raise thee (hold but fast) on fortune's ladder.
[*Exit Rollano.*
This fellow is a medley of most lewd
And vicious qualities: a braggart, yet a coward;
A knave, and yet a slave: true to all villainy,
But false to goodness. Yet now I love him,
Because he stands just in the way of love.
Hirildas. Cuz, I commend you to the Cyprian queen,
Whilst I attend Diana in the forest:
My kinsman Mandubrace and I must try
Our greyhounds' speed after a light-foot hare.
[*Exit Hirildas.*
Eulinus. O love! whose nerves unite in equal bonds
This massy frame! thou cement of the world!
By which the orbs and elements agree,
By which all living creatures joy to be,
And dying live in their posterity.
Thy holy raptures warm each noble breast,
Sweetly inspiring more soul. Thy delight
Surpasses melody, nectar, and all pleasures
Of Tempe, and of Tempe's eldest sister,
Elysium: a banquet of all the senses!
By thy commanding power gods into beasts,
And men to gods are chang'd, as poets say;
When sympathy rules, all like what they obey.
But love triumphs when man and woman meet
In full affection; double vows then fill
His sacred shrine. Yet this to me deny'd,

More whets my passion: mutual love grows cold.
Venus, be thou propitious to my wiles,
And laugh at lovers' perjuries and guiles. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LANTONUS, HULACUS, *two druids, in long robes; hats like pyramids, branches of missletoe.*

Lantonus. That souls immortal are, I easily grant;
Their future state distinguish'd, joy, or pain,
According to the merits of this life.
But then, I rather think, being free from prison,
And bodily contagion, they subsist
In places fit for immaterial spirits;
Are not transfus'd from men to beasts, from beasts
To men again; wheel'd round about by change.

Hulacus. And were it not more cruel to turn out
Poor naked souls stript of warm flesh, like landlords
Bidding them wander? then (forsooth) imagine
Some unknown cave or coast, whither all the myriads
Of souls deceas'd are slipt, and thrust together.
Nay, reason rather says, as at one moment
Some die, and some are born, so may their ghosts,
Without more cost, serve the succeeding age:
For sure they don't wear, to be cast aside,
But enter strait less or more noble bodies,
According to desert of former deeds:
The valiant into lions; coward minds
Into weak hares; th' ambitious into eagles
Soaring aloft; but the perverse and peevish
Are next indenniz'd [99] into wrinkled apes,
Each vice and virtue wearing seemly shapes.

Lantonus. So you debase the gods most lively image,
The human soul, and rank it with mere brutes,
Whose life, of reason void, ends with their sense.

Enter BELINUS.

Blienus. Hail to heaven's privy councillors! The king

[99] *Are next indennis'd.*] I suppose this word is compounded from *denizen, i. e.* one made free, and here very licentiously employ'd. S.

Desires your judgment of these troublesome times.

Lantonus. The gods foretold these mischiefs long ago.
In Eldell's reign the earth and sky were fill'd
With prodigies, strange sights, and hellish shapes:
Sometime two hosts with fiery lances met,
Armour and horse being heard amid the clouds:
With streamers red now march these airy warriors,
And then a sable hearse-cloth wraps up all;
And bloody drops speckled the grass, as falling
From their deep-wounded limbs:
Whilst staring comets[30] shook their flaming hair:
Thus all our wars were acted first on high,
And we taught what to look for.

Hulacus. Nature turns step-dame to her brood, and dams
Deny their monstrous issue. Saturn join'd
In dismal league with Mars, portends some change.
Late in a grove, by night, a voice was heard
To cry aloud, *Take heed, more Trojans come!*
What may be known or done, we'll search, and help
With all religious care.

Belinus. The king and army do expect as much:
That powers divine, perfum'd with odours sweet,
And feasted with the fat of bulls and rams,
Be pleas'd to bless their plots.

Lantonus. All rites and orizons due shall be perform'd:
Chiefly night's empress fourfold honour craves,
Mighty in heaven and hell, in woods and waves.

[*Exeunt.*

[30] *Whilst staring comets,* &c.] So Milton's *Paradise Lost,* B. 2. l. 706.

"Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
"Unterrify'd, and like *a comet* burn'd,
"That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
"In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid *hair*
"*Shakes* pestilence and war."

SCENE IV.

CÆSAR, VOLUSENUS, LABERIUS, SOLDIERS.

Cæsar. What land, what people, and what answer? show.

Volusenus. We saw a paradise, whose bosom teems
With silver ore, whose seas are pav'd with pearl,
The meadows richly spread with Flora's tapestry;
The fields even wonder at their harvest loads:
In crystal streams the scaly nations play,
Fring'd all along with trembling poplar trees.
The sun in summer, loth to leave their sight,
Forgets to sleep, and glancing makes no night.
Then, for the men, their stature's tall and big,
With blue-stain'd skins, and long black dangling hair,
Promise a barbarous fierceness. They scarce know,
And much less fear our empire's might: but thus
Return'd defiance:

" Cassibelane, king of Britain, to Julius Cæsar,[31] proconsul of Gallia.

" Seeing your empire's great, why should it not suffice?
" To covet more and more, is tyrants' usual guise.
" To lose what Jove you gave, you'd think it but unjust;
" You have your answer then;—Defend this isle we must:
" Which from the world cut off, and free from her first day,
" Hath iron more for swords, than gold for tribute's pay.
" If amity, and like fear, succour to Gaul imparts,
" Pardon, for this small brook could not divide our hearts.
" We hope the gods will help, and fortune back our cause,
" Who take arms but to keep our lives, our wives, and laws.

[31] *Cassibelane, king of Britain to Julius Cæsar.*] See the letter printed in *Geoffrey Monmouth's History*, B. 4. C. 2.

" As you from Troy, so we, our pedigree do claim ;
" Why should the branches fight, when as the root's the same?
" Despise us not, because the sea and north us close ;
" Who can no farther go, must turn upon their foes.
" Thus rudely we conclude:—wage war, or change your will,
" We hope to use a lance far better than a quill."

Cæsar. I grieve to draw my sword against the stock
Of thrice-renowned Troy: but they are rude,
And must be frighted, ere we shall be friends.
Then let's aboard, and, hoisting sails, convey
Two legions over: for I long to view
This unknown land, and all their fabulous rites ;
And gather margarites[32] in my brazen cap.
Nature nor fates can valorous virtue stop.

Laberius. Now Cæsar speaks like Cæsar: stronger and stronger,
Rise like a whirlwind, tear the mountain's pride ;
Shake thy brass harness, whose loud clattering may
Waken Gradivus,[33] where he sleeps on top
Of Hæmus, lull'd with Boreas roaring base,
And put to flight this nation with the noise.
A fly is not an eagle's combatant,
Nor may a pigmy with a giant strive. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

CASSIBELANUS, BELINUS; COMIUS *following.* *Attendants.*

Comius. Health and good fortune on Cassibelane 'tend:
My love to you and Britain waft me hither,
To make atonement, ere the Roman leader
Bring fire, and spoil, and ruin on your heads.
No herb can ever grow where once he treads :
Nothing withstands his force. Be not too hardy,

[32] *And gather Margarites,*] *i. e.* pearls. In 1596, Tho. Lodge published a pamphlet, intitled, " A Margarite of America." 4to.

[33] ——— *Gradivus.*] Mars.

" *Gradivum* que patrem Geticis qui præsidet arvis." *Virgil,*

But buy a friend with kindnêss, lest you buy
His anger dearly.

Cassibelanus. Comius, speak no more: he knows our mind.

Comius. O let not rage so blind your judgment, but
Prevent with ease the hazard of a war,
Of war, a word compos'd of thousand ills.
O be not cruel to yourselves! I'll undertake,
Without discredit, to appease his wrath,
If you'll cashier your soldiers, and receive
Him like a guest, not like an enemy.

Cassibelanus. False-hearted Gaul, dar'st thou persuade e'en me
For to betray my people to the sword?
Now know I, thou art sent for to solicit
Our princes to rebel, to learn our strength.
Lay hands on him; a spy!

All. A spy! a spy! a traitor, and a spy!
[*They chain him.*

Comius. Is this the guerdon[34] of my loving care?
You break the laws of nature, nations, friends.
But look for due revenge at Cæsar's hand.

Cassibelanus. Expect in prison thy revenge. Away with him! [*Exit Comius.*
Belinus, have you muster'd up our forces?

Belinus. Yes, if it please your highness.

Cassibelanus. And what are the particulars?

Belinus. First Cridous leads from the Albanian realm,
Where Grampius' ridge divides the smiling dales,
Five thousand horse, and twenty thousand foot,
Three thousand chariots mann'd. The Brigants come,
Deck'd with blue-painted shields, twelve thousand strong,
Under the conduct of Demetia's prince
March twice three thousand, arm'd with pelts[35] and glaves;[36]

[34] *guerdon,*] reward. See note 46 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

[35] *arm'd with pelts.*] Pelts are shields. The author of this play appears to advantage in this and the subsequent catalogues of warriors. S.

[36] *glaves.*] See note 44 to *Edward* II. vol. II.

Whom the Silures flank, eight thousand stout,
Greedy of fight, born soldiers the first day,
Whose grey-goose-winged shafts ne'er flew in vain.
Then Guerthed, mounted on a shag-hair steed,
Full fifteen thousand brings, both horse and foot,
Of desperate Ordovicians, whose use is
To rush half naked on their foes, enrag'd
With a rude noise of pipes.
Your province, bounded with that boiling stream
Where Sabrine, lovely damsel, lost her breath,
And with curl'd-pated Humber, Neptune's heir,
Affords eight thousand cars, with hooks and scythes,
And fifty thousand expert men of war;
All brave Loëgrians, arm'd with pike and spear;
Each nation, being distinguish'd into troops,
With gaudy pennons flickering [37] in the air.
Besides these, Kent is up in arms to blunt
The edge of their first furious shock.

Cassibelanus. We'll now invite them to a martial feast,
Carving with falchions, and carousing healths
In their lives' moisture.

Enter ANDROGEUS.

Well return'd, Androgeus:
Have you obtain'd, or is your suit denied?

Androgeus. Our message told unto the Scots, their king
With willing sympathy levies a band,
Ten thousand footmen, whose strange appetites
Murder, and then devour; and dare gnaw and suck
Their enemies' bones. Conducted thence, we saw
The Pictish court, and friendly entertain'd,
Receive eight thousand, whose most ugly shapes,
Painted like bears, and wolves, and brinded tigers,
May kill and stonify without all weapons.
More aid they promise, if more need. These forces,
Led by Cadallan, hither march with speed.

Cassibelanus. 'Tis well, our kings consent for common good.
When all are join'd, we shall o'erspread the hills,

[37] *flickering.*] Fluttering.

And soldiers, thicker than the sand on shore,
Hide all the landing coasts. Ere next day break,
The rocks shall answer what the drum doth speak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

HULACUS, LANTONUS, *Ministers.*

Lantonus. That ceremonious fear, which bends the heart
Of mortal creatures, and displays itself
In outward signs of true obedience,
As prayer, kneeling, sacrifice, and hymns,
Requires again help from immortal deities,
As promise, not as debt: we laud their names,
They give us blessings, and forgive our blames.
Thus gods and men do barter: what in piety
Ascends, as much descends again in pity;
A golden chain reaching from heaven to earth.

Hulacus. And now's the time, good brother, of their aid,
When danger's black face frowns upon our state.
Away, away, ye hearts and tongues profane!
Without devotion, mysteries are vain.
[*They kneel, elevate hands thrice.*

Lantonus. Draw near, ye heavenly powers,
Who dwell in starry bowers;
And ye who in the deep,
On mossy pillows sleep;
And ye who keep the centre,
Where never light did enter;
And ye whose habitations,
Are still among the nations;
To see and hear our doings,
Our births, our wars, our wooings:
Behold our present grief,
Belief doth beg relief.
Both going around say,
By the vervain and lunary,
By fern-seed planetary,

By the dreadful missletoe,
Which doth on holy oak grow,
Draw near, draw near, draw near.

Hulacus. Help us, beset with danger,
And turn away your anger;
Help us, begirt with trouble,
And now your mercy double:
Help us, opprest with sorrow,
And fight for us to-morrow.
Let fire consume the foe-man,
Let air infect the Roman:
Let seas intomb their fury,
Let gaping earth them bury:
Let fire, and air, and water,
And earth, conspire their slaughter.

Both. By the vervain, &c.
Help us, help us, help us.

Lantonus. We'll praise then your great pow'r,
Each month, each day, each hour;
And blaze in lasting story,
Your honour and your glory.
High altars lost in vapour,
Young heifers free from labour,
White lambs for suck still crying,
Shall make your musick, dying.
The boys and girls around,
With honeysuckles crown'd;
The bards with harp and rhiming,
Green bays their brows entwining,
Sweet tune, and sweeter ditty,
Shall chaunt your gracious pity.

Both. By the vervain, &c.
We'll praise, we'll praise, we'll praise.

[*The image of the moon: the shrine opens.*

Hulacus. Fix, holy brother, now your prayers on one,
Britain's chief patroness: with humble cry
Let us invoke the moon's bright majesty. [*They kneel.*

Lantonus. Thou queen of heaven, commandress of the deep,
Lady of lakes, regent of woods and deer,

A lamp dispelling irksome night, the source
Of generable moisture; at whose feet,
With garments blue, and rushy garlands drest,
Wait twenty thousand Naiades: thy crescent
Brute elephants adore, and man doth feel
Thy force run thro' the zodiack of his limbs.
O, thou first guide of Brutus to this isle,
Drive back these proud usurpers from this isle.
Whether the name of Cynthia's silver globe;
Or chaste Diana, with a gilded quiver;
Or dread Proserpina, stern Dis his spouse;
Or soft Lucina, call'd in child-bed throes,
Doth thee delight; rise with a glorious face,
Green drops of Nereus trickling down thy cheeks,
And with bright horns, united in full orb,
Toss high the seas, with billows beat the banks,
Conjure up Neptune, and the Æolian slaves;
Contract both night and winter in a storm,
That Romans lose their way, and sooner land
At sad Avernus, than at Albion's strand.
So may'st thou shun the dragon's head and tail!
So may Endymion snort on Latmian bed!
So may the fair game fall before thy bow!
Shed light on us, but lightning on our foe!

Hulacus. Methinks a gracious lustre spreads her brow,
And with a nod she ratifies our suit.

Within. Come near, and take this oracle.

Lantonus. Behold, an oracle flies out from her shrine;
Which both the king and state shall see, before
We dare unfold it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

BRENNUS's GHOST, NENNIUS *in night-robes.*

Brennus. Follow me.

Nennius. Follow! what means that word? who art? thy will?

Brennus. Follow me, Nennius.

Nennius. He names me: sure it is some friend which speaks.
I'll follow thee, though't be thro' Stygian lakes.

Brennus. 'Tis ancient Brennus calls, whose victories
Europe and Asia felt, and still record.
Dear Nennius, now's the time to steel thy courage:
Canst thou behold thy mother captive, then
Look back upon thy ancestors, enroll'd
Among the worthies who spread wide her fame?
First let thy eye-balls pour out poison'd beams,
And kill them with disdain, who dare but lift
Their hand against her. No: no consul must
Boast of her thraldom, and out-brave our walls.
I wonder that such impudent owls should gaze
Against the splendour of our Britain cliffs:
Play thou a second Brennus: let thy lance,
Like an Herculean club, two monsters tame,
Rome's avarice and pride: so come life or death,
Let Honour have the incense of thy breath. [*Exit.*

Nennius. Farewell, heroick soul; thou shalt not blush
At Nennius' deeds. The smallest drop of fame
Is cheap, if death and dangers may it buy.
Yet give thy words new vigour to my spirits,
And spur the Pegasus of my mounting thoughts.
I'll follow thee o'er piles of slaughter'd foes,
And knock at Pluto's gate. I come. Come life or death,
Honour, to thee I consecrate my breath. [*Exit.*

CÆSAR, CAMILLUS'S GHOST *following.*

Camillus. Julius, stay here; thy friend Camillus speaks.

Cæsar. O thou preserver of our present race,
Our city's second founder! what dire fate
Troubles thy rest, that thou should'st trouble mine?

Camillus. Only to bid thee fight.

Cæsar. Thou shalt not need.

Camillus. And bid thee take a full revenge on this,
This nation, which did sack and burn down Rome,
Quenching the coals with blood, and kick'd our ashes,
Trampling upon the ruins of our state;
Then led the Gauls in triumph thorough Greece,
To fix their tents beside Euxinus' gulph.

Cæsar. Is this that Northern rout, the scourge of kingdoms,
Whose names, till now unknown, we judged Gauls?
Their tongue and manners not unlike.
Camillus. Gauls were, indeed, the bulk; but Brennus led,
Then brother to the British king, those armies,
Back'd with great troops of warlike islanders.
To thee belongs to render bad for ill.
O be my spirit doubled in thy breast,
With all the courage of three Scipios,
Marius and Sylla; that this nation, fierce
In feats of war, be forc'd to bear our yoke. [*Exit.*
Cæsar. So may'st thou sweetly rest, as I shall strive
To trace your steps: not let me live, if I
Thence disappointed, ever seem to fly. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Chorus.*

1. Song.

Ancient bards have sung,
With lips dropping honey,
And a sugar'd tongue,
Of our worthy knights:
How Brute[38] *did giants tame,*
And, by Isis' current,
A second Troy did frame;
A centre of delights.

Locrinus'[39] *eldest son*
Did drown the furious Hunn,
But burnt himself with Elstrid's love:
Leil,[40] *rex pacificus;*
Elud,[41] *judicious,*
Now heavenly bodies, roll above.

[38] *Brute.*] See note to Act 3. S. 5.
[39] *Locrinus'*] See Geoffrey of Monmouth. B. 2; the play of Locrine attributed to Shakspeare; and Evans's edit. of Old Ballads, vol. 1.
[40] *Leil.*] See Geoffrey of Monmouth, B. 2. C. 9.
[41] *Elud.*] See Geoffrey of Monmouth, B. 3. C. 19.

Wise Bladud[42] *founded hath*
Both soul and body's Bath,
Like Icarus he flew:
Now first Mulmutius[43] *wears*
A golden crown, whose heirs
More than half the world subdue.

2. SONG.

Thou nurse of champions, O thou spring
Whence chivalry did flow!
Thou diamond of the world's great ring,
Thy glorious virtue show:
Thou many a lord hast bred,
In catalogue of fame read;
And still we have
As captives brave,
As ever Britains led.
Then dub a dub, dub.

The armies join, tantara.

Cassibelane with armour gay,
And strongly couched lance,
His courser white turn'd into bay,
On carcases shall prance.
What a crimson stream the blade
Of Nennius' sword hath made!
Black Allia's day,
And Cannæ's fray,
Have for a third long staid.
Then dub a dub, dub.

The armies join, tantara.

[42] *Wise Bladud.*] See Geoffrey of Monmouth, B. 2. C. 10.

[43] *Mulmutius.*] Dunwallo Molmutius. See note to Act 3. S. 5. There was an old historical play called *Mulmutius Dunwallo*, which, in Henslowe's MS. has the date of September, 1598, affixed to it; but it must have been written much earlier, as William Rankins, the author of it, had long before repented of his "lewd life," and, in 1587, published his "*Mirror of Monsters*," a puritanical attack on the stage, and plays in general. C.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Noise of ships landing, and the battle within.

CÆSAR, VOLUSENUS, LABERIUS, ATRIUS. *Ensign, drums, flags.*

Cæsar. Our landing cost us dearly, many lives
Between the ships and shore being sacrific'd:
Our men, with heavy armour clogg'd, and ignorant
Of all the flats and shallows, were compell'd
To wade and fight, like Tritons half above,
Half under water. Now we surer tread,
Tho' much diminish'd by so many lost.
Come on, come on. [*They march and go out.*

CASSEBILANUS, CRIDOUS, BRITAEL, GUERTHED, *the four Kings of Kent*, NENNIUS, ANDROGEUS, TENANTIUS, EULINUS, HIRILDIS, BELINUS, ROLLANO. *Ensigns, Drum. A march.*

Cassibelanus. So, let them land. No matter which they chuse,
Fishes or crows, to be executors.
They'll find the land as dangerous as the sea.
The nature of our soil won't bear a Roman,
As Irish earth doth poison poisonous beasts.[44]
On then! charge close, before they gather head.

Nennius. Brother, advance. On this side I'll lead up
The new-come succours of the Scots and Picts.
[*They march, and go out.*

CÆSAR, &c.

Cæsar. What, still fresh supplies come thronging from their dens!
The nest of hornets is awake. I think
Here's nature's shop: here men are made, not born;
Nor stay nine tedious months, but in a trice
Sprout up like mushrooms at war's thunder-clap.
We must make out a way. [*Exeunt.*

ROLLANO, *arm'd cap-a-pie.*

Rollano. Since I must fight, I am prepar'd to fight!

[44] *An' Irish earth doth poison poisonous beasts.*] See note 24 to *The Second Part of the Honest Whore*, vol. III.

And much inflam'd with noise of trump and drum:
Methinks I am turn'd lion, and durst meet
Ten Cæsars. Where are all these covetous rogues,
Who spoil the rich for gain, and kill the poor
For glory? blood-suckers and publick robbers.
[*Laberius enters, Rollano retires, afraid; but being gone out, goes forward.*
Rollano. Nay stay, and brag Rollano did thee kill:
Stay, let me flesh my sword, and wear thy spoils.
[*Laberius re-enters with an ensign.*
Laberius. Come, will ye forsake your ensign, and fall off?
I call to witness all the gods, I here
Perform my duty. Thou canst not 'scape.
[*Rollano would fly, fights, falls as wounded.*
Now die, or yield thyself.
Rollano. I yield, I yield, oh save my life, I yield.
I am no Briton, but by chance come hither.
I'll never more lift weapon in their quarrel.
Laberius. How may I trust your faith?
Rollano. Command me any thing.
Laberius. Lay down your neck. [*Treads on it.*
Give up your sword. [*Beats him with it.*
Base coward, live: such foes will ne'er do hurt. [*Exit.*
Enter EULINUS, ANDROGEUS, BELINUS, *with bloody swords.*
Eulinus. Rollano, what at stand? pursue the chase.
Rollano. I made their strongest captain fly: this hand,
This martial hand, I say, did make him fly.
Eulinus. Some silly scout.
Rollano. He was a match for Cyclops; at each step
The ground danc'd, and his nostrils blew the dust:
Arm'd as the god of battle pictur'd is.
Eulinus. What were his looks?
Rollano. His brows were like a stormy winter-night,
When Juno scolding, and Mars malcontent,
Disturb the air. At each look lightning flies;
Jove 'gainst the giants needed but his eyes.
Eulinus. How eloquent is fear!
Rollano. So came he stalking with a beam-like spear;

I gave the onset, then receiv'd his charge,
And next blow cleft his morion:[45] so he flies.

Eulinus. O bravely done! here comes a straggling soldier.

Enter LABERIUS.

Rollano. 'Tis he, 'tis he. I care not for vain glory;
It's sweeter live, than dead to be a story. [*Runs away.*

Eulinus. O valiant coward, stay. There's not a spark
Of Britain spirit doth enlive thy corpse. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

NENNIUS *pursuing.*

Nennius. Fight, Britains, fight! the day is ours. I'm cloy'd
And glutted e'en with slaughter. There some fly,
And flying die, and dying mangled lie.
I twice broke thro' the ranks, yet cannot find
That vent'rous captain, Cæsar, on whose breast
I long to try my blade, and prick that bladder,
Puft with ambition and victorious fight.

CÆSAR *enters.*

Cæsar. We may confess they come of Trojan kind;
An hundred valiant Hectors here we find.

Nennius. Fairly encounter'd: let our blades discuss
Who hath the justest cause; and on this combat
May victory her equal balance hang.

Cæsar. Thou seem'st a worthy prince, and Cæsar's match.

[*They fight, wounds Nennius in the head, who staggers; fights, and recovers Cæsar's sword fallen, and puts him to flight.*

Nennius. Stay, stay! Thou art at home: here's Campus Martius.
The Britains, sought-for, see thy frighted back:
Return, and take possession of our isle,
And by thy death be stil'd Britannicus.
Leave not thy blade unsheath'd: a tyrant's heart,
To his own sword a scabbard should impart.

[45] *morion,*] i. e. helmet.

Ye senators, and gaily-gown'd quirites,
Open the capitol's ivory gates, and lead
Fat bulls with garlands green, and gilded horns:
Let supplications last for twice ten days:
Cæsar returns a victor!
Prepare the laureate coach, and snow-white steeds,
Embroider'd canopy, and scarlet gowns:
Let altars smoke, and tholes expect our spoils,[46]
Cæsar returns in triumph!—Basely flies,
And leaves his conquest in weak infancy.
For had he won this coast, yet many blows
Must pass, ere he could pass the Thames; and then,
Ere he touch Humber, many nations must
Be tam'd; and then, before he Tweed can drink,
And climb the craggy rocks of Caledon,
A life is spent; yea, many thousand lives.
Oh my wound rages, and tormented brain
Doth labour of a fury, not a Pallas.[47]
This blade was steep'd in poison: O, I am poison'd!
Well didst thou fly, or I had made thee taste
Thine own provision. Now my wrath and pain,
With double force, shall flow in purple streams.
The three infernal ladies, with wire whips,
And speckled snakes, shall lackey close my steps,
While that I offer hecatombs of men.
The Latian shepherd's brood[48] shall ban those stars,
Whose glimmering sparks led their audacious pines
To lie so far from home in foreign soil.
When cedars fall, whole woods are crush'd; nor die
Can Nennius private, without company.

Enter LABERIUS.

Thou runn'st upon thy death.

Laberius. A Roman never daunted was with looks,

[46] *and* tholes *expect our spoils.*] *i. e.* the roofs of the temples.

De *tholis* pendent laqueata circum
Arma---

[47] *Doth labour of a fury, not a Pallas.*] Pallas being feign'd by the poets to have been bred in Jupiter's brain.

[48] *The Latian shepherd's brood.*] *i. e.* the Romans who owed their founders, Romulus and Remus, to the care of *Faustulus*, who was shepherd to the tyrant Amulius. S.

Else had not Samartane and Lybian bug-bears
Been captive led in chains.

Nennius. But our looks kill. [*Fight, Laberius falls.*
Die, slave, by Cæsar's sword. Thou art his friend:
Die as the ransom of his greater ghost;
And learn, as well as I, how venom smarts.
Be thou my post to the Tartarian prince,
And tell him Nennius comes: but first I'll send
More of you headlong home, a nearer way
Than by the cloudy Alps. [*Exit. A retreat sounded.*

SCENE III.

CASSIBELANUS, BELINUS, LANTONUS.

Cassibelanus. Now hot alarums die in fainter notes:
Tempestuous night is gone: victorious joy,
(As when pale Eos [49] cleaves the Eastern fogs,
And, blushing more and more, opes half her eye,
With holy water sprinkling all the meads,
Whose clear reflex serves as her morning glass:)
Doth paint with gaudy plumes the checker'd sky.
The only name of victory sounds sweeter
Than all melliflous rhetorick.

Latonus. Thanks to Andate [50], whose power kingdoms feel;
Andate, greatest goddess; in whose train,
Fear, red-fac'd anger, and confusions wheel,
Murder, and desolation run before:
But joyful shouts, mirth, olive-budding peace,
And laurel-crowned triumph, at her back,
Do pace with stately steps. Thy temple is
The earth, where furious monarchs play the priests:
Armies of men imbrue thy altar-stones.
Thanks also to the trident-shaker's mace [51],
Drawn by two rampant sea-horses; at whose beck

[49] *pale Eos.*] The goddess of the morning. S.

[50] *Andate.*] The Goddess of revenge. Baxter, in his Glossary, says, she is corruptly so called, and that her true name should be Andrasta.

[51] *trident-shaker's mace.*] A mace is the ancient term for a sceptre. See Note on *Julius Cæsar*, vol. 8. p. 100. edit. 1779. S.

The waters wrinkled frown or smoothly smile.
But thou, heav'ns diamond, fair Phœbus' sister,
Nor Delian dames, nor the Ephesian towers,
Shall blazon more thy praise. Thy influence strong,
Struck up the sandy ouze, that madding waves
Batter'd their ships, and dasht their bended sails,
And with a tempest turn'd them round in scorn.

Cassibelanus. But where's the answer which her idol gave:
Can you expound the sense?

Lantonus. Dread sovereign, thus runs the oracle:

Loud doth the king of beasts roar,
High doth the queen of birds soar:
But her wings clipt soon grow out:
Both repent they are so stout.
Till C. 'gainst C. strike a round,
In a perfect circle bound.

The meaning, wrapt up in cross doubtful terms,
Lies yet thus open: That disastrous fate
Must be the prologue to a joyful close.
The rest we'll search out, if our skill don't fail.

Belinus. Renown'd Cassibelane, might my counsel speak?

Cassibelanus. I know thy loyal heart, and prudent head,
Upon whose hairs, time's child, experience, hangs
A milk-white badge of wisdom; and canst wield
Thy tongue in senate, and thy hands in field.
Speak free, Belinus.

Belinus. We forfeit fame, and smother victory,
By idle lingering: the foe discomfited
Must needs be much amaz'd; his ships dismember'd,
Do piece-meal float upon the waves: the horse,
Whose succour he expects, are beaten back
By friendly winds: his camp contracted is,
A tithe of soldiers left, the rest all slain:
His chief munition spent, or lost: provision,
An army's soul, but what we give, he wants.
What then shall hinder to destroy their name?
So none again shall venture; but our isle,

Rounded with Nereus' girdle, may enjoy
Eternal peace.

Cassibelanus. I like thy warning; with united stroke
Of all our nations we'll his camp beleaguer,
Devouring ships and men. But one mischance,
My brother's wound, his mortal wound, I fear,
Turns all to wormwood. Why were ye dumb, ye idols?
No sainted statue did foretell this grief.
Come, let's go visit him. You may, lord general,
Set Comius free; we love not to insult,
But render good for ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

CÆSAR, VOLUSENUS, &c.

Cæsar. Heaven, sea, and wind, and all the elements,
Conspire to work us harm. Our ships in Gaul
Wind-bound, at length put forth, and come in view,
Are tost and torn; our navy on the shore,
With civil discord break each other's planks.
The airy rulers are displeas'd; all day
Noises and nimble flashes, mix'd with rain,
Amaze our soldiers.
To make grief full, my daughter's death I hear.
When, powerful fortune, will thy anger cease?
Never till now did Cæsar fortune fear.
Mount Palatine, thou throne of Jove, and ye
Whose lesser turrets pinnacle Rome's head,
Are all your deities fled? or was I bold,
To outgo nature, and our empire stretch
Beyond her limits? Pardon then my fault.
Or do we basely faint? Or is our might
Answer'd with like, since Troy 'gainst Troy doth fight?
Nor can I write now, *I came over, and*
I overcame: Such foes deny such haste.

Volusenus. The islanders consult, and sure intend
Some sudden stratagem And now the scales
Poize equal day and night, when rougher seas
And stormy pleiads may our passage stop.

Cæsar. Then, sirs, to ship! Compell'd I leave this land,
But to return, if gods do not withstand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

CASSIBELANUS, BELINUS, LANTONUS. NENNIUS *in a chair*.

Nennius. We won the day, and all our foes are fled?

Belinus. Yes, noble Nennius. scatter'd on the shore,
Thick lay the Latins, and the glutted stream
Spews up her dead, whom death hath taught to swim,
Though ignorant alive: their flowing blood
Made a new red sea. But those few we lost,
Sweetly repos'd upon their mother's breast,
And, wounded all before, kept in their face
A warlike frown.

Nennius. Where is false Cæsar's sword, call'd Crocea Mors[52],
Which never hurt, but kill'd? Let it be plac'd
Within my tomb.

Belinus. Here is the fatal blade.

Nennius. Death like a Parthian flies, and flying kills;
In midst of conquest came my deadly wound.
Accursed weapon, more accursed man,
Who, serpent-like, in poison bathes his sting!
Tyber doth breed as venomous beasts as Nile.
We scorn such cruel craft. But death draws near,
A giddy horror seizeth on my brain.
Dear brother, and thou holy priest of heaven,
Witness my words; I leave my country free,
And die a victor. Thus, with lighter wing,
My purified soul mounts to her first best cause.
I long even to behold those glorious cloisters,
Where Brutus[53], great Dunwallo[54], and his sons,

[52] *Where is false Cæsar's sword, called Crocea Mors*, &c.] Geoffrey of Monmouth says, "His (Nennius's) funeral exequies were performed with regal pomp, and Cæsar's sword put into the tomb with him, which he kept possession of when struck into his shield in the combat. The name of the sword was *Crocea Mors*, Yellow Death, as being mortal to every body that was wounded with it." B. 4. C. 4. *Thompson's Translation*, 1718, p. 102.

[53] *Brutus.*] By Geoffrey of Monmouth said to be the great grandson of Æneas. After being banished from Italy, on account of accidentally killing his father, he arrived at Britain, to which he gave his own name. He built *Trinovantum*, or London, and dying, left the government of the nation to his sons.

[54] *Dunwallo.*] *Dunwallo Molmutius*, son of Cloton King of Corn-

Thrice noble spirits, walk.
Thou mighty enginer of this wondrous globe,
Protect this isle, confound all foreign plots:
Grant Thames and Tyber never join their channels;
But may a natural hate, deriv'd from us,
Live still in our long-trailed progeny.
(My eyes do swim in death.)
Before this land shall wear the Roman yoke,
Let first the adamantine axle crack,
Which binds the ball terrestrial to her poles,
And dash the empty air! let planets drop
Their scalding jelly, and, all flame being spent,
Entomb the world in everlasting smoke[85]!
Come faster, death: I can behold thy grim
And ugly jaws with quiet mind: Now, now
I hear sweet musick; and my spirit flies. [*He dies.*
Cassibelanus. His breath is gone, who was his country's prop,
And my right hand. Now only doth he crave,
To see him laid with honour in the grave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

EULINUS, HIRILDAS.

Eulinus. A mind content, oh, 'tis a mind of pearl,
A mint of golden thoughts, a heaven on earth!
When eager longers meet full-butt their scope,
And hopes are actuated beyond hope.
So Jason joy'd, the golden fleece obtain'd;
So Hercules joy'd, the golden fruit being gain'd;
So Venus joy'd, the golden ball to hold;
So Midas joy'd, when he turn'd all to gold.
So, and much more, rejoic'd the Phrygian swain,
When he convey'd the fairest (except mine)
Which air did ever kiss. His brazen keel,

wal. After a reign of 40 years he died, and was buried at Trinovantum, near the temple of Concord. Geoffrey of Monmouth, B. 2. C. 17.

[85] ——— *and, all the flame being spent,*
Entomb the world in everlasting smoke.] So in *King Henry* IV. P. 2.
" And darkness be the burier of the dead." S.

Proud of her burden, slic'd the capering brine:
The Tritons blew their horns, and sea-gods dance;
Before, behind, about his ship they prance:
The mermaids skip on high, but to compare
Their dangling tresses with her silken hair.
These were but shadows of my bliss. A robe
Of pure beatitude wraps me round about,
Without a speck, or blemish; nor can invention
Wish more unto me, than I have, Landora.
I'm rich, free, learned, honour'd, all in this.
Who dares conceive against the female sex,
But one base thought? Lo, here I stand their champion,
And will maintain, he is a beast, a devil,
Begot between a bitch-wolf and an incubus.
Women, all good, all perfect, and all gracious,
Men-making creatures, angels clad in flesh;
Let me adore your name!

Hirildas. And let me speak.
Why, Landora loves not you, but me in you.

Eulinus. But I in you enjoy Landora's love.

Hirildas. But she enjoys not your love, 'cause unknown.

Eulinus. No matter, I in you, or you in me,
So that I still possess my dearest dear.
A paltry fancy last night in her bed
Turmoil'd my thoughts, which since I shap'd in rhymes.
Thus.

Hirildas. Pr'ythee let's hear: I know thou art turn'd Poet.

The Dream.

Night having drawn the curtain, down I lie
By one, for worse Saturnius left the sky.
Slumb'ring at last, for love can hardly sleep,
Straitways I dream'd, for love doth revels keep,
A damsel fair, and fashion'd for delight,
(Our day-born objects do return at night)
With flow'ry chaplet, and red velvet gown,
Which from her breast was fasten'd along down
With rich enamel'd locks, all which one key,
Whose bright gold 'bout her silver neck did play,

Could open and divorce. A veil most fair,
(Such whiteness only Paphian doves do wear)
With false light did her beauteous front improve;
From this arch Cupid shot his darts of love.
With gentle strain she took me by the hand,
(Touches, in love, do more than tongues command)
Then leads me with an amorous smile along:
He's easily led, whom beauty draws, more strong
Than cable-ropes. An altar we descry,
Where incense-frank[56], and amber fumes did fly
In little rolling curls: a reverend priest,
With snowy beard waving upon his breast,
There kneeling did his eyes in sorrow steep.
Whose passionate cry made me, though ignorant, weep.
Phlegon's hot breath[57] no sooner licks up dew.
Than joy had dried those tears; for lo I view
A circular room, all built with marble clear,
The title, nature's store-house. Most strange here
It seem'd: I know not how we came, nor whence,
Nor any passage saw to get from thence.
But oh the rich delight, and glorious fire.
Which dazzled me! no heart can more desire.
Here first my guide op'd her spice-breathing door:
Ask what thou wilt, this is the ark of store,
No vows are here repuls'd, she said. But I
Surpriz'd with extreme joy and extasy,
By chance a scorpion's tail behind her spy'd:
Pity, such beauty such a monster hide!
Trembling, yet silent, doubtful what to crave;
Lo, with a stink and fearful screech, this brave
And glorious dame doth vanish, and a dart,
Which still I quake at, struck me to the heart.
But waking I reviv'd, and found in bed
Such sovereign balm, would cure old Peleus dead[58].

Hirildas. Ha, ha! your tedious dream hath made me drowsy.
But hark, we must attend the funeral pomp.

[56] *Where incense-frank.*] i. e. frankincense. S.
[57] *Phlegon's hot breath.*] One of the horses of the Sun. S.
[58] .... *old Peleus dead.*] Perhaps *Pylius*, i. e. Nestor.
" Illius ad tactum Pylius juvenescere possit. S.

SCENE VII.

The funeral passes over the stage. Nennius's 'scutcheon, armour, Cæsar's sword borne. Torches, mourners.

Cassibelanus. Set down that heavy load, with heavier hearts.
Could virtuous valour, honourable thoughts,
A noble scorn of fortune, pride, and death,
Myriads of vows and prayers sent to heaven;
Could country's love, or Britain's genius save
A mortal man from sleeping in his grave,
Then hadst thou liv'd, great Nennius, and out-liv'd
The smooth-tongu'd Greek. But we may more envy,
And less bewail thy loss, since thou didst fall
On honour's lofty field-bed, on which stage
Never did worthy act a statelier part.
Nor durst pale death approach with cypress sad,
Till flourishing bays thy conquering temples clad.

A FUNERAL ELEGY SUNG TO THE HARP.

Turnus may conceal his name,
Nennius had Æneas' fame.
Hannibal let Afric smother,
Nennius was great Scipio's brother.
Greece, forbear Achilles' story,
Nennius had brave Hector's glory.
Thrush and nightingale, be dumb:
Sorrowful songs befit a tomb.
Turn, ye marble stones, to water:
Isis' nymphs forswear all laughter:
Sigh and sob upon your bed,
Beli's noble son is dead.

A banquet serv'd over the stage. Rollano with a leg of a capon, and a tankard of wine.

Rollano. I like such slaughtering well, of birds and beasts,
Which wear no swords, nor shake a fatal pike,
When hogsheads bleed, and oxen mangled lie.
O what a world of victuals is prepar'd
For sacrifice and feasting! Forty thousand

Fat bullocks! then the parks and forests send
Full thirty thousand wild beasts, arm'd with horns
And dangerous teeth: the main battalion
Consists of sheep, an hundred thousand fat:
The wings are both supply'd with birds and fowls
Sans number: and some fish for succours serve.
A goodly army. Troynovant doth smoke,
And smells all like a kitchen. The king, princes,
And nobles of the land a triumph hold.
Musick, and songs, good cheer, and wine; and wine,
And songs, and musick, and good cheer. High, brave!
No more shall barley-broth pollute my throat,
But nectar, nectar of the grape's sweet blood.
Come, heavenly potion, wine! whose gentle warmth
Softens the brain, unlocks the silent tongue;
Wit's midwife, and our spirit's vestal priest,
Keeping alive the natural heat. A health,
A health (to make short work) to all the world!
So will it sure go round. [*Steals behind.*

The triumphs. Cassibelanus: four kings of Kent: three kings, Cridous, Britael, Guerthed; Androgeus, Tenantius, Hirildas, Eulinus, Belinus, take places.

Cassibelanus. Sorrow must doff her sable weeds, and joy
Furbish the court with fresh and verdant colours;
Else should we seem ungrateful to the gods.
Triumphs must thrust out obsequies; and tilt
With tourney, and our ancient sport call'd Troy,
Such as Iülus 'bout his grandsire's tomb
Did represent. And at each temple's porch,
Games, songs, and holy murdering of beasts.
[*They sit down.*

A dancing mask of six enters, then the epinicion[89] *sung by two bards.*

The Roman eagle, threat'ning woe,
The sea did shadow with her wing;

[89] *epinicion.*] The song of triumph.

But our goose-quills did prick her so,
That from the clouds they down her bring.
Both. *Sing then, ye hills and dales so so clear,*
That Iö Pæan all may hear.

They may us call isles fortunate;
They sought for life here, not for fame.
All yield to them, they to our state:
The world knows but our double name.
Both. *Sing then, ye streams and woods so so clear,*
That Iö Pæan all may hear.

Androgeus and Tenantius play at foils, then Hirildas and Eulinus play.

Eulinus. 'Twas foully play'd.
Hirildas. You lie, 'twas fairly hit.
Eulinus. I'll give a quittance.
Hirildas. Do your worst, vain braggart.
[*They take swords, fight, Hirildas slain.*
Oh; I'm slain.
Cassibelanus. Hold, hold! my nephew's slain before my face.
Life shall be paid with life.
Androgeus. He shall not die.
Cassibelanus. Shall not? your king and uncle says, he shall.
Eulinus. No kingly menace, or censorious frown
Do I regard. Tanti[60] for all your power.
But the compunction of my guilt doth send
A shudd'ring chillness thro' my veins inflam'd.
Why do ye stare, ye grisly powers of night?
There, there, his soul goes, I must follow him.
[*Offers to kill himself: is hinder'd.*

[60] *Tanti for all your power.*] This expression of contempt I have seen in other ancient writers.
It is used in the first scene of Marlowe's *Edward II.*
As for the multitude, they are but sparks
Rak'd up in embers of their poverty;
Tanti; I'll fan first on the wind, &c.
There is, perhaps, some omission after it, as the line is imperfect, which might explain the meaning of the exclamation. C.

Androgeus. He was provok'd, and did it in defence:
And, being my kinsman, shall be judg'd by laws
Of Troynovant: such custom claims our court.
Cassibelanus. No custom shall bar justice. I command
That he appear before us.
Androgeus. Trials are vain, when passion sits as judge.
Cassibelanus. I'll soon rebate this insolent disdain.
[*Exeunt Androgeus, Tenantius, and Eulinus.*
Let not this dismal chance deface our joy,
Most royal friends.
Cridous. War being silenced, and envy's rage
In hell fast fetter'd, sound we now retreat,
That soldiers may regreet their household gods;
Their children cling about their armed thighs.
Britael. And place their trophies 'bout their smoky halls;
There hang a gauntlet bright, here a stabb'd buckler,
Pile up long piles, and in that corner plant
A weighty sword, brandish'd by some centurion.
Not he, who ne'er on snaky perils trod,
But happy he who hath them stoutly pass'd:
For danger's sauce gives joy a better taste.
Guerthed. Great monarch, if thy summons call us back,
We tender here our service, men, and arms,
As duty bids and binds.
Cassibelanus. Should he return, our province dares him front.
So a most kind adieu unto all three.
[*Exeunt Cridous, Britael, and Guerthed.*
Cingetorix, Carvilius, Taximagulus, Segonax,
I know your faithful love: Kent's four-fold head,
Will check rash rebels, and as firmly stand
As hearty oaks, who bear off Æolus' blows,
And with a whistle but deride his force.
[*Exeunt four Kings of Kent,*
Burst, gall, and dye my actions in flame-colour!
I saw Hirildas fall, and breathe his soul
Even in my face; as tho' hell watch'd a time,

To crush our pomp and glory into sighs.
The conduits of his vital spring being ripp'd,
Spurtl'd my robes, soliciting revenge. Belinus,
Attach the murderer, and if abettors
Deny obedience, then with sword and fire
Waste their dominions. For a traitor's sake,
Whole towns shall tremble, and the ground shall quake.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

ANDROGEUS, TENANTIUS, MANDUBRATIUS.

Androgeus. Shall justice and just Libra ne'er forsake
The embroider'd belt? no sign of them on earth?
Are gods dim-sighted grown, or do they sleep
The morning, and carouse the afternoon,
That mortal motions tumble thus by chance?
Cleave, thou blue marble ceiling, that heaven's king
With clearer aim may strike a tyrant's crown,
Nor spend his brimstone bullets 'gainst some hill,
Or innocent pine.

Mandubratius. Your injuries run low; mine break all bounds.
My father butcher'd at his lawless will;
I banish'd from my lands, depos'd from rule,
Owing my life to night and flight.

Tenantius. I do confess, you may complain aloud,
And tear the element with a dolorous note:
Call down Astrea from her crystal chair,
Or call up Nemesis from the direful deep,
To expiate your wrongs.
Else would the manes of your father slain,
In a white sheet come sliding to your bed,
And be reveng'd on you. He gave you life;
How can you better spend it, than to wreak
His death and slaughter? but our case and cause,
Brother, is not the same: Eulinus slew
His innocent friend, and we defend the fact,
With hostile noise drowning law's reverend voice;
But murder outcries both. Give me then leave

To be a neutral: my young years, unfit
For any desperate course, can but complain,
The king our uncle doth not use us well. [*Exit.*
Androgeus. Usurpers use this method still: at first
He as protector slily got the stern,
During our nonage. then the commons' voice,
Bought with a fawning brow and popular grace,
Confirms his regiment;[61] we appointed sharers,
With empty titles to beguile our thoughts,
Like puppet-lords dress'd up with crown and scarf,
Glad that we live, and hunt, and reign o'er brutes.
Our uncle is the king. So when he saw
His throne establish'd, and his foes repuls'd,
Grown big with prosperous fortune, proudly spurns
All fear of God or man.
Mandubratius. His anger, nurs'd by jealousies, must feed
On princes' flesh, who lose both state and life,
If they but look awry. A tyrant's growth,
Rear'd up by ruins, thence may learn his fall:
For whom all fear, he justly feareth all.
Androgeus. In antiphons[62] thus tune we female plaints;
But plots and force beseem us. Thus great Cæsar
Shall pull him down below us. Thou, Mandubrace,
Sure pledges take of our revolt, and quickly
Implore his aid, blow up his drooping fire
With hopeful terms. But let him stronger come.
Mandubratius. I fly unseen, as charmers in a mist.[63]

[61] *regiment;*] *i. e.* his government, authority. See note 18 to *Edward II.* vol. II.
Hitherto it was misprinted.
"Bought with a *frowning* brow and popular grace."
The right reading is restored from the quarto. C.
[62] *antiphons*] alternate singing. S.
[63] *as charmers in a mist.*] *Charmers* are *Enchanters* or *magicians.* So in *Othello*, A. 3. S. 4.
"——— That handkerchief
"Did an Ægyptian to my mother give;
"She was a *charmer*, and could almost read
"The thoughts of people."

Grateful revenge, whose sharp-sweet relish fats
My apprehensive soul! [64] tho' all were par'd off,
Which doth accrue from fortune, and a man left
As barely poor, as nature thrust him out;
Nay worse, tho' spirits boil, rage, anger, care,
And grief, like wild-horse tear the affrighted mind;
Tho' wrongs excoriate the heart; yet all is sweeten'd,
If vengeance have her course. I reck * not how;
Let common-wealth expire, and owls proclaim
Sad desolation in our halls; let heaps
Of dust and rubbish epitaph our towns;
Let fire and water fight, who first shall spoil
This universal frame. From north, or south,
Revenge, th'art welcome! No sin worse than pity:
A tyrant's only physick is phlebotomy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Chorus.*

1. Song.

Rejoice, O Britain,
Britain, O rejoice!
The stormy cloud pass'd o'er,
And only made a noise.
A clattering sound was heard,
And still we felt no wound:
Rejoice, rejoice,
Thou happy Britain's ground.

O that sweet Plenides,
Eloquent Orone,
Were now to chaunt our victories
With a melodious tone:
And rousing echo from the dales,
With harmony to sound:
Rejoice, Rejoice,
Thou happy Britain's ground.

The Two Noble Kinsmen, A. 5. S. 4.
" ——— Oh, you heavenly *charmers*,
" What things you make of us!"

[64] *apprehensive soul.*] *i. e.* perceptive, feeling. Falstaff observes that Sack makes the mind *apprehensive*, quick, &c.

* "I *reck* not how" is the true reading: Mr. Reed allowed it to stand according to the error of the old copy, "I *wreak* not how;" but to *reck* and to *wreak* are words of a totally different signification. To *reck* means to *care for* (See note 33 to Tancred and Gismunda, vol. II.) while to *wreak* means to *revenge* (see note 19 to *Ferrex and Porrex*, vol. I. and note 18 to *The Widow's Tears*, vol. VI.)

2. SONG.

Gang, ye lads and lasses,
Sa wimble and sa wight:
Fewl mickle teen betide ye,
If ye ligg in this plight.
Be bonny, buxom, jolly,
Trip haydegues belive:
And gif night gars the welkin merk,
Tom piper do you blive.

Hidder, eke and shidder,
With spic'd sew ycram'd;
Sa that unneath thilke borrels
May well ne yede, ne stand:
As leefe as life do weete it,
When timbarins gin sound;
Fore harvest gil prankt up in lathe,
To loute it low around.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CÆSAR, VOLUSENUS, *Attendants.*

Cæsar. A story is't, or fable, that, stern Mars,
Thy weight did Romulus' sleepy mother press?
Since we, thy brood degenerous, stand at gaze,
Charm'd in the circle of a foaming flood,
And trail our dastard pikes? Burst Janus' prison,
Roar as thou didst at Troy, drown Stentor's voice
By many eighths,[65] which Pindus may re-beat,
Which Caucasus may as a catch repeat,
And Taurus lough the same[66]: that pigmies small
May squeak, it thunders, and dive into burroughs.
Let the four winds with dreadful clamours sing
Thy anger thro' the affrighted world.
What Lemnian chain shackles our mounting eagle?
The moon's round concave is too strait a cage
For her advanced pinions.

[65] *By many eighths.*] *i. e.* octaves, a musical term.

[66] *And Taurus lough the same:*] *i. e.* low as a cow does, The word frequently occurs in Roman poetry. So in Virgil's third Georgick,

Vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit. S.

Enter MANDUBRATIUS[67], *wounded and bloody, with Androgeus's young son.*

Mandubratius. If pity can have room in angry breast,
Favour a Britain prince, his father slain,
His regiment bereft, his dearest blood
Drawn by the sword of false Cassibelane.
Having got crown, he then struck at my head;
Nor can I safely suck my native air.
His cuz, Androgeus also, and whole regions
In open war withstand his violence,
Lo, Albion's aged arms spread wide t'inchain
Thee, as her patron, in a true-love knot.
Wherefore, dread Cæsar, let thy mercy strike
Revengeful fires, and be justly stil'd, [*Kneels.*
Tamer of tyrants. Then fame blows aloud,
When valour helps the weak, pulls down the proud.

Cæsar. Arise, unhappy prince, our deeds shall show
We grant thy suit. [*To Volusenus.*
Fortune repents at last;
The moon is chang'd, the globe doth to us turn
Her shining cheek, and wooes us with a smile.
But what firm signs of faith, what faithful aid,
What furtherance can you give at our arrival?

Mandubratius. See here Androgeus' heir, whose tender age
His father ventures, and makes bold with nature,
To pledge his darling. He and thirty more
Of noble lineage shall assure our faith;
Besides I pawn my life.

Cæsar. Enough. I'll once more cross the seas;
For your good, more than mine; that happier sky
May bless your towns with peace, your fields with plenty;

[67] *Mandubratius.*] *Mandubratius*, Mr. Camden observes, is by Eutropius, Bede, and the more modern writers, called *Androgeus*, which in the British language signifies *vir malis*, a bad man; a name of infamy fixt on him for having been the first who betrayed his country.

Camden's Britannia, vol. 2. p. 827. edit. 1772. *Baxter's Glossary* in voce.

Perpetual spring, in gay perfum'd attire,
Sirname your isle, the garden of the west.
Mandubratius. Thanks, gracious Cæsar, for this kind acceptance,
My knee doth kiss the ground, my lip your knee.
Pardon, ye gods, if any haunt our land,
Ye nymphs and lares, fawns and sylvans wild,
That thus I bring a stranger on our coasts,
Whose foreign shape and language may affright
Our lazy clowns, and on my country's back
Once tread victorious steps. Be pleas'd to view
Wrongs now redress'd, neglected first by you.
Cæsar. Now, Volusene,
Our glorious state, like the noon-pointed sun,
When he bestrides the lion's flaming fleece,
Doth north-west roll his burning brand, whose fire
The ocean's blue lake cannot stop, but flies
With brighter blaze to thaw the frozen isles.
But how proceeds our preparation?
Volusenus. Many strong ships are built, five legions arm'd
Ready to launch.
Cæsar. Blow gently, Africus,
Play on our poops: when Hyperion's son
Shall couch in west his foam-bedappl'd jades,
We'll rise to run our course.

SCENE II

Eulinus. Tho' Orpheus' harp, Arion's lute, the chimes
Whose silver sound did Theban towers raise:
Tho' sweet Urania with her ten-string'd lyre,
Unto whose stroke the daily-rolling spheres
Dance their just measures, should with tune and tone
Tickle my air-bred ear; yet can their notes
Those fabulous stones more enter, than my soul.
Lead, poppy, slumber, stupify my heart;
But Bedlam grief acts gambols in my brain.
The Centaur's wheel, Prometheus' hawk, the vulture
Of Tityus, Sisyphus' never mossy stone,
The tale of Danaids' tub, and Tantalus' gaping,

Are but flea-bitings to my smart. I've slain
A kinsman; more, a friend I dearly lov'd:
Nay more, no cause provoking, but in rash
And hellish choler.
I thought my love had cannon-proof been 'gainst
A world of injuries; when see, all is split
By a small wind. Cursed be thou, my sword,
The instrument of fury! cursed hand,
Which mad'st the thrust! but most accursed part,
Whose ruddy flesh triangular boil'd in flame,
Like an Ætnean or Vesuvian salamander!
That breast, I so could hug, that faithful breast,
That snowy white, I with dark sanguine stain'd;
And from the wound's red lips, his panting heart
Did seem to say, Is this a friendly deed?
O, no, Hirildas: bears can harmless play,
Lions can dally, and sheath up their claws;
I only, worst of brutes, kill friends in jest.
Why does Androgeus, kindly-cruel, keep
Me from their sentence? say, law bids me die;
If law should not, I'll make that law myself.
Shall ensigns be display'd, and nations rage
About so vile a wretch? shall foreign hoofs
Kick up our trembling dust, and must a Cæsar
Redeem my folly with a kingdom's fall?
First may I stop black Cerberus' triple jaws.
Die, die! thou hast out-liv'd thyself. Thou only,
Phenix of females, still dost bind and bound
My runnagate spirit in these walls of mud;
From thee, and for thee 'tis I breathe. Yet how
Borrow can I his shape, or use mine own?
Odious before, now worse than hell-born goblin,
With brand and chains, to scare this dove, all quaking
'Twixt wrath and fear. But time may favour win.
When hope doth fail, then knife or rope begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

CASSIBELANUS, BELINUS, ROLLANO.

Cassibelanus. Wisdom, confirm my sense! what
seem'd their number?

Rollano. Rising from shore, conjecture might descry
A thousand ships with painted prows, to pave
The briny fields of Neptune; their broad sails
Did Nereus canopy, Titans' taper veil.
As nations twenty-nine 'gainst Troy built up
A floating Delos of a thousand ships,
To plough the liquid glass; no frame of Pallas,
No crafty Sinon; but those wooden horse
Did Troy destoy. So Troynovant shall feel
Her mother's fate; Achilles comes again,
And Pergamus again shall sink in dust;
They threaten. [*Exit.*

Cassibelanus. Wonder! what can their arsenals spawn so fast?
Last year his barks and gallies were debosh'd;[68]
This spring they sprout again: belike their navy,
Like the Lernean adder, faster grows,
The more 'tis prun'd. They come their last. Lord deputy,
Lead on the present troops, and levy new.
'Twere best, I think, to let him land, lest view
Of his huge navy should our commons fright.
Retire ourselves to some place of advantage,
Entice him from his ships; so cut the veins
Which nourish both: enclos'd he cannot 'scape.

Belinus. I rather judge, we should oppose his footing,
Using the benefit of our natural mound.

Cassibelanus. Uncertain 'tis, where, when, he makes inroad:
To furnish all, unlikely: to neglect
Any were dangerous as Pelides' heel,
Our shores are large, and level: then t' attend
His time and leisure, would exhaust the state,
Weary our soldiers.

Belinus. All places may be strengthen'd, more or less:
As by last year discretion now may guess.

[68] *debosh'd.*] *i. e.* spoil'd, rendered unserviceable. See Cotgrave in voce *Desbaucher.* S.

The clifts themselves are bulwarks strong: the shelves
And flats refuse great ships, the coast so open,
That every stormy blast may rend their cables,
Put them from anchor; suffering double war,
Their men pitch'd battle, and ships, naval fight.
For charges, 'tis no season to dispute:
Spend something, or lose all. Shall he maintain
A fleet to enthral us, we detract small costs.
When freedom, life, and kingdom lie at stake?

Cassibelanus. But the assailants are the flower of Italy.
Back'd with four hundred Gallic horse, all tried
And gallant troops, join'd in one martial body,
To give a fuller stroke; when we defendants
Scatter'd along, can weak resistance make;
Plainness of ground affording us no shelter.

Belinus. For what serve sart and engines, mounds and trenches,
But to correct the nature of a plain?
A few on firm land may keep out a million
Weaken'd by sea, false footing, billows' rage,
And pond'rous arms. When as receiv'd within,
He prospers by our spoil; we feed a viper,
And malcontents and rebels have a refuge.
Nor were it safe to venture all at once;
When one fought field being lost, swift ruin runs,
And rushing throws down all.

Cassibelanus. We know our strength, and his; we'll fight in field
Some dozen miles from sea. An open theatre
Gives lustre to our prowess: to keep him out
Supposes fear, not manhood. No, let him march,
Till he rouse death, and stride his future grave.

Belinus. Your will commands, and mine obeys.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

CÆSAR, &c. *Ensign, Drum, Trumpet, Flag, Soldiers, Shipmen. The noise of landing.*

Cæsar. The coast is clear: our honour is the goal.

In vain doth Tagus' yellow sand obey,
Rhene's horned front, and nimble Tygris running
For wager with the wind, which skims his top;
In vain from Ganges to Hesperian Gades,
The bounds mark'd out by Jove's two base-born sons[69]
Our echo'd name doth sound, if we recoil
From hence again not victors.
Ye pilots old, who were begot mermaids,
Whose element is their sea, bred and brought up
In cradles rock'd with storms, and wooden walls.
Fear not to grapple with the seas. Fear not
Their bulks, brave veterans; that extended mass
Is not of iron, but can bleed, and die:
They were nor dipp'd in Styx, nor are they giants,
Or wild poetick Centaurs, we assail.
Let then this voyage quit out credit lost,
And let rage lash on courage. Here's the game;
Life may be lost, but sure we'll hold fast fame!

[*They march about and go out. The whole battle within.*

CASSIBELANUS, BELINUS, *&c. soldiers.*

Cassibelanus. Our first attempt doth prosper: they retiring
Scud to the bosom of their fir-tree vaults,
And under hatches hide themselves from death.
The Cornish band made havock of their ranks,
Like Scythian wolves 'midst of a bleating fold:
The jingling lances, rattling chariot-wheels,
Madded their horse. The bow-men merrily shot.

Belinus. Yet would our tributary kings had succour'd!
We are decay'd, they much in number grown,
And surely will make head again.

Cassibelanus. Fear not; thou know'st I can, even with a whistle,
Hide Kent with glitt'ring arms. More flaming sparkles
Paint not a freezing night; nor speckl'd bees
Buz not about sweet Hybla's bloomy head.
But what need millions, when some thousand serve?

[69] *Jove's two base-born sons.*] Hercules and Alexander. S.

O did my brother live! we'd climb the Alps,
Like brave Mulmutius' sons: make Romulus' wolf
Howl horror in their streets, and Rome look pale,
As when the Punic captain[70] ey'd her walls.
[*March out.*

CÆSAR, VOLUSENUS, &c.

Cæsar. Are ye the men, who never fought in vain?
Who wear Bellona's favours in your scars?
I, ye are they. What then benumbs our spirits?
Our empire from Quirinus' narrow center
Doth circling spread, and finds no brink nor bottom.
Titan no later sets, nor earlier wakes,
Than he beholds our provinces. Why, then,
What privilege hath this place? have we, or they,
The Phrygian powers? have they Palladium got?
No, no, those gods our Capitol keeps with joy;
These only have undaunted minds from Troy.

Enter Q. ATRIUS.

What news, good Atrius?

Atrius. No good news from Atrius.
When ominous earth with shade and cloudy vapours
Had darkness doubled, storms began to sound,
The dappl'd south, rough-footed Aquilo,
Came rushing like two rams, whose steeled horns
Dart fiery sparks: the clouds crush'd, breathe out flames;
Thunder and lightning daunt all ears and eyes;
The winds and billows strive who loudest roar,
The sky distill'd in rain: his room to fill,
Ambitious waves would climb the starry hill.
Our ships are batter'd all, some forty sunk.

Cæsar. What devil Cacus drags our fortune back?[71]
Doth she move retrograde, and hoist us up,
That we may fall at height? why doth Camillus
Each night torment my sleep, and cry, revenge?
I strive against the stream.

[70] *the Punic captain.*] Hannibal. S.

[71] *What devil Cacus drags our fortune back.*] Cacus stole the oxen of Hercules; and, that which way they went might not be discovered, drew them backwards into his den. S.

Enter ANDROGEUS, MANDUBRATIUS, *Soldiers.*

Androgeus. Thus join we standards; and resign the keys
Of Troynovant, with all our warlike forces.

Mandubratius. By me the Trinobants[72] submit, and Cenimagnians,
Segontiacks, Ancalites, Bybrocks, and Cassians:
Six worthy nations do desire thy guard.

Cæsar. All, all shall know our love.

Mandubratius. The tyrant lies on Isis' flow'ry banks,
Where a full choir sing of white surplic'd swans.
The ford's unlevel belly they have fenc'd
With sharp stakes under water.

Cæsar. Nor stakes, lakes, fords, nor swords shall check our progress.
Those downy swans shall hear more funeral notes.
Their kings departed, Nennius dead, whose loss
Would tears extort even from pumicean eyes:
Had Britain nurs'd but such another champion,
They might have stuck their darts on our barr'd gates,
And Latium trembl'd with contrary fates[73].
In what now lies their hope?

Mandubratius. Great numbers still remain: nay worse, they laugh
At death, and boldly trust (as Druids preach)
Their souls who die in fight shall live in joy.
Hence count they dangers benefits, and die
With freedom in their mouth, and wilful rage.
But let soft mildness wait on women; let

[72] *Trinobants.*] See Cæsar's Commentaries, B. 5. S. 20, 21. The *Trinobantes* were those who inhabited Middlesex and Essex: The *Cenimagnians*, says Camden, were the same with the Iceni, whose province contained Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire. *Segontiaks*, he thinks, were originally the Belgæ, and places them in the hundred of Holshot, in Hampshire; the *Ancalites* he calls those who inhabit the hundred of Henley, in Oxfordshire; the *Bybrocks*, that of Bray in Berkshire; and the *Cassians*, the people of Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Hertfordshire, where the name is still preserved in the hundred of Cashow.

[73] *And Latium trembl'd with contrary fates.*]
—— *versis* lugeret Græcia *fatis.* S

Thy wrath ring thro' the woods in dusty noise,
To tell thy coming. No man's built so lofty,
But his foundation meets the humble dust;
Which undermin'd, how high he pierc'd the clouds,
So deep he sinks.
Hostile and civil foes shake top and root,
As winds invade above, and mines below.
And so will we.

Cæsar. No doubt: this blow shall like an earthquake move
The roots and pillars of this sea-clip'd isle.
A cloud of vultures shall attend our camp,
And no more shall the fields bear vert, but gules[74]:
The grain, engrain'd in purple dye, shall lose
His verdant hue. Bones, marrow, human limbs
Shall putrifying reek, whose vapour'd slime
Kindl'd on high, may breed long-bearded stars,
To tell more mischief, and out-beard Apollo.

Mandubratius. Let's waste no time, lest more unto him flock,
As humours glide to guard the wounded member.

Cæsar. Atrius, let our ships be drawn on shore,
New rigg'd and mended. I must needs confess him
A darling of the gods, under whose colours
Stars, winter, sky, and tempests serve in pay,
And know both march and skirmish by his drum.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

ROLLANO, EULINUS *hearkening.*

Rollano. O my dear lady, hast thou slain thyself?
So fairly pure, so kindly chaste, so—— [*Cries.*
A Venus and Diana mix'd in one.
She eat her meat with studs of pearl, she kiss'd
With rubies, and she look'd with diamonds bright.
Fish seas, and fowl the air, hunt all the earth,
For such another bit, and lose your labour.

Eulinus. O why dost thou complain?

[74] *bear* vert *but* gules.] Terms of Heraldry, signifying *green* and *red.*

Rollano. Had she not kill'd herself, no cruel Atropos,
No fury could for pity cut her thread.
She was the loadstone of all eyes, the whetstone
Of all brains, the touchstone of all hearts: she was—
[*Cries.*

Eulinus. O, my presaging thoughts in ugly form
Suggest some tragedy. Speak! yet stay a while;
I know thou kill'st with speaking. Be then dumb:
Let sound ne'er give those notions airy robes.
Yet speak! dispatch me; fear's as bad as death.
Oh, could no tongue affirm it! Is she dead?

Rollano. My mistress is.

Eulinus. Wither, ye pleasant gardens, where she trod!
White lilies droop, and blasted daisies wink,
And weep in pearly dew! blind Vesper mourn;
Hang thy cold tears on ev'ry grassy blade!
Groan loud, ye woods, and tear your leafy hair!
Let wind and hoary frost kill every flow'r;
For she is gone, who made continual May.
Let foggy mists envelop sun and stars;
For she is gone, who made perpetual day.
Confounded nature, stand amaz'd; dissolve
Thy rolling engines, and unbrace the seas;
Fling all into their first disorder'd lump;
For thy chief paragon, thy rich master-piece,
The jewel, for which thou didst venture all,
Is lost, is lost! And can I live to speak it?
How died she?

Rollano. By a poison'd draught.

Eulinus. The very word (poison) infects my breath.
Durst thou presume to pass that coral porch?
Were not her lips sufficient antidote?
Durst thou descend thro' those close-winding stairs
With treacherous intent? How could thy venom
Seize on her, and not sweeten'd lose his virtue,
Or rather vicious quality? may toads,
Dragons, and mandrakes be thy gally-pots!
This body was a casket for the graces,
No cask for poison. With her dies all love:

Cupid may break his bow, his arrows burn,
Then quench his taper in a flood of tears.
Is she dead?
Rollano. Or in a long trance.
Eulinus. She may revive:
I'll visit her. Art may prolong her days,
Whether she will or no. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Chorus.

1. *Alecto, rising from the lakes*
Of night sad empery[75],
With knotty bunch of curled snakes
Doth lash fair Britany,

2. *More ghastly monster did not spring*
From the Hibernian flood:
With which Morvidus[76] *combating,*
Of foe became his food.

3. *Shall no more shepherds in the shade*
Sit whistling without care?
Shall never spear be made a spade,
And sword a ploughing-share?

4. *Grant, heaven, at last, that musick loud*
Of bloody Mars be still:
That Britain's virgins in a croud
With hymns the sky may fill!

2. Song.

Nor is Landora's loss
The least part of our mournful muse:
Jove, Juno for to cross,
This Trojan dame for bride did chuse.

[75] *empery.*] See note 11 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.
[76] *Morvidus.*] A tyrant who lost his life in encountering a monster that destroyed great numbers of people on the Irish coast. See *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, B. 3. C. 15. The 4to reads Morindus.

Where she doth shine,
'Bove Guendoline[77],
The amazon of her days:
And Mercia wise
Law to devise.
O sound Landora's praise.

There doth she shine above,
Clear as great Delia's horned bow,
Bright as the queen of love,
To shoot down gentle beams below.
Sabrina dare
Not to compare
With her most splendent rays:
A ring the sky,
A gem her eye.
O sound Landora's praise.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR, ANDROGEUS, MANDUBRATIUS, *&c.* *Soldiers.*

Cæsar. Thus gain we ground; yet still our foes will fight,
Whether they win or lose. With bloody drops
Our path is printed: Thames his maiden cheeks
Blush with vermilion. Nations crave our league
On every side; yet still Cassibelane braves us,
Nor will submit.

Androgeus. Not far hence Verolam lies, his chiefest fort,
By nature guarded round with woods and fens,
By art inclosed with a ditch and rampire:
From hence we must dislodge the boar.

Mandubratius. There are but two ways to assail this town,
Both which I know. Your parted army must

[77] *Guendoline.*] The wife of Locrine. See Geoffrey of Monmouth, B. 2. C. 4.

Break thorough both at once, and so distract
His doubtful rescues.

Enter VOLUSENUS, *with* HULACUS *prisoner.*

Hulacus. Draw slaves unwilling; I dare meet my death,
And lead my leader.

Volusenus. You'll repent anon.

Hulacus. If I do ill; but not for suffering ill.

Volusenus. Your stoical apathy will relent, I know.
This priest I caught within a shady grove,
Devoutly kneeling at a broad oak's foot.
Now he awaits your doom.

Cæsar. What god adore you?

Hulacus. Him whom all should serve.

Cæsar. What's the moon?

Hulacus. Night's sun.

Cæsar. What's night?

Hulacus. A foil to glorify the day.

Cæsar. What most compendious way to happiness?

Hulacus. To die in a good cause.

Cæsar. What is a man?

Hulacus. An hermaphrodite of soul and body.

Cæsar. How differ they in nature?

Hulacus. The body hath in weight, the soul in length.

Cæsar. One question more: What dangers shall I pass?

Hulacus. Many by land and sea, as steps to glory.
Throw Palatine on Æsquiline, on both
Heap Aventine, to raise one pyramid for a
Chair of estate, where thy advanced head,
Among those heroes pictur'd in the stars,
Orion, Perseus, Hercules, may consult
With Jove himself: but shun the senate-house.
March round about the Caspian sea; search out,
'Mong cedars tall, the Arabian phœnix' nest;
Run counter to old Nile, till thou discover
His sacred head wrapt up in cloudy mountains;
And, rather than work fail, turn Hellespont
Out of his channel; dig that isthmus down,
Which ties great Africk: shun the senate-house.

Be Saturn, and so thou shalt not be Tarquin.
A Brutus strong,
Repays in fine,
The brutish wrong
To Brutus' line.
Cæsar. We'll talk at leisure more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CASSIBELANUS, BELINUS, &c.

Cassibelanus. No rampires keep him back: he presses forward,
Tho' every stamp he treads seems to conjure
The fates from their infernal center. None
But he durst be so bold.
Belinus. Yes, when Britains lead, and Mandubrace, insulting
With naked sword, calls on the lagging soldiers;
When fierce Androgeus, with revolted nations,
Usher his army. No way half so quick
To ruinate kingdoms, as by home-bred strife.
Thus while we single fight, we perish all.
Cassibelanus. Aye, aye, those treach'rous caitiffs! rebel slaves!
O may their country's heavy curse them sink
Below the nine-fold brazen gates of hell!
That princox[78] proud! ah, 'twas a 'scape in policy:
I should have slain the whelps with their good sire.
Let Britain's climacterical year now run,
The series break of seventy kings: nay, let
One urn conclude our ashes and the world's.
Befall what will, in midst of horror's noise,
And crackling flames, when all is lost, we'll die
With weapons in our hands, and victory scorn:
There's none that die so poor as they are born.

[78] *princox*] a coxcomb, or conceited person. So in *The Emperor of the East*, A. 4. S. 1.
" .... I have a heart, yet
" As ready to do service for my leg
" As any *princock*, peacock of you all."
The Old Law, A. 3. S. 2.
" That wet one has cost many a *princock's* life."
See also Mr. Steevens's note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 5.

Faithful Belinus, let a post command
The Kentish kings to set upon his fleet,
Whilst we here bate. Four thousand charioteers,
(Such as did glide upon the Phrygian plains,
And wheeling, double service do perform,
Both horseman's speed, and footman's stable strength)
Still do remain: with these, and flocking voluntaries,
We'll give him once more battle. Let the captains
Enter, and hear my charge.

Enter CAPTAINS. *He stands on a throne.*

Subjects and fellow-soldiers, we must now try
For ancient freedom, or perpetual bondage.
There is no third choice. The enraged foe,
With cruel pride, proud avarice, hath spoil'd
From East to West, hunting for blood and gain.
Your wives and daughters ravish'd, ransack'd towns,
Great bellies ript with lances, sprawling babes,
The spouse, about her husband's neck, run through
By the same spear. Think on these objects;
Then chuse them for your lords, who spoil and burn
Whole countries, and call desolation peace.*
Yield, yield, that he, ennobled by our spoils,
May climb the Capitol with triumphant car;
You led, fast fetter'd, thro' the staring streets,
For city dames to mock your habit strange,
And fill their arras-hangings with our story.
No: Brennus' ghost forbid! who this night stood
Before my eyes, and grimly furious spake:
Shall Britain stoop to Roman rods and hatchets,
And servile tribute? will ye so defame
Your ancestors, and your successors wrong?
Heirs but of slavery! O, this day make good
The glory of so many ages past!
I see you are incens'd, and wish to use
Your weapons, not your ears:

All. To arms, to arms, to arms! we'll fight and die.

[*Exeunt.*

* This sentiment, and many others in the course of the play, are borrowed: it is a translation from a very well known passage in Tacitus: *solitudinem faciunt*, &c. C.

SCENE III.

EULINUS *in a night-cap, unbraced. Viol, poynado*[79]*. Plays, and sings to the viol.*

So the silver-feather'd swan,
Both by death and colour wan,
Loves to sing before she die,
Leaving life so willingly.
But how can I sing a note,
When dead hoarseness stops my throat?
Or how can I play a stroke,
When my heart-strings all are broke?

Come, guilty night, and with black velvet wings
Mantle me round: let melancholick thoughts
Hang all my brain with blacks; this darksome grove
My gallery. So, all things suit my mind:
Such funeral colours please a gasping heart.
I died with thee, Landora, once; now only,
Some struggling spirits are behind, to be
Laid out, with most thrift, on thy memory.
Where shall I first begin my last complaint,
Which must be measur'd by my glass of life?
At thee, Hirildas, slain in furious mood,
By whose help only I enjoy'd my love?
Or thee, Landora, dying for his sake,
And in thy death including mine?
Or at my country's wreck, whose surface torn,
Doth for my vengeance importune the pole?
Or at myself? I, there is sorrow's spring.
Shall I go wand'ring, lurk in woods unknown,
A banish'd hermit, and sigh out my griefs,
Teaching the pretty birds to sing, My dear,
My dear Landora? There to feed on acorns,
Drink the clear fountain, and consume with weeping,
Were but an easy life, an easy death:
My violent passion must have sudden vent.
Refined soul, whose odoriferous light

[79] *poynado,*] *i. e.* poignard, sword. So in *The Return from Parnassus.*

"Strikes his *poynado* at a button's breadth."

The damned hags stare at, and whining elves,
Thinking it heaven in hell, behold my pangs,
Pity my dying groans, and be more soft.
O may our shadows mingle; then shall I
Envy no more those citizens above
The ambrosian juncates of the Olympian hall,
And all that gorgeous roof. But cowards talk.
Come, thou last refuge of a wearisome life.
[*Draws his poynado.*
A passport to the Elysian land, a key
To unlock my griev'd inmate. Lo! I come.
O let this river from my eyes, this stream [*Unbuttons.*
From my poor breast, beg favour of thy ghost:
O let this luke-warm blood thy rigour steep, [*Stabs.*
And mollify thy adamantine heart.
Leander-like, I swim to thee thro' blood:
Be thy bright eyes my Pharos, and conduct me
Thro' the dull night of gloomy Erebus.
Flow, flow, ye lively drops, and from my veins
Run winding to the ocean of my bliss:
Tell her my love, and, if she still shall doubt,
Swear that ye came directly from my heart.
I stay too long. [*Stabs again.*] Sweet lady, give me welcome.
Tho' I shall pass twelve monsters, as the sun,
Or twelve Herculean labours on a row,
Yet one kind look makes all my journey sweet.
Thou fairy queen [80] of the Tartarian court,
To whom Proserpine may the apple give,
Worthier than she, to warm old Pluto's bed;
See thy poor vassal welt'ring in his gore.
I faint, I faint;
I die thy martyr, as I liv'd thy priest:
Great goddess, be propitious! sweet Landora.——
[*Falls and dies.*

[80] *Thou fairy queen, &c.*] Alluding to Spenser's celebrated Poem. S.

SCENE IV.

The four kings of Kent march over the stage. A drum struck up within. Q. Atrius comes with Cingetorix prisoner. Rollano running; Volusenus meets him.

Rollano. What shall I do? how shall I 'scape?
[*Falls for fear.*

Volusenus. I scorn to take advantage; rise and fight.

Rollano. I had rather be kill'd quickly, quickly.

Volusenus. Then die, as thou desirest.
[*Thrusts at him.*

Rollano. O let me wink first. [*Bawls aloud.*
I shall never endure it. Oh, oh, I am pepper'd and salted.
[*Exit Volusenus. Rollano crawls away.*

CASSIBELANUS, BELINUS, &c.

Cassibelanus. O that base fortune should great spirits damp,
And fawn on muddy slaves! That envious fate
Should ripen villainy with a Syrian dew,
And blast sweet virtue with a Syrian flame!
A catalogue of mischiefs do concur:
Our Britain Hector, Nennius, dead; our kings,
Angry to be refus'd, sit still at home;
And then those traitors, with their train, augment
His huge and expert army. Nothing stops him,
Rivers, nor rampires, woods, nor dangerous bogs:
On this side Thames his dismal ensigns shine.
Last, Kent's unhappy rulers are at sea
O'erthrown, and our men almost spent. Then, General,
In desperate pride, and valour's scornful rage,
Let us run headlong through their armed tents,
And make their camp a shambles; so to raise
Our lofty tombs upon their slaughter'd heaps.

Belinus. Nay, rather first let's parley for peace.

Cassibelanus. Ye country gods and nymphs, who Albion love,
Old father Neptune, all ye powers divine,
Witness my loyal care! If human strength,
Courage, and policy, could a kingdom save,

We did our best; but discord, child of hell,
Numbers of train-men, and each captain pick'd
Out of a province, make us bow or break.
In vain we strive, when deities do frown;
When destinies push, Atlas himself comes down.

Enter COMIUS.

Belinus. No mediator is so fit as Comius: and here's the man.

Comius. Do not the dangers which environ you
Call for a good conclusion? which I wish,
As friend to both sides.

Cassibelanus. No, Comius. There is more behind than Cæsar
Hath over-run: our charioteers still drive,
Our harness still is worn. Thro' woods and lakes
We'll tire his dainty soldiers; then set fire
On towns, and sacrifice ourselves, our wives,
Our goods, and cattle, in one publick flame,
That wind may blow our ashes in his face.

Comius. So shall dead elements curse your causeless fury:
Rather conclude some friendly peace.

Cassibelanus. Thus far we hear you:—If with honour'd terms,
And royal looks, he will accept our faith,
We will obey, but never serve.

Comius. I'll undertake as much. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

ANDROGEUS, TENANTIUS.

Androgeus. Thus civil war by me, and factious broils,
Deface this goodly land: I am reveng'd;
The cause (Eulinus) dead, my anger dies.
He is our uncle, and in danger's mouth;
Both claim relenting pity. Whom peace made
A rampant lion, war hath made a lamb.
Cæsar shall not proceed, for private ends,
To captivate our isle, whose clamorous curse
Doth knock, I know, at heaven's star-nailed gates:

For that Jove's bird, impt [81] with our plumes, o'erflew
The ocean's wall, to seek her prey in Britain.
Tenantius. Aye, we have made a rod for our own backs:
Fetters of gold are fetters. No gap worse
To let destruction in by, than to call
A foreign aid; who, having seen our weakness,
And tasted once the fatness of our land,
Is not so easily thrust out as admitted.
Such medicine is worse than the malady,
Fretting the bowels of our kingdom.
Androgeus. I know their hatred just; and here resign
All my birth-right to thee, my second self.
I must forsake my country's sight, and seek
New fortunes with this emperor, in hope
To be rais'd up by his now rising wheel.
Tenantius. O do not so, dear brother! so to part,
Were to divide one individual soul.
Nor think me so ambitious; I can live
A private life, and see a regal crown
With no more envy than I see the sun
Glitter above me. Let not Lud's two sons
Be parted by a sea. I hold your presence
At higher price than a whole kingdom's pomp.
Keep then your right; like those admired twins,
Let us rejoice, mourn, live, and die together.
Androgeus. You shall a scepter gain.
Tenantius. And lose a brother.
Androgeus. Bear you the sovereign power of this land.
Tenantius. A body politick must on two legs stand;
I'll bear a part, so to diminish envy.
Androgeus. I must away, and shun the people's eye.
Tenantius. If to yourself unkind, be kind to me;
For my sake stay at home; why will you fly?
Think you a step-dame soil gives sweeter sap?
Androgeus. Aye, for trees transplanted do more goodly grow.
Tenantius. And I'll count men but stocks, when they do so.

[81] *impt.*] See this volume, note 43 to *Albumazar*.

Androgeus. I am resolv'd, all troubles brought asleep,
To leave you with a parting kiss.
Tenantius. And by that kiss
May I transfuse my soul, or quite expire.
Brothers have often for a kingdom fought:
We strive to lose it. This is holy strife.
But here I vow, if e'er that sacred lace
Shall gird my temples, Rome must keep her bounds,
Or fish for tribute in the dreadful deep.

SCENE VI.

CÆSAR, MANDUBRATIUS.

Androgeus. Let gracious favour smooth war's rugged brow;
Cassibelane will compound; all rage must end.
We choose you umpire, for a friendly close.
Cæsar. It is my glory to end all with peace;
And for that cause I Comius sent in haste,
For to conduct him hither.
Tenantius. This trump gives warning of the king's approach.

CASSIBELANUS, COMIUS, LANTONUS.

Cassibelanus. Fate, and no fault of mine, makes me appear,
To yield, as far as honour gives me leave.
Cæsar. Hail, valorous prince, disdain not this ingrafting
Into Rome's empire, whose command incloses
The whole Levant, and whose large shadow hides
The triple-bounded earth and bellowing seas.
Cassibelanus. We shall observe your will; so you impose
A league, no yoke. [*They shake hands.*
Cæsar. Thus we determine: That crown still shall stand:
Reign as the total monarch of this isle;
Till death unkings you. 'Twere, Androgeus, best
You in our train kept honourable place;
And let Tenantius wear the royal wreath.

You must forgive the towns which did revolt,
Nor seek revenge on Trinobants, but let
Young Mandubrace possess his father's princedom.
Cassibelanus. Be all wrongs drench'd in Lethe.
Androgeus. Pardon my rash attempts.
Mandubratius. Count me your loyal friend.
[*Cassibelanus embraces Androgeus and Mandubratius.*
Cæsar. In sign of league, you shall us pledges give,
And yearly pay three thousand pound of silver
Unto our treasury. So let these decrees
Be straight proclaim'd through Troynovant[82] whose tower
Shall be more fairly built at my charge, as
A lasting monument of our arival.
Cassibelanus. All shall be done, renowned prince, whose worth,
Unparallell'd both as a friend and foe,
We do admire.
Accept this surcoat, starrified with pearls,
And diamonds, such as our own shores breed.
Cæsar. And you receive this massy cup of gold,
Love's earnest and memorial of this day.
By this, suppose our senate calls you friend.
[*They sit together.*
Lantonus. Now time, best oracle of oracles,
Father of truth, the true sense doth suggest
Of Dian's answer.
The lion and the eagle do design
The Britain and the Roman states, whose arms
Were painted with those animals; both fierce,
Weary at last, conclude: the semicircles,
First letters of the leaders' names, we see,
Are join'd in true love's endless figure.
Both come of Trojan race, both nobly bold,
Both matchless captains on one throne behold.
Cæsar. Now the Tarpeian rock o'erlooks the world,
Her empire bounded only by the ocean;
And boundless fame beats on the starry pole.

[82] *Troynovant whose tower*, &c.] The Tower of London, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar.

So Danow, crawling from a mountain's side,
Wider and deeper grows, and like a serpent,
Or pyramid revers'd, improves his bigness,
As well as length: till viewing countries large,
And fed with sixty rivers, his wide mouth
On the Euxine sea nymph gapes, and fear doth stir,
Whether he will disgorge, or swallow her.

Cassibelanus. Since the great guide of all. Olympus' king,
Will have the Romans his viceroys on earth;
Since the red fatal eyes of crow-black night,
Fling their malignant influence on our state;
Since Britain must submit; it was her fame,
None but a Julius Cæsar could her tame.

[*While trumpets sound, Androgeus and Tenantius, embracing, take leave. All depart.*

SCENE VII. Chorus.

1. Song.

Come, fellow bards, and sing with cheer;
Since dreadful alarums we shall no more hear.
Come, lovely peace, our saint divine,
Olive and laurel do love for to twine.
The graces, and muses, and nymphs in a round:
Let voice beat the air, and feet beat the ground.

So, hell's black image chas'd away,
Eos doth dandle the goldy-lock'd day;
So, Bruma banish'd all forlorn,
Cupid and Flora the spring do adorn:
And so, the grim fury of Mars laid in grave,
A merrier ending doth friendly peace crave.

2. Song. *A morisko.*

The sky is glad that stars above
Do give a brighter splendor:
The stars unfold their flaming gold,
To make the ground more tender:

The ground doth send a fragrant smell,
That air may be the sweeter:
The air doth charm the swelling seas
With pretty chirping metre:
The sea with rivers' water doth
Feed plants and flowers dainty:*
The planets do yield their fruitful seed,
That beasts may live in plenty:
The beasts doth give both food and cloth,
That men high Jove may honour:
And so the world runs merrily round,
When peace doth smile upon her.
Oh then, then oh: oh then, then oh:
This jubilee last for ever:
That foreign spight, or civil fight,
Our quiet trouble never. [*Exeunt.*

Mercury reducing the ghosts of Camillus and Brennus.

Camillus. How bravely Cæsar past the angry main!
Brennus. How bravely was he back repuls'd again!
Camillus. How did he wheel his sword in Nennius' face!
Brennus. How did he lose his sword, and fly apace!
Camillus. How did again his army fill your coast!
Brennus. Aye, when our princes did conduct his host.
Camillus. How did they pierce through Isis dangerous flood!
Brennus. But made her swell, and bankrupt† with their blood.
Camillus. Mirror of captains, Julius, still hath won.
Brennus. But we may justly brag of two for one.
Camillus. Confess, our valorous race hath now repaid
The Allian massacre,[83] and our city's flame:

* The quarto has it
" The sea with rivers' water doth
" *The* plants and flowers dainty." C.

† Or broken-bank'd with the flood.

[83] *The Allian massacre.*] The slaughter made at the battle of Allia, in the year of Rome 363.

See how they yield, and yearly tribute pay.
Brennus. No, proud dictator, both do weary stand
On equal terms: both wish a peaceful league.
But if they shall oppress, know, generous spirits
Will break this compact, like a spider's web.
Mercury. Jove's will is finish'd: and (though Juno frown,
That no more Trojan blood shall dye the stage)
The world's fourth empire Britain doth embrace.
The thunder-bearer, with a Janus look
At once views ruddy morn and cloudy west:
Her wings display'd o'er this terrestrial egg,
Will shortly hatch an universal peace;
For Jove intends a favour to the world.
It now remains, that you two martial wights
Cease from your braving one another's worth:
You must be friends at last. The close is sweet,
When after tumults, hearts and hands do meet.
[*Exeunt.*

Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.

EDITION.

Fuimus Troes, Æneid 2.^ The True Troianes; being a story of the Britaines valour at the Romanes first invasion: Publikely represented by the Gentlemen Students of Magdalen Colledge, in Oxford.

Quis Martem tunicâ tectum adamantinâ
Dignè scripserit?

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END OF VOL. VII.

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